

Modern Screen

OBER

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A DELL MAGAZINE
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OTO BY MURAY

TY POWER . . .
iped the slate clean (p.30)

Glamour for You

...today and tomorrow



"Pan-Cake" creates a lovely new complexion; it gives the skin a softer, smoother, younger look



"Pan-Cake" helps hide tiny complexion faults; the exclusive formula guards against drying



A "Pan-Cake" make-up takes just a few seconds; and it stays on for hours without retouching

PHOTO BY COBURN

Look your most glamorous today...keep that fresh loveliness for many tomorrows to come...with "Pan-Cake". Yes, "Pan-Cake" not only creates glamour for you *today*, but it also safeguards the skin against sun and wind, which only too often bring the drying and harsh, aging signs of *tomorrow*. So for a skin with a softer, smoother, younger look...to conceal tiny complexion faults, make up with "Pan-Cake". It takes but a few seconds and stays on for hours without retouching. You, too, will say about "Pan-Cake", as millions of others have discovered, "It does everything I've always wanted my make-up to do."

Pan-Cake* Make-Up

An Exclusive Formula Protected by U. S. Patent Nos. 2034697-2101843



*Pan-Cake...Trade Mark
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

JANET BLAIR
in "GALLANT JOURNEY"

A Columbia Picture

ORIGINATED BY

Max Factor * Hollywood

"Sister... what that pumpkin
could teach
you!"



GIRL: Okay, Cupid. What could the pumpkin teach me? How to be a pie?

CUPID: How to be a Mantrap, my dateless darling. To smile. Don't you know what even the plainest girl can do if she's got a sparkling smile?

GIRL: Sure. If she's got a sparkling smile. But what happens to me, when I brush my teeth, is a smile full of *no* smile.

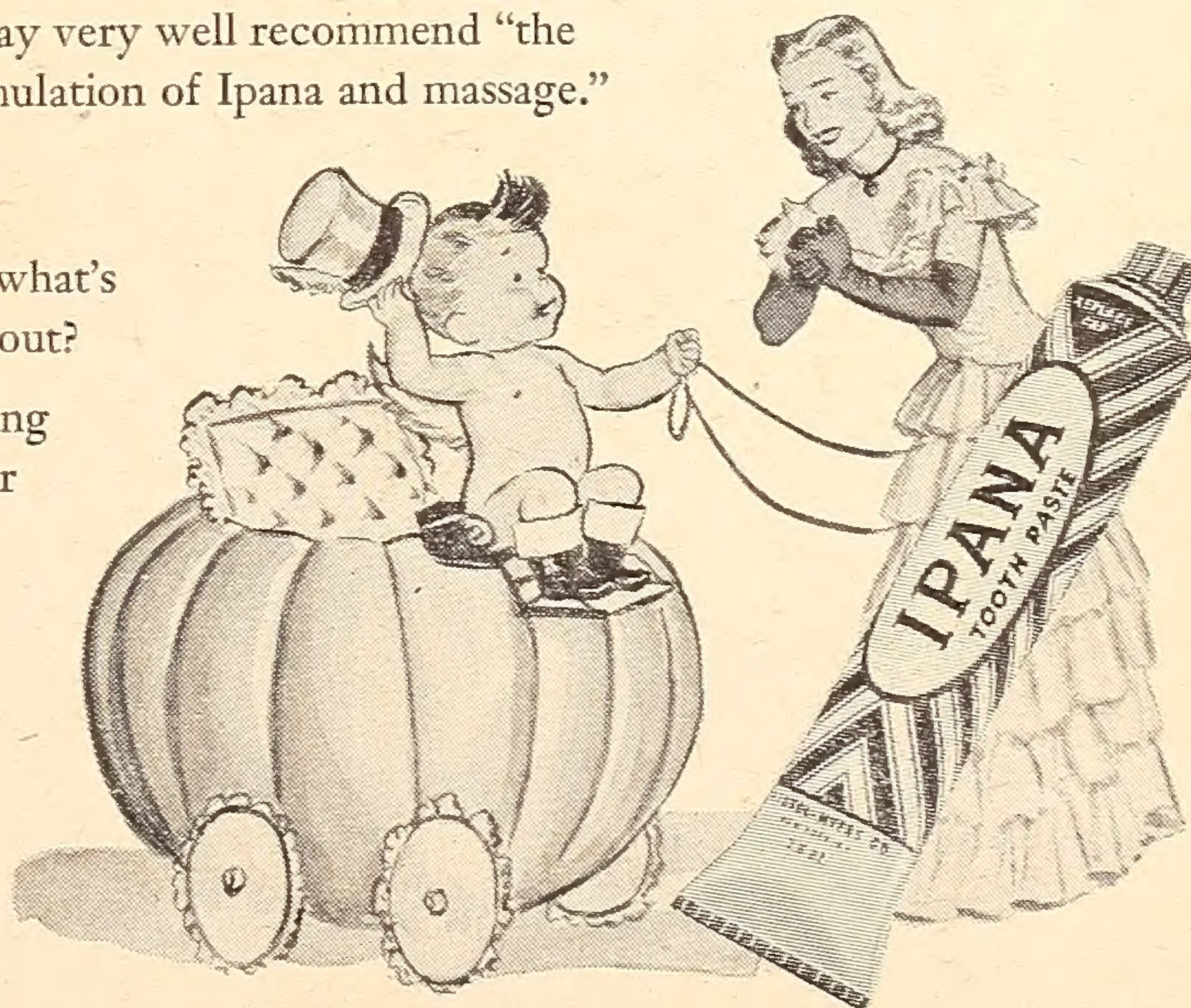
CUPID: And "pink" on your tooth brush, perhaps?

GIRL: So?

CUPID: Listen, my airy friend, that "pink" happens to be an urgent warning to *see your dentist!* Let him decide whether it's serious or whether it's simply a case where today's soft foods have been robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he may very well recommend "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: Ipana. Massage. Dentist. So what's about the smile you were talking about?

CUPID: *Precisely* why I am here. Sparkling smiles call for sound teeth. And sound teeth for healthy gums. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help gums. Let your dentist decide whether you need this famous dental routine—gentle massage with Ipana after you brush your teeth. Check on it, Cinderella... and start on a smile that'll have you "man-haunting" come Hallowe'en!



For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE
Product of Bristol-Myers

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

We're overflowing with excitement about "Undercurrent". It's several days since we previewed it—and we still haven't shaken off the spell of this amazing new M-G-M romance.

And it baffles us to find words that convey to you the moods, the lights and shadows, the unusualness that make "Undercurrent" such a rare and exciting motion picture.

But let's try. We'll begin with Katharine Hepburn. She plays a girl of innocent and haunting beauty—her acting is dramatic quicksilver; one moment completely gay, the next serene in her love, then filled with terror at the unknown threat that hovers over her life.



And forgive this irrelevancy—she wears *such* attractive clothes with *such* wonderful grace that we predict untold millions of envious sighs.

Then, of course, there's handsome Robert Taylor and anything we could say about his performance in "Undercurrent" would be an understatement.

"Undercurrent" is not only the best possible vehicle for Taylor's return to the screen, but it is also the picture in which he creates—believe us—one of the most sensational male roles in film history.

We won't tell you exactly why we think so—it would spoil the suspense of the picture—but we know you'll agree with us when you see Bob as the brilliant young tycoon whose life is haunted by a strange and disturbing dread.

Robert Mitchum and all the cast have been chosen with rare dramatic judgment to give "Undercurrent" its startling quality.

A special commendation goes to Edward Chodorov for his powerful and imaginative script, based on a story by Thelma Strabel.

And to Pandro S. Berman who produced it, and Vincente Minnelli who directed it, go our thanks for a truly daring and memorable film.

Yes, we were swept away by "Undercurrent". You'll be, too.

—Leo



modern screen

OCTOBER, 1946

stories

*THE HEART PLAYS TRICKS . . . (Tyrone Power)	30
*UNSOPHISTICATED LADY (Betty Hutton)	34
WATCH JAMES MASON! by Hedda Hopper	36
*GUY MADISON LIFE STORY (concluded)	38
MODERN SCREEN GOES TO CAPE COD (Gregory Peck)	42
TALES OUT OF SCHOOL (Stanwyck-Mitchum-Tufts-Reynolds)	46
I KNEW HIM WHEN— (Gene Kelly)	48
THE SHIRT OFF HIS BACK (Frank Sinatra)	50
EASY ACE (Bing Crosby)	52
OH, TO BE IN ENGLAND . . . ! (Lizbeth Scott)	54
HONEY BALL (Lucille Ball)	56
*SHE DIDN'T SAY NO (Diana Lynn)	58
*THE BRIDE WORE WHITE (Baxter-Hodiak Wedding)	60
*CHEERFUL LITTLE EARFUL (June Haver)	62
GOOD NEWS by Louella Parsons	72

*color pages

TYRONE POWER in 20th-Fox's "The Razor's Edge"	30
BETTY HUTTON in Paramount's "The Perils of Pauline"	34
GUY MADISON in RKO's "Honeymoon"	38
DIANA LYNN in Paramount's "Easy Come, Easy Go"	58
ANNE BAXTER in 20th-Fox's "The Razor's Edge"	60
JUNE HAVER in 20th-Fox's "Three Little Girls in Blue"	62
JOAN LESLIE in Warners' "Two Guys From Milwaukee"	87

feature

EDITORIAL PAGE	29
----------------	----

departments

PICTURE OF THE MONTH: "Henry the Fifth" selected by Fannie Hurst	6
CO-ED: by Jean Kinhead	10
MUSIC: "Sweet and Hot" by Leonard Feather	12
MOVIE REVIEWS: by Virginia Wilson	14
INFORMATION DESK	18
SUPER COUPON	22
COOKING: "A Touch of Gallic"	24
RADIO: Radio Award by Ed Sullivan. Radio Gossip by Ben Gross	66
BEAUTY: "Clever About Your Complexion?"	84
*FASHION: by Toussia Pines	87

THE COVER PORTRAIT OF TYRONE POWER IS BY NICKOLAS MURAY. COLOR PORTRAITS OF BETTY HUTTON AND JUNE HAVER BY WILLINGER.

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*Beneath the surface of an overpowering love
may surge an undercurrent of vicious hate!*

She was deeply in love with
him... yet coming between
them was a fear, a strange
jealousy on his part that she
could not explain!



M-G-M presents a daring and unusual romance...

KATHARINE HEPBURN · ROBERT TAYLOR
ROBERT MITCHUM

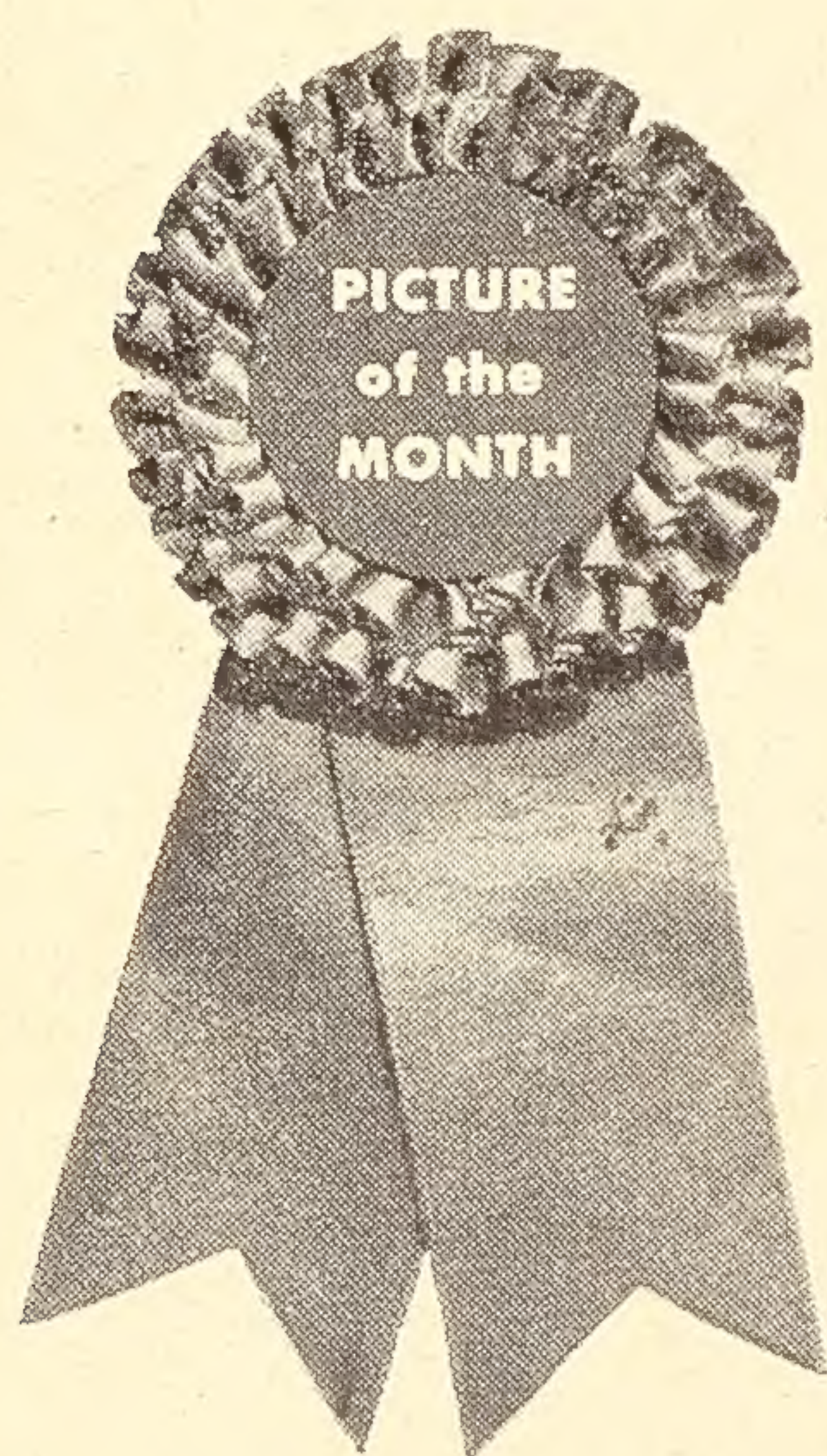
UNDERCURRENT

Screenplay by EDWARD CHODOROV • Based on a story by THELMA STRABEL
Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN • Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE





Henry V (Laurence Olivier), a wise and generous conqueror, goes to war with the battle cry of "God for Harry, England and St. George!"



FANNIE HURST SELECTS "HENRY THE FIFTH"

■ Shakespeare's "Henry the Fifth," produced and directed by Laurence Olivier, proves conclusively that Hollywood must hold tight to its hat with the laurel band on it.

Comparisons are odious, but Hollywood, which can fall low, and which has inversely earned its right to high eminence, must now face the somewhat incredible fact that England has come magnificently of motion picture age.

"Henry the Fifth," made, mind you, during the war, and in Ireland, under

practically every kind of pressure and stress handicap, is more than a *tour de force*. It is a bright and beautiful maturity in picture making. The know-how is there!

In Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra" and now in "Henry the Fifth," England has to her credit two rather paunchy, heavy going, historical dramas which, from inception, must have been immense production and direction headaches. But overcoming heavy going and structural and story (*Continued on page 8*)

THEY'RE SHAPING THEIR OWN DESTINIES!

They're all set to love
and it's all set to music!
The glorious story of three
Cinderellas who find
their fellas in romantic,
enchantic Atlantic City!

Songs

TO TIE A STRING AROUND
YOUR HEART!

Lyrics by Music by
MACK GORDON • JOSEF MYROW
"YOU MAKE ME FEEL SO YOUNG"
"SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT"
"ON THE BOARDWALK" (in Atlantic City)
"ALWAYS A LADY"
"THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE"
and others
•
"THIS IS ALWAYS"
Music by HARRY WARREN

Three Little Girls in Blue
... They're all in
TECHNICOLOR, too!

STARRING

JUNE HAVER • GEORGE MONTGOMERY • VIVIAN BLAINE
CELESTE HOLM • VERA-ELLEN • FRANK LATIMORE

DIRECTED BY BRUCE HUMBERSTONE • PRODUCED BY MACK GORDON

Screen Play by Valentine Davies • Adapted by Brown Holmes, Lynn Starling and Robert Ellis and Helen Logan
From a Play by Stephen Powys • Dances Staged by Seymour Felix

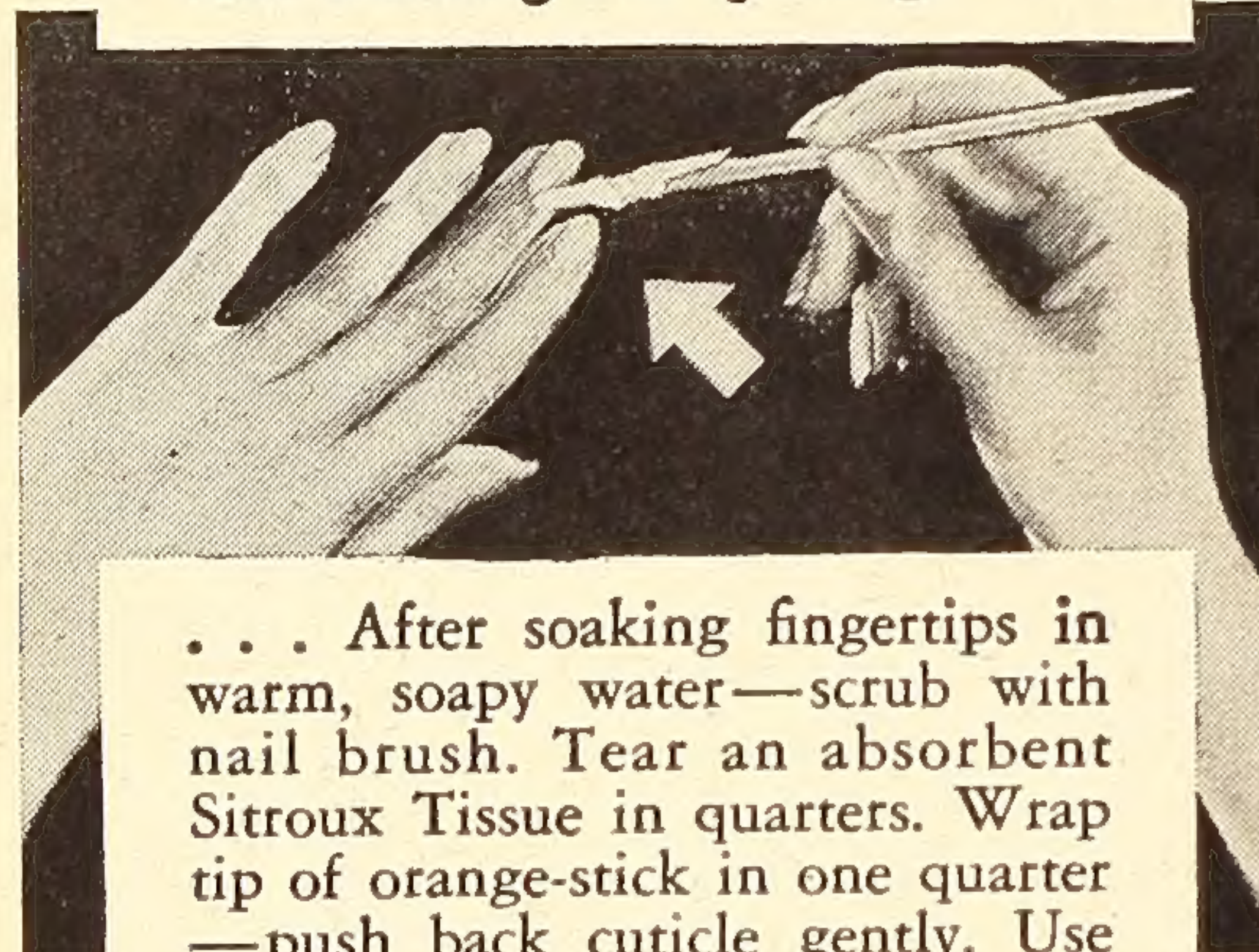
20th
CENTURY-FOX

Coming! DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S Magnificent Production of W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S "THE RAZOR'S EDGE"

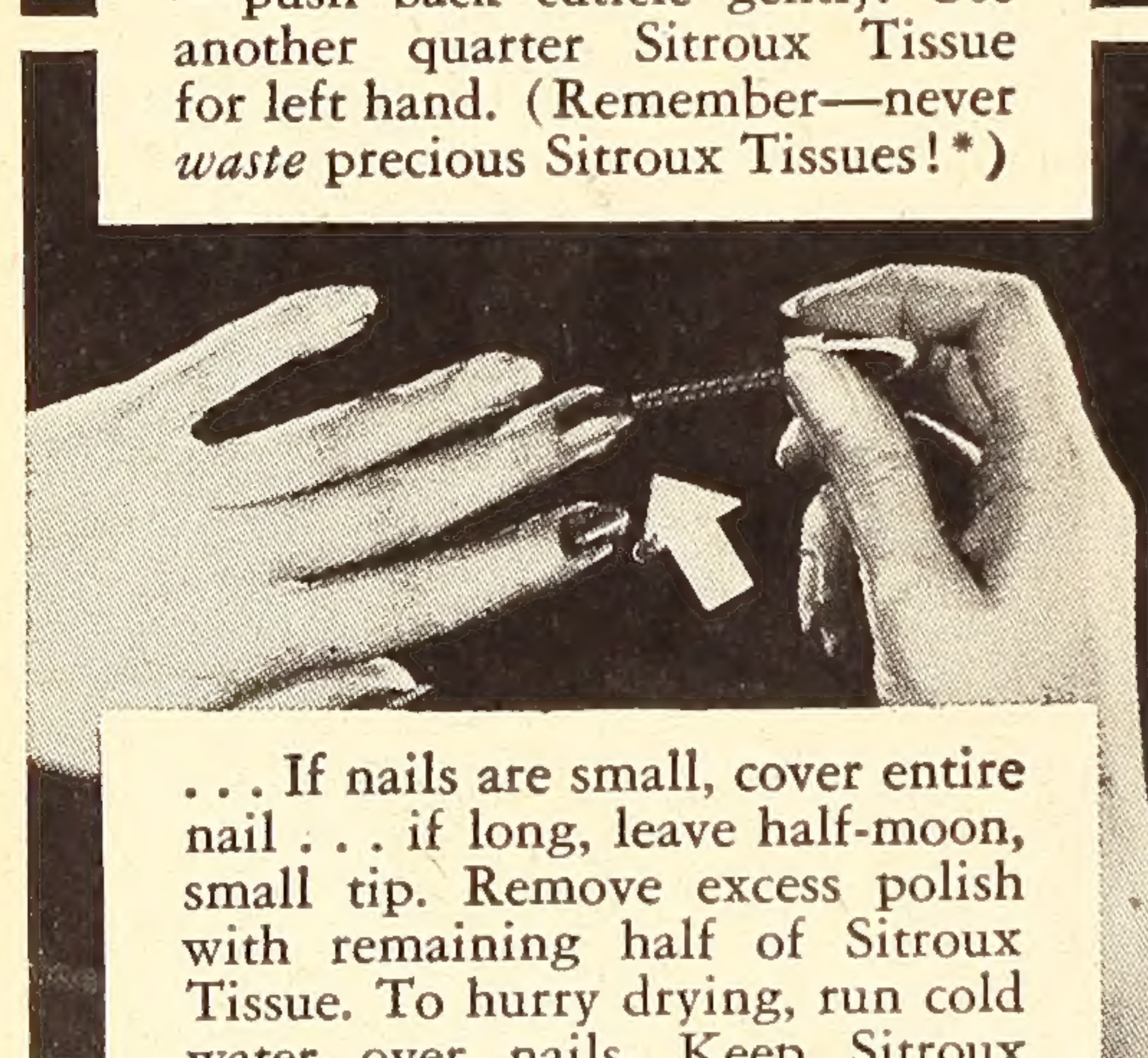
TIPS ON FINGERTIPS



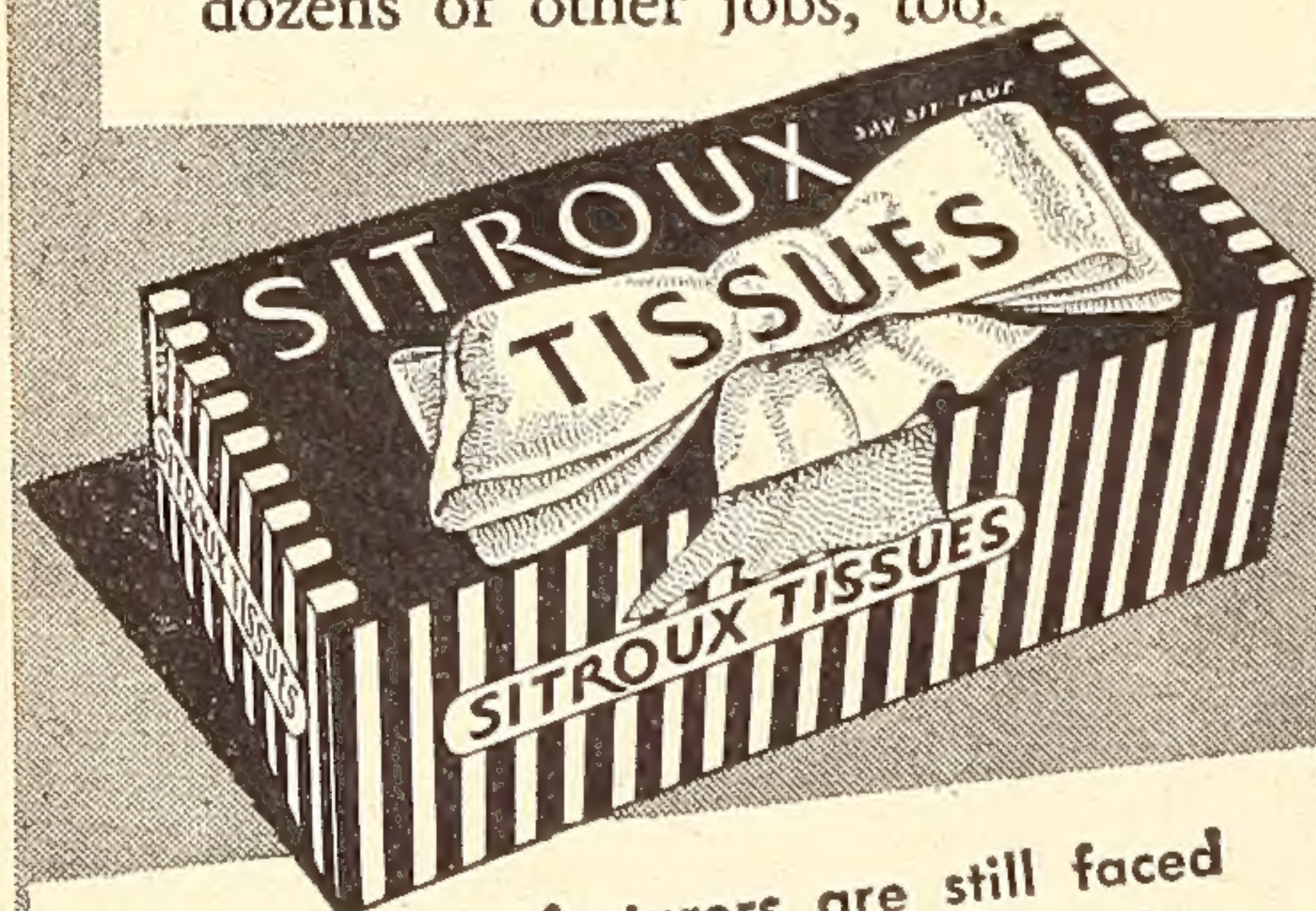
After removing polish . . . round nails, with emery board, to oval shape—*never* point! Never file down into corners. Good strong corners near fingertips help prevent breaking and splitting.



. . . After soaking fingertips in warm, soapy water—scrub with nail brush. Tear an absorbent Sitroux Tissue in quarters. Wrap tip of orange-stick in one quarter—push back cuticle gently. Use another quarter Sitroux Tissue for left hand. (Remember—*never waste precious Sitroux Tissues!**)



. . . If nails are small, cover entire nail . . . if long, leave half-moon, small tip. Remove excess polish with remaining half of Sitroux Tissue. To hurry drying, run cold water over nails. Keep Sitroux Tissues handy for cleansing and dozens of other jobs, too.



* Tissue manufacturers are still faced with material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are making the finest quality tissues possible under present conditions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX

SAY SIT-TRUE

TISSUES

handicaps, both have been electrified from "chronicles" into screen story vehicles of the highest validity.

Despite its obvious spectacular possibilities, "Henry the Fifth" can scarcely be regarded as one of those stories which cries for screen adaptation. But Laurence Olivier, casting himself, directing himself, and highlighting himself, (as he richly deserves), in the title role, seemed to have the ear for its call in the night.

Keeping what might otherwise have proved to be an undisciplined chronicle skillfully in hand by the device of playing the earlier sequences within the storied walls of the Globe Theater in Elizabethan London, he flares out beyond those walls with poetic license and soaring imagination into the pomp and circumstance of medieval life and death, yet keeping the drama and himself as rhythmic as if it were being played to the beat of a giant metronome.

To be sure, the play has been changed, but chiefly by the pleasant sin of omission. All of the plotting and counter-plotting of the traitors, for instance, and the crisscrossing of the sub-plots of Shakespeare's version, have gone by the board. Now the story swings solely on the axis of Henry's progression into France, and his colorful advance toward the climax at Agincourt.

The screen tapestry also weaves tightly into the plot the conspiracies of the Bishops as, in order to conserve their own holdings, they urge Henry's aggression against France. It develops at some length his masterly domination of his men. It not only retains the participation of Falstaff, but introduces his death scene which, though written in, is wonderfully moving.

Likewise retained are the arrogant and effete French leaders; the Welsh, Irish and Scotch factions in the English army and, of course, "Ancient Pistol," portrayed by Robert Newton with the delicate, accurate strokes of a fine-line drawing.

The tapestry, in fact, is jam packed with actors of universal, first-rate stature. To enumerate one is to enumerate all.

Renee Asherson, as Katherine, is shyly lovely, Leslie Banks, playing the chorus, succeeds in carrying forward a cumbersome load as if it were neither cumbersome nor a load. Max Adrian plays the Dauphin for all the role is worth; so does Harcourt Williams, cast as the senile King of France. The remainder of the players come under the umbrella of: "Bravo."

To be sure, one could wish that out of the largesse of his good taste, Mr. Olivier had found it in his heart to give us less Shakespearean humor, which we find hard to take because so much of it is local to its period.

And now, the King! The progression of Olivier through this saga of his productive, directional and acting genius, is perhaps more kingly than the real character of "Harry" would seem to warrant. That may be partially because the majesty of Olivier's general conception of the picture inevitably finds its way into his bearing.

Whether Mr. Olivier plays his role against painted backdrops within the Globe Theater, or fans out into the magnificent reaches of the reality of battlefields, he walks hand-in-glove with Shakespeare—his faithful, dedicated and inspired mouthpiece.

"With winged heels, like English Mercuries," the beauty of the Olivier version of "Henry the Fifth" soars to what comes close to perfect achievement.

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Just because you're sweltering in the heat of Indian Summer, is it too early to give a thought to Christmas? How'd you like to nominate MODERN SCREEN as your personal Santa Claus right this minute? Here's how: Simply fill in the Questionnaire below as carefully as you can and send it in to us AT ONCE! If you're among the first 500 to reply, you'll receive the November, December and January issues of M.S. as a FREE HOLIDAY GIFT!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our October issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <i>The Heart Plays Tricks . . .</i> | <i>The Shirt Off His Back (Frank Sinatra)</i> |
| (Tyrone Power) <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Unsophisticated Lady</i> | <i>Easy Ace (Bing Crosby)</i> |
| (Betty Hutton) <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Watch James Mason! by Hedda Hopper</i> | <i>I Knew Him When, by Howard Sharpe (Gene Kelly)</i> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Guy Madison (Life story, concluded)</i> | <i>Honey Ball (Lucille Ball)</i> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>MODERN SCREEN Goes To Cape Cod (Gregory Peck)</i> | <i>She Didn't Say No (Diana Lynn)</i> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Tales Out of School (Tufts-Stanwyck-Mitchum-Reynolds)</i> | <i>The Bride Wore White (Hodiak-Baxter)</i> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Oh, To Be in England . . . !</i> | <i>Cheerful Little Earful (June Haver)</i> |
| (Lizabeth Scott) <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| | <i>Good News by Louella Parsons</i> |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> |

Which of the above did you like LEAST?
What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

My name is.

My address is. City. Zone. State.

I am years old.

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

IT'S TERRIFIC! IT'S TERRIFIC! IT'S TERRIFIC!

HUMPHREY LAUREN
BOGART AND BACALL

THEIR kind
of love-
madness
THEIR kind
of madly
exciting
screen
smash!

THE PICTURE THEY WERE BORN FOR!

"THE BIG SLEEP"

WITH

NEW WARNER SENSATION!

MARTHA VICKERS · DOROTHY MALONE ·

HOWARD

HAWKS

SCREEN PLAY BY WILLIAM FAULKNER, LEIGH BRACKETT AND JULES FURTHMAN
FROM THE NOVEL BY RAYMOND CHANDLER · MUSIC BY MAX STEINER



PRODUCTION



A Net Loss

can be avoided if you're smart and anchor yours with DeLong Bob Pins.

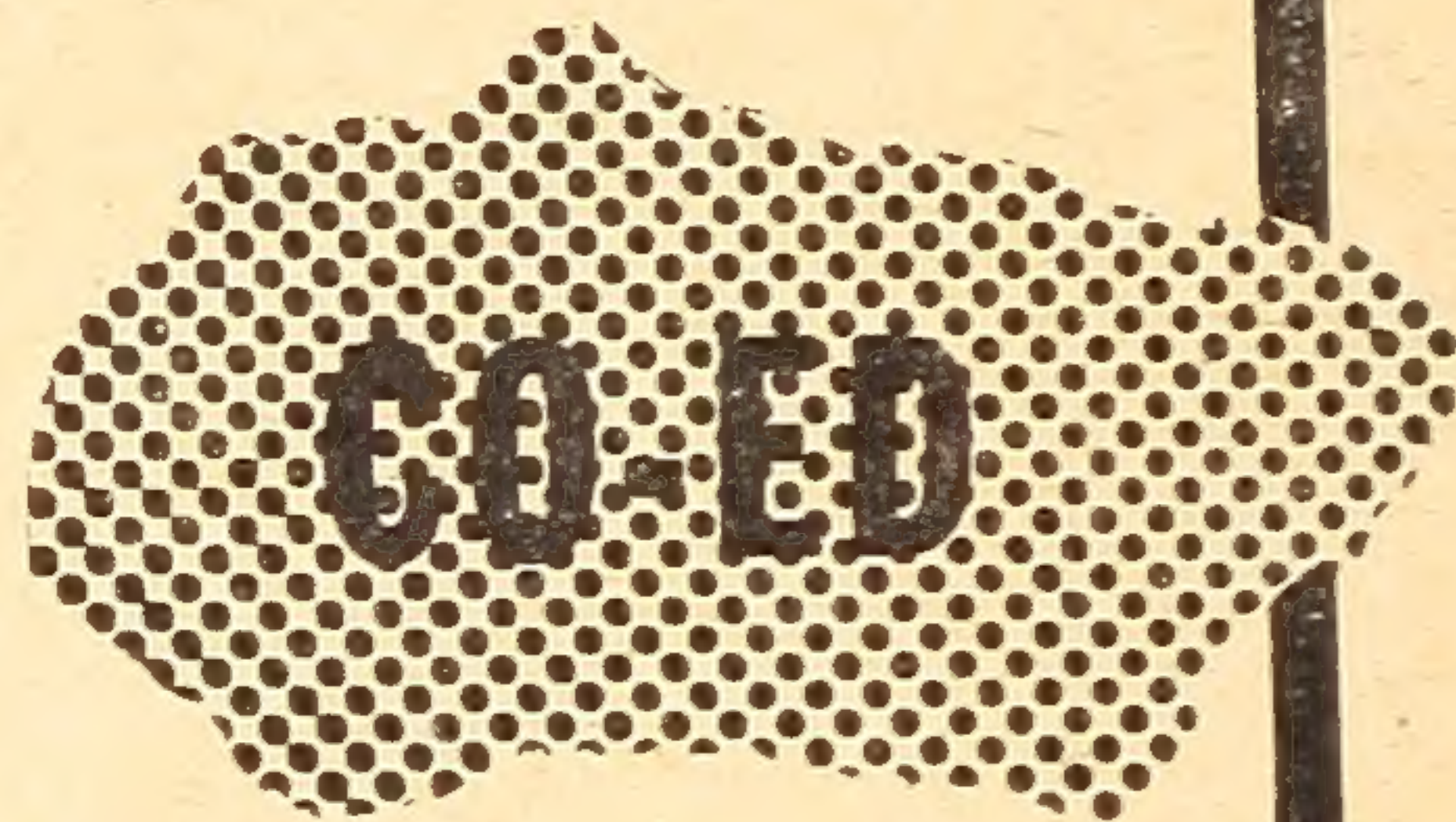


That tricky snood or fly-away net stays snugly in place when it's fastened with these extra-special Bob Pins that won't slip out willy-nilly . . . They grip your locks in a do-or-die way because they're made of fine high-carbon steel and subjected to rigid tests, to insure a longer-lasting

Stronger Grip Won't Slip Out

Try DeLong Bob Pins and you'll know the full meaning of a net profit in hair-do security.

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAPS PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS



You may be wearing your
hair like an old
smoothie, but how long is
it since your soul's been
upswept? Glamor
isn't just the way
you look—it's the kind of
girl you are!

CO-ED LETTER BOX

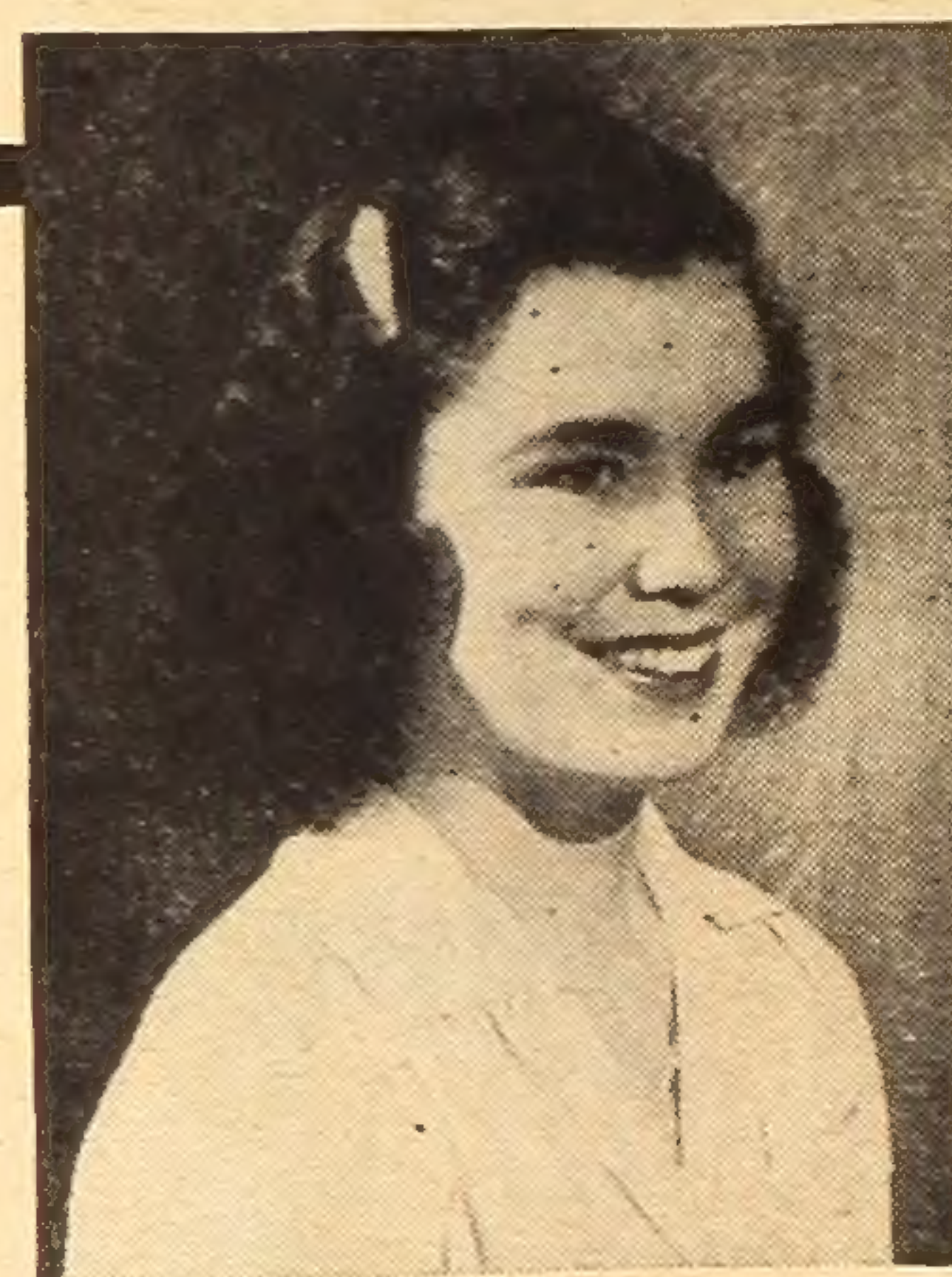
My father drinks, and I really am ashamed to bring kids home with me or to have boys call for me when he's around. Still I don't want them to think I'm anti-social. What solution can you suggest?
J. B., Oil City, Pa.

To get at the real root of the matter, could you get your family doctor to take your dad in hand and try to get him to stop drinking? Or you might try your minister. If he's an actual problem drinker, he needs help, and they will know best where he can get it. In the meantime, try not to have your friends at home when your father is there. Couldn't you check with your mother before bringing them over? As for dates: Be all ready when the boys call for you. Introduce them to your mother quickly, then be off. After you've gotten to know them a bit, you can explain the whole thing to them as briefly and as loyally as you can. Don't blame or belittle your father, because his weakness is very likely not his fault at all.
(Continued on page 26)

You're back at school again, with your pockets full of dreams and your throat full of heart. Gosh, this year you want to be a B. W. O. C.* Belle of the junior prom and star of the class play and maybe secretary of the Student Council. Not only that, you want to be All Things to All Men. That is very fancy wishing, and we're all for it. The higher you aim, the closer to the stars you'll get. Maybe you've got all the angles figured, but just in case you need a bit of help, lookit here.

The Way You Look: This, unfortunately, is a very important item. You've all heard of gals who lost fifty pounds and turned from Things (ugh) into Things (umm!). And babes who cut out banana splits and got complexions like French vanilla—and got guys like crazy. It doesn't seem right that the outside of us should count for so much, but we're being realistic today, and we know that it does. So, let's do something about it. If you're chubby, deflate a bit. If you're the family skeleton, start eating. If your hair is strictly Mouse, convert it to Sable via daily brushing, the weekly shampoo. Choose your clothes with care and keep 'em absolutely band boxish. (Turn page for the chart that'll put you on the road to all this zing.) If you have a more difficult problem, say, a cast in your eye, a scar or birthmark, really bad teeth or a physical deformity, take it to a doctor. Get the very best advice you can afford, and then somehow or other improve the condition or learn to camouflage it. There are such wonderful clinics now, dental, mental, and every other kind, that you can get help if you can just learn where to go. Get rid of the notion that you're a permanent sad sack, that for you there is no hope, and do something about it today. Something active and constructive and (Continued on page 26)

* Big Woman On Campus



JEAN
KINKEAD

The Wedding Gown that Waited....

Tucked away in a cedar chest for half a lifetime by a courageous nurse who wanted desperately to wear it . . . but wanted even more to help children walk again.

One of the world's great stories of love, sacrifice and conflict...now a magnificent motion picture.



RKO
PRESENTS

ROSALIND RUSSELL • ALEXANDER KNOX in **SISTER KENNY**

with **DEAN JAGGER**

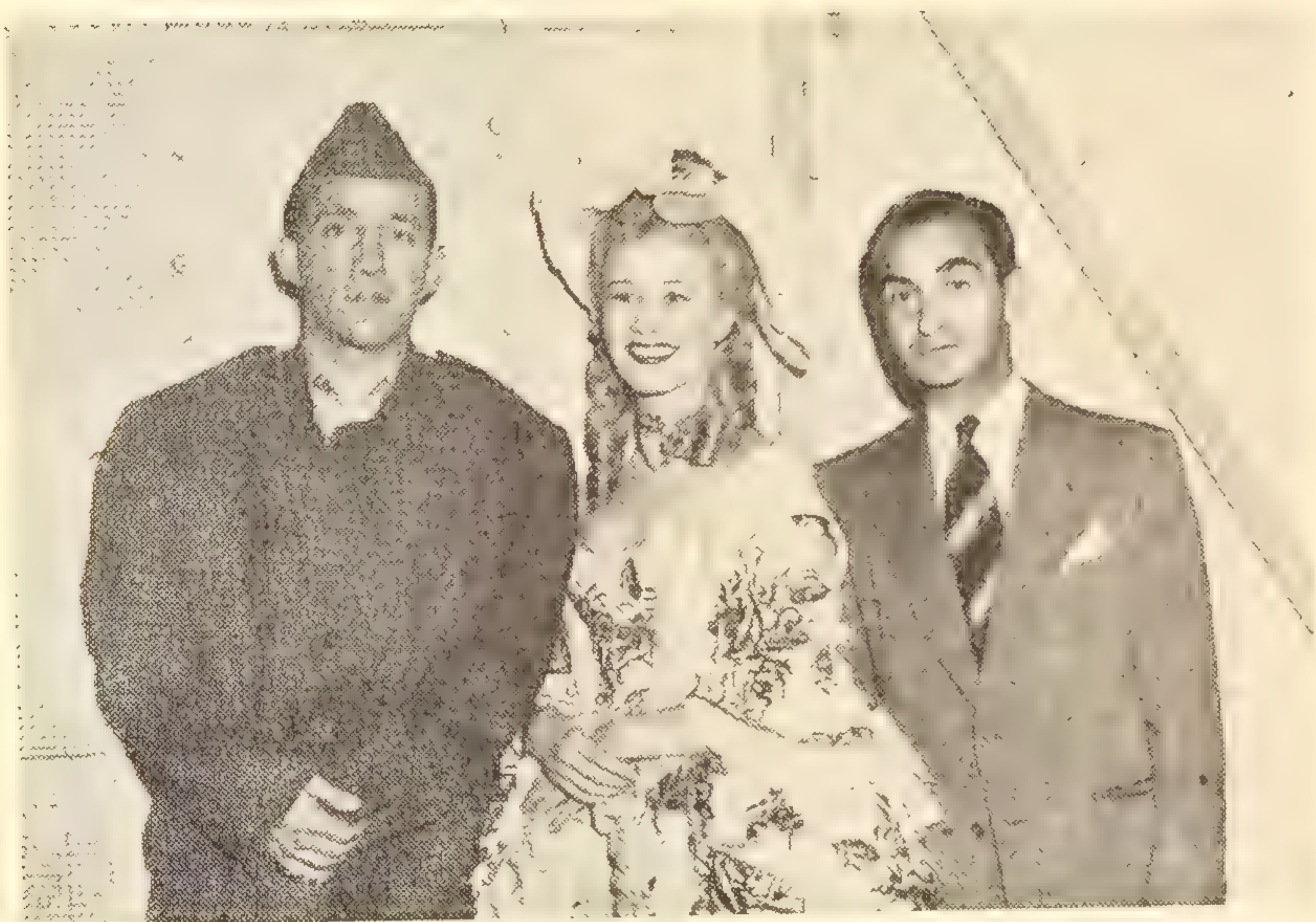
PHILIP MERIVALE • BEULAH BONDI • CHARLES DINGLE



Produced and Directed by DUDLEY NICHOLS • Screen Play by Dudley Nichols, Alexander Knox and Mary McCarthy



Sweet and Hot



Irving Berlin, whose great song hits are sprinkled throughout the picture, visited the "Blue Skies" set to chat with Crosby and Joan Caulfield.



Make theirs music . . . Leonard Feather swaps shop talk with Art Ford, WNEW's all-night disc jockey, and Monica Lewis, recording song artist.

■ This month, record-reviewer Feather sneers at his rut, and turns around and reviews a movie! "Blue Skies," to be specific. I went to a special, private screening in the Paramount projection room, all prepared to see the life and times of Irving Berlin pass before my eyes.

And I was wrong. The picture has nothing whatever to do with Berlin's career, and he's only very briefly mentioned at all. Also, many of his best tunes—"Alexander's Ragtime Band," "Cheek to Cheek," "All Alone," "Say It Isn't So"—are either fluffed off with a few bars, or else unsung. (Though not unwept or unhonored, by me.) Still, the picture's perfectly pleasant, and plenty of good Berlin music does make the score, and it's got Bing, and you'll probably love it. Me, I'm holding out for the story of Irving Berlin himself. Now *that* could be a heck of a picture.

As for the best records of the month, take Woody Herman's "Mabel, Mabel," on the popular end, and the Page Cavanaugh Trio's ARA record on the hot jazz.

BEST POPULAR

FIVE MINUTES MORE—Tex Beneke (Victor), Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Bob Crosby (Decca)—Here's the Tex Beneke band, originally led by the late Major Glenn Miller, and the strange stories about Miller continue to crop up. Only the other day, I had a wire from the editor of *The Melody Maker*, a musical weekly in London. It read: "Strong rumors emanating Miami and Detroit that Glenn Miller alive but ill Florida nursing home. Can you check and cable any information, however slight." The fact is, there isn't a word of truth in any such stories, and yet they keep right on coming.

MABEL, MABEL!—Woody Herman (Columbia), Les Elgart (Musicraft)—The Woody Herman (Continued on page 102)

By LEONARD FEATHER

It's Cole Porter!

It's by Dave Rose!



IT'S AN ALBUM YOU'LL LOVE!

As romantic as your first formal is the *Cole Porter Review*, recorded by Dave Rose and his famous orchestra. It's a new album of hits from the Warner Bros. film success "Night and Day." You'll be humming and dancing to smooth Rose arrangements of *Begin the Beguine*, *Night and Day*, *What Is This Thing Called Love?*, five other favorites. Ask for Album P-158, \$2.75.

MORE COLE PORTER HITS . . . SUNG BY ALLAN JONES

For some slick vocalizing, get the Allan Jones album of eight Cole Porter Show Hits, including *Why Shouldn't I?*, *Rosalie*, *Easy to Love*. Red Seal Album M-1033, \$4.85.

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RCA VICTOR RECORDS





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14 TO KEEP YOUR HOUSE IN ORDER

by Virginia Wilson

MOVIE REVIEWS

BLUE SKIES

■ "Blue skies, smiling at me . . ." The picture, like the song, combines nostalgia and happiness in the best Irving Berlin manner. Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire and Joan Caulfield take you on a merry merry-go-round of Berlin music, with a Technicolor romance on the side. It begins in a little flower shop on a side street in New York, where Mary O'Hara is listening to a radio broadcast.

Only, of course, it doesn't *really* begin there at all. It starts 'way back in the early twenties, with a musical show that features a song called "A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody." The show also features Jed Potter (Fred Astaire) as dancing star, and his partner, the pretty girl, Mary O'Hara (Joan Caulfield). Jed is a gay young man about town, and he spends most of his time trying to persuade Mary to be gay with him. Tonight she accepts an invitation from him for the first time. They go to a small night club run by an old friend of Jed's, Johnny Adams (Bing Crosby). It's a funny little place where the musicians double as waiters, and the headwaiter (Billy De Wolfe) doubles as comedian. (Incidentally, he has a couple of scenes that almost steal the picture!)

Johnny and Mary get along together from the start, but she doesn't realize what a rolling stone he is. Johnny likes to open a night club, work it up to a success, then sell it and move on. Probably it wouldn't have made any difference if she *had* known all that. Nothing makes any difference when you're falling in love. Mary soon opens in a new show, and is Jed's partner in the hit number, "Puttin' On The Ritz." Johnny doesn't even come to the opening—he's too busy selling his night club and buying a new one in St. Louis!

He drifts around the country, loving Mary but not doing anything about it. Then they open a club together called The Songbook, and feature all Irving Berlin tunes. Maybe it's hearing "Always" and "Remember" night after night that does it, but anyway, they get married. Which would be fine, only Johnny just can't stay in one place long enough to act like a (Continued on page 16)



Jed (Fred Astaire) takes Mary (Joan Caulfield) to Johnny's (Bing Crosby) nightclub.



EVELYN KEYES



COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

The THRILL OF BRAZIL



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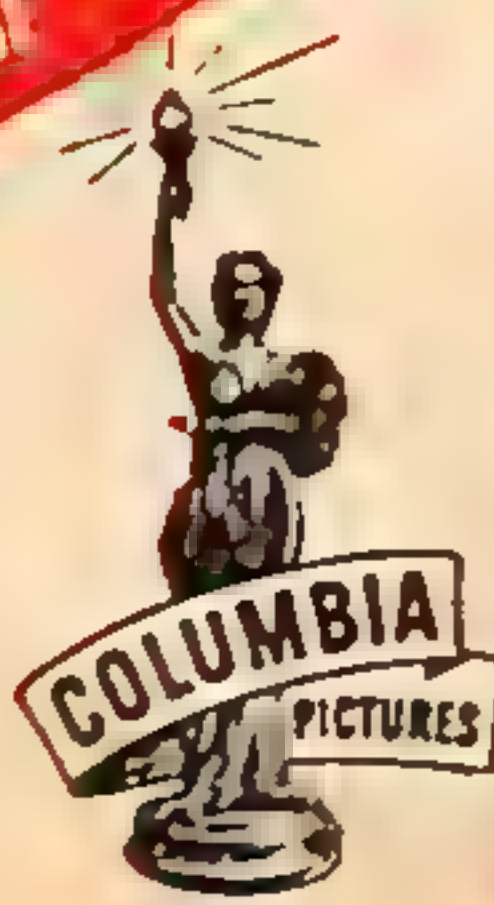


ERIC MADRIGUERA
AND HIS ORCHESTRA



ALLYN JOSLYN

VELOZ AND YOLANDA



Screenplay by Alma Rivkin, Harry Clork and Devery Freeman • Directed by S. SYLVAN SIMON • Produced by SIDNEY BIDDELL

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No test we could figure would cause him to fall."



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A stick of each gum he proceeded to chew."



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what do you know - he called LEAF GUM the best!"



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THERE IS NO BETTER GUM
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LEAF

THE FLAVOR LINGERS LONGER...

husband. They separate, unhappily for them both, and it's a good many years later that Mary listens to a radio broadcast which brings them together again.—Par.

CLAUDIA AND DAVID

You know Claudia and David. By now you probably feel as if you lived in the same town with them. You know their rambling old farmhouse as if it were your own, and their problems the same way. Claudia (Dorothy McGuire) and David (Robert Young) do have problems, like any young married couple. There's Claudia's driving, for instance. She just can't see why, when there's a lovely long space to park in, the fact that the sign says "Bus Stop" should make any difference. When she gets a summons, she says blandly, "They can't put me in jail. I'm a mother."

She's taking this mother business very seriously these days. Too seriously, David thinks. Sure, it's wonderful to have a son four years old, but a husband likes to have some attention, too. Here David is scheduled to go to Los Angeles to an architects' convention in a couple of weeks, and Claudia won't go along because she doesn't want to leave Bobby. Neither does she want David to go alone. Unreasonable? Well, a little.

Claudia gets a new argument when they go to a dinner given by her sister-in-law, Julia (Gail Patrick). There's a mental telepathist there named O'Toole (Jerome Cowan), and he prophesies that if David takes a trip he will have a bad accident. David isn't much interested in O'Toole or his prophecies. He's too busy talking to Elizabeth Van Doren (Mary Astor) about a house she wants him to design for her. Elizabeth is a very attractive widow, and Claudia isn't pleased at the amount of time David devotes to her. On the other hand, David is inclined to be jealous of handsome Phil Dexter (John Sutton), who drives Claudia home from the party in his car. She wants to leave early so as to be sure Bobby is all right.

Bobby is not all right. He has measles. So Claudia has to stay home with him while David spends his days with Elizabeth—strictly business, of course. Claudia gets very difficult about it, and David is condescending. Trouble brews, but when it comes, it is of a far different kind than they expected.—20th-Fox

HOLIDAY IN MEXICO

How could there be any place more glamorous for a holiday than Mexico City? Still, if you live there, as Christine Owen (Jane Powell) does, you would probably rather have your holiday somewhere else. Christine has picked Vermont, and is looking forward to a vacation there with her father, who is too busy here at the Embassy to have much time off. Once they get to Vermont they will be very gay together. Also, she will get away from Stanley (Roddy McDowall), who is just her age, sixteen, but seems to Chris much younger.


Happily, she makes plans for a big farewell party at the Embassy. She goes to see Jose Iturbi, who promises to come and play the piano. Then with Stanley's help, she lines up Xavier Cugat's band. "The band and I will be charmed to appear," the maestro tells her, "but my singer, Toni, does not go to private parties." Toni (Ilona Massey) is the sensation of Mexico City, and Chris feels the party wouldn't be complete without her. Being sixteen, and direct, she goes to Toni and tells her so. "My father, Ambassador Owen, (Walter Pidgeon) would be so glad if you would come." Toni's blue eyes sparkle with laughter, but she accepts. How is Chris to know that her father and Toni had a romance years ago in Hungary?

That romance rekindles at the party, to Chris' intense disgust. She feels more and more hurt and neglected as the days go by and the trip to Vermont is indefinitely postponed. She sulks around the house, snubbing poor Stanley, and feeling sorry for herself, until in sheer desperation she decides she is in love with Jose Iturbi.

MODERN SCREEN



"She's first in line and she won't let anybody get ahead of her!"



**IT'S
RAFT'S
KIND OF
ACTION...**

"Why don't we stop talking...
words weren't made for
a guy like me...or a
woman like you"

Benedict Bogeaus
Presents

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SYLVIA SIDNEY**

IN
"MR. ACE"

with Stanley Ridges • Sara Haden • Jerome Cowan • Sid Silvers • Alan Edwards
and ROMAN BOHNEN also The Flenoy Trio and Joyce Bryant

Produced by BENEDICT BOGEAUS • Directed by EDWIN L. MARIN

Original story and Screenplay by FRED FINKLEHOFF • RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

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and comfortable, too
with Midol!"



"Sensible girl," you say? "And practical, too," we add! For here is another woman who has discovered that Midol can help see her through the menstrual period physically and mentally carefree. One who has learned that by taking Midol, much of menstruation's functional pain is often avoided.

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MIDOL

PERSONAL SAMPLE—In plain envelope.

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CRAMPS - HEADACHE - "BLUES"

This, at least, takes her mind off her other troubles, and suppose he is a lot older, what difference does it make? When Mr. Iturbi finds out about her infatuation, it scares him half out of his wits. He and Jane's father get together and plot a necessary disillusionment.

Music and fun and laughter mingle in this Technicolor holiday. Jane Powell is quite a discovery, and Roddy McDowall plays a comedy role effectively. Walter Pidgeon strolls through the picture, looking handsome and so well-dressed. But it's really Jose Iturbi who steals the show.—M-G-M

THEY WERE SISTERS

You've known men like Geoffrey (James Mason) who are charming to their business acquaintances and casual friends, but in their own home are brutes and tyrants. But perhaps you've never known one who carried it quite to the point Geoffrey does. . . .

It starts when he first meets the three sisters, Lucy (Phyllis Calvert), Vera (Anne Crawford) and Charlotte (Dulcie Grey). Vera, who is beautiful and spoiled, snubs him, and he never forgives her. He marries sweet, simple Charlotte who asks only to adore him and be given a kind word now and then. But she never gets a kind word from Geoffrey. Only abuse, criticism and a cold withdrawal which eventually drives her to brandy for consolation. They have three children. The oldest, Margaret (Pamela Kellino), is seventeen when Charlotte sees her sisters again. The three of them have a reunion at the home of Lucy and her husband. Vera has married, too, a dull but wealthy man named Brian (Barrie Livesey), and carries on her flirtations just as before.

Lucy and Vera are shocked at the change in Charlotte. They knew that Geoffrey was a bully, but they had not realized the extent of their sister's fear of him. Lucy goes home with Charlotte and finds the situation there unbelievable. The youngest child, Judith, is too wise for her years and deeply unhappy. The boy, Steve, hates his father and with good reason. Only Geoffrey's favorite, Margaret, has any fondness for the man, and that is because he is careful to show her his best side. She knows he is cruel to her mother, but he manages to make it look as if it were Charlotte's own fault.

Eventually, however, even Margaret suffers from Geoffrey's vindictive egotism. Because he resents her interest in a young man she meets, he breaks up the romance with his usual cruelty. He drives Charlotte completely out of her mind at last, and makes Steve run away from home to escape his petty brutality.

Sooner or later, life has a way of catching up with people like Geoffrey. Unfortunately, so many others are entwined in the web by that time, that even his punishment causes unhappiness.—Univ.

TWO SMART PEOPLE

One of the smart people is Ace Connors (John Hodiak), poised and confident, with a cynical sense of humor. His interest in culinary achievements is only slightly less than his delight in talking other people out of their money. A crook? Sure. But a charming one. The other smart character is Ricki Woodner (Lucille Ball), beautiful adventuress who's all for the same easy road to success. She meets Ace in a Beverly Hills hotel where they are both trying to swindle a soft drink baron: Ace with an oil deal, Ricki with phony art masterpieces. Then Ricki gets interested in Ace and the half million in bonds, loot of a
(Continued on page 20)

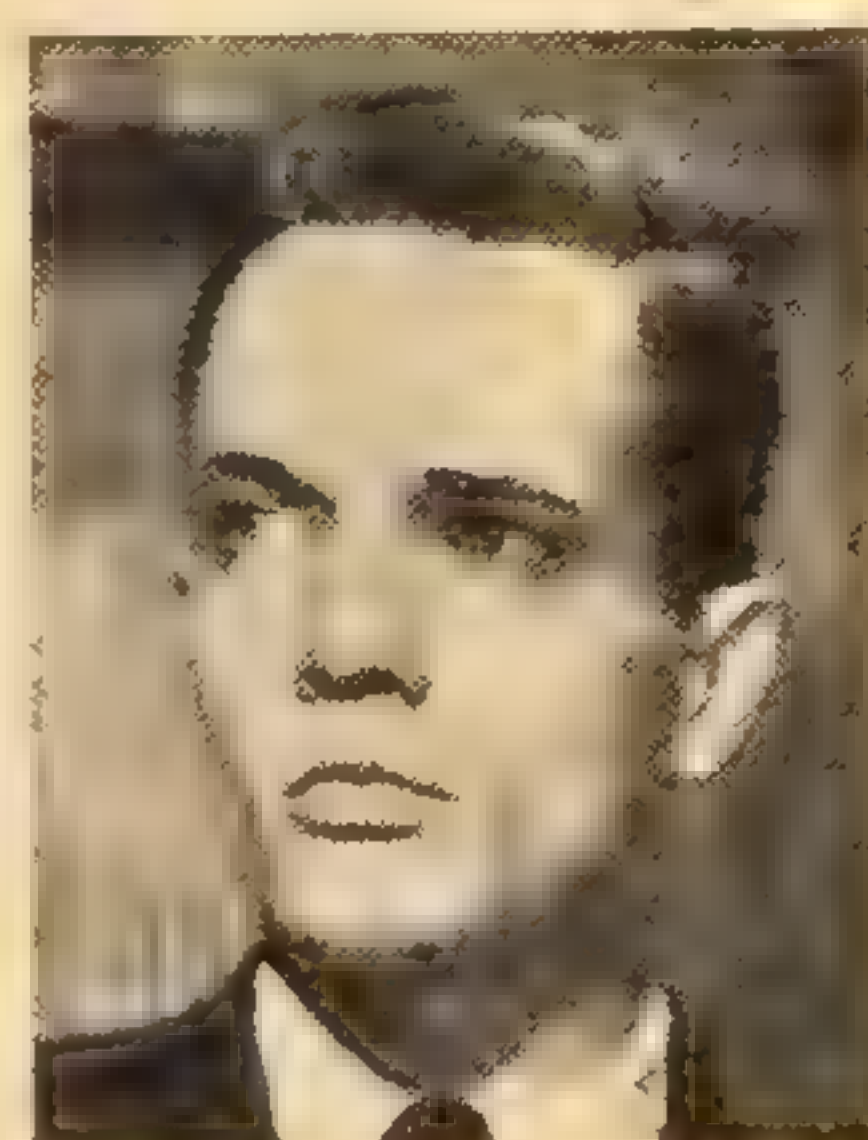
INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet

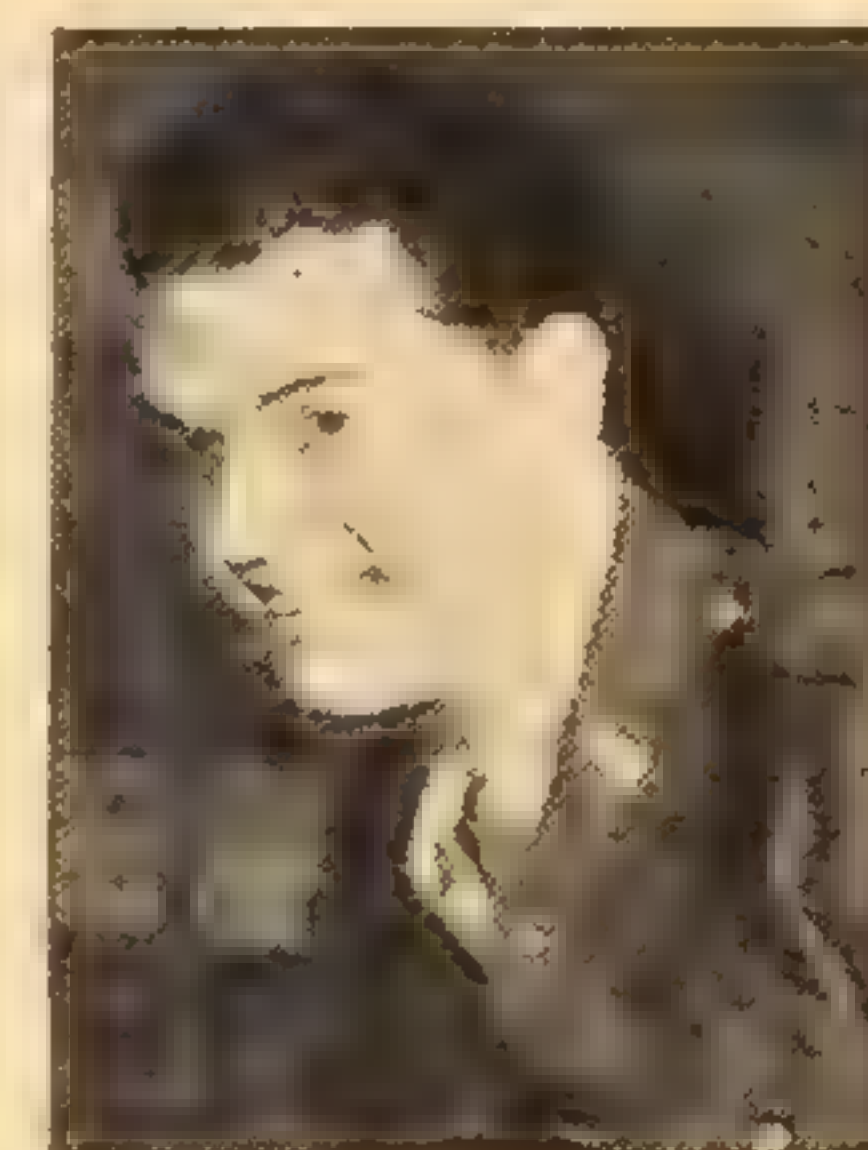
We have a scoop in introducing Joe Pasternak's latest and loveliest discovery for M-G-M, EDNA SKINNER. Born in Washington, D. C., on May 23, Edna stands 5' 8½", and has hazel eyes and brown hair. Scored on B'way as Ado Annie in "Oklahoma." Goes for James Mason and fishing, and is dying to own loads of spirited horses. You can send them and your request for a pic to her at M-G-M, Culver City, Calif.



DOUGLAS DICK (Sam in "Searching Wind") was born in Charleston, W. Va., on Nov. 20, 1920. He is 6' tall, 148 lbs., and has brown hair and blue eyes. Is unmarried. You can write to him at Paramount Pictures, where his next film is "Most Likely to Succeed." No club.



HARRY LEWIS was sweet as Candy in "Her Kind of Man," and he was born April 1, 1920 in Hollywood. Is 6' tall, and has brown eyes and hair. Is unmarried, and just out of the AAF. Appeared in "Winged Victory." Write to him at Warners, Burbank, California.



Pearl J., Chicago: Dick Dickerson was the sailor in "Without Reservations." He's at RKO. Bev Davis, 2537 W. 31 Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., has the Larry Parks Club. Lillian Brounstein, 1751 Union Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. has one for Glenn Langan. Gwen Littlefield, 1900 Sherbourne Dr., L. A., Calif. has June Allyson's.

Sue Huff, Calif.: Richard Conte was born in N. J. on Mar. 24. Is 5' 10½" tall, and has brown eyes and hair. Married to Ruth Strohm. Write him at 20th-Fox. No club. John Ireland, who was Windy in "Walk in the Sun" hails from Victoria, B. C., date being Jan. 30, 1914. Is 6' 2" tall, and has brown hair and blue eyes. Is married to Elaine Sheldon. Is also at Fox. Robert Lowery was born in Kansas City, Oct. 30. Has hazel eyes and brown hair and is 6' 1" tall. Unwed. Write him at Paramount, where his latest role is opposite Jane Withers in "Danger Street."

P. R., Denver: Of those "Winged Victory" boys, Don Taylor and Mark Daniels still haven't found the right role. Barry Nelson is making "Beginning or the End," and Lon McCallister's next is "Bob, Son of Battle."

Come on now . . . with school starting, why worry your head with those movie questions? Send them on to Beverly Linet, INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, 16, N. Y.

She Had to Decide

**BETWEEN A LOVELESS MARRIAGE
AND A LAWLESS LOVE!**



AMALIE was a nobody, the daughter of a drunken tenant farmer. Alfred was rich, respectable. But he loved this ravishing, fascinating, red-mouthed woman, and married her despite his bitter knowledge that she did not, and probably never would, love him.

His half-brother Jerome, the devil-may-care wastrel, the man no woman had ever yet resisted, tried vainly to prevent the wedding. Jerome and Amalie hated each other on sight. He threatened her, tried to compromise her, tried to buy her off—and she laughed at him. Then, suddenly, caught in a passion as ruthless as themselves, they found they were deeply, recklessly in love. Did Amalie choose her loveless marriage—and security, or a lawless love—and disgrace?

"This Side of Innocence," by Taylor Caldwell, is a brilliant, swiftly-moving, and intensely alive story that will stand with the great dramatic novels of the decade. Says the *Philadelphia Inquirer*: "A masterful piece of story-telling . . . 500 pages so solidly satisfying, so pulsing with life, that one resents their coming to an end." Here is a novel that reached the very top of Best-Seller lists within a month after publication! Price, in the publisher's edition, \$3.00, but now offered FREE to new members of the Literary Guild Book Club as explained below.

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LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, INC., Publishers, Garden City, N. Y.

just completed maneuver, which he carries in a cookbook.

They queer each other's schemes in a spirit of friendly competition. But a New York detective, Simms (Lloyd Nolan), shows up to take Ace back to tell a judge about those bonds. It's a long way to New York, and Ace persuades the detective that a few miles farther wouldn't matter. So they return via stops in Texas and New Orleans where he can garner pleasant memories of food to ease the prospect of his inescapable jail sentence. Ricki turns up on the train, determined to save those bonds the long trip back to their owners.

Simms nervously discovers the stop in Texas is just far enough across the Mexican border to put Ace out of reach of the U. S. law. The copper is no dope himself, and he tricks Ace back into the U. S. to continue on to New Orleans. In the gaiety of the Mardi Gras, Ace and Rick get really smart for the first time and find they're more interested in each other than in the bonds. But Felletti (Elisha Cooke, Jr.), a murderer, shows up to threaten Ricki with an old jail sentence if she doesn't grab Ace's bonds and split with him.

There's a scene of wild pursuit through the revelry of the Mardi Gras which will really give you the shivers. Fast thinking, faster gun play and some startling story twists work out the future to everyone's satisfaction except one or two corpses. Lucille Ball continues to be one of the screen's smoothest comediennesses. It's exciting and good fun.—M-G-M

THE BIG SLEEP

Remember that long look Bacall gave Bogart in "To Have And Have Not?" You'll see it again in "The Big Sleep" because they're back together and worth waiting for. Bogart plays Phil Marlowe,

I SAW IT HAPPEN



A very tall actor was being mobbed after a radio broadcast in Hollywood. He was trying to get into one of the studio offices so he could sign autographs more easily, but how could he get through the crowds? Well, he reached down and gently lifted up the girl nearest to him, and holding her high, he plowed right through the crowd! Then he took a deep breath, which expanded his huge chest even more, and wrote in the girl's album, "If you ever want to be picked up again, just look me up!" and signed it, "Bob Mitchum."

Jean Herdman
Tujunga, California

private detective, who is retained by General Sternwood (Charles Waldron) to find out who is blackmailing his daughter, Carmen (Martha Vickers). The General has another daughter, Vivian (Lauren Bacall), who interests Marlowe more than her kid sister does. Carmen is just a crazy kid, who drinks too much, goes for anything male, and might be blackmailed by almost anyone. Vivian is spoiled and strong willed, but she's the kind of girl a man could never forget.

Marlowe finds that a man named Geiger is blackmailing Carmen—and immediately Geiger is killed. Carmen is in his house when he's shot, but she's full of alcohol

and dope and doesn't remember a thing—she says. Marlowe isn't sure she's telling the truth, particularly in view of developments. That same night the Sternwood's chauffeur is found drowned. Accident? Suicide? Murder? Take your choice.

Someone else takes over Geiger's blackmail racket. Marlowe suspects a guy named Brody, and so does Carmen, who starts for him with a gun. Before you can say "Bang," Brody is dead. This time Marlowe knows who did it, and pursues the killer. He almost gets killed himself. Another figure crops up about this time. He is Eddie Mars (John Ridgely), gambler and promoter. He is, he says smoothly, a friend of Vivian's, and Marlowe begins to wonder just what part she plays in this set-up. By now he is enough in love with Vivian to have personal as well as business reasons for wondering.

If Harry Jones (Elisha Cooke, Jr.) hadn't come along, Marlowe might never have found out the answer. Harry is killed, but in dying he gives a clue to this tangle of murder, and avenges a lot of lives.

This picture will leave you slap-happy, it moves so fast. The cast is perfect all the way through from Bogie and Bacall to the most minor characters.—War.

YOU'RE FOR ME

Maybe you've never imagined Perry Como crooning his way through a political campaign for governor. But more than one man in office right now has done it, and Perry can really sing. Besides, he has Harry James, Carmen Miranda, Vivian Blaine and Phil Silvers to help him.

Earl Gordon (Harry James) and his band have spent their last nickel trying for a radio contract. They miss out on it because the band isn't a "big name." De-

ADVERTISEMENT



"Edgar! Do you realize that's our last bottle of Pepsi-Cola?"

jectedly, they wander into a political rally and help themselves to a free meal. When they see that their entrance has broken up the meeting, they play a number and lure the audience back. They're such a success that the political machine hires them. In their tour of the state with the candidate for governor, they pick up a country boy, Allen Clark (Perry Como), whose singing of his own song, "If I'm Lucky," doubles their popularity. Allen and Linda (Vivian Blaine), girl singer with the band, fall in love.

One night the candidate drinks himself into a fadeout, and Allen makes the speech of apology to the waiting crowd. Something about this gawky kid with the golden voice appeals to the voters. The political bosses realize this, and they substitute him for their alcoholic candidate. He agrees because it would mean more money for the band. His campaign catches on, and the band is deluged with radio offers. Allen wants to withdraw from the political race in favor of the radio, but the bosses scream to high heaven. They are convinced that with Allen they can win, and without him they're lost. They trick him into signing papers which would look as if he had sold appointments to state offices. "If you walk out on us, we'll show these to the public," they tell him.

Allen knows this will ruin the band if it comes out, so he leaves Lindy and the band, to keep from spoiling their chances. Eventually both good government and good music triumph, with Allen singing the hit songs, "Bet Your Bottom Dollar" and "Follow The Band."

There's plenty of comedy in "You're For Me," with most of it furnished by Phil Silvers, as the band's agent.—*20th-Fox*

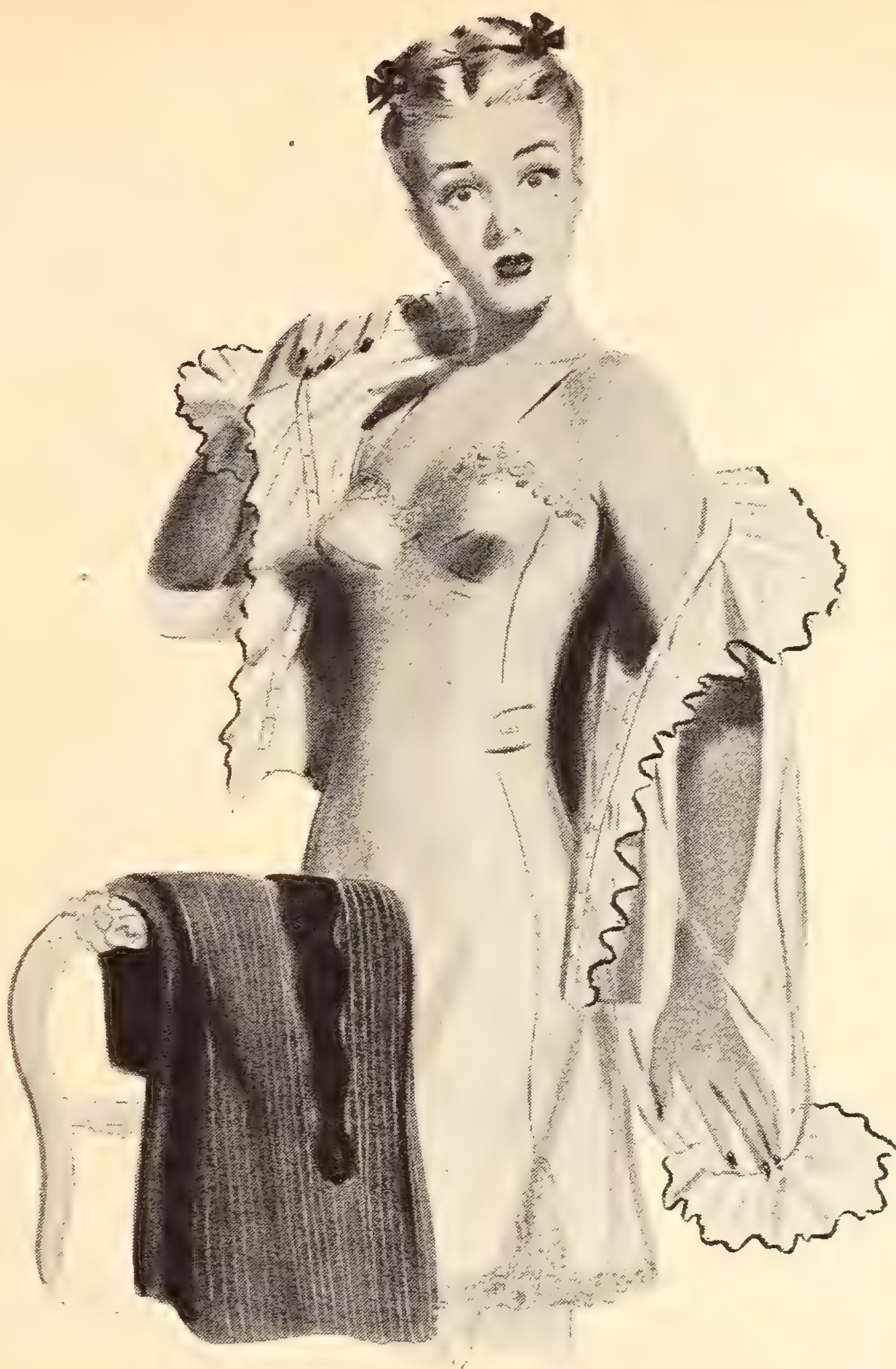
GALLANT JOURNEY

"Johnny Montgomery's touched in the head," the neighbors whispered. "Thinks he can make a machine that'll fly like a bird." But one person is sure Johnny (Glenn Ford) is nothing of the kind. Regina (Janet Blair) has a shining faith in John and everything he does. She has felt that way about him ever since he was a dreamy-eyed kid sitting on the beach, watching the seagulls wheel overhead. "Why can't I make something that'll fly the way those seagulls do?" Johnny wants to know. He never stops trying.

His brother, Jim (Robert De Haven), helps all he can. They work away in a little shed back of the house, and at last they achieve a machine that flies a little—at least it *does* get off the ground, if only a few feet. But John is so absorbed in it that he sort of forgets about Regina. When the other guys are taking their girls walking in the park or down to the drugstore for a soda, John is poring over diagrams. Friends of his at Santa Clara College ask him to come there and continue his study of aeronautics. Regina, with her faith in his future, encourages him to accept.

A new complication develops when it is discovered that John has vertigo. "Stay on the ground or risk being killed," the doctor tells him bluntly. Regina won't let him be depressed by this. "You'll do the designing and we'll find someone else to do the actual flying," she says. A few days later, she turns up with Dan Mahoney (Jimmy Lloyd), a daredevil parachutist who jumps from a balloon at the county fair. He agrees to try to fly any machine John dreams up. It isn't long before they make a glider which is fastened to a balloon, taken up to four thousand feet, and untied. It makes a twenty minute flight, and the newspapers headline it.

John and Regina marry on the proceeds of another invention he has made—a gold separating machine, but his main interest



That blouse will catch
more than the eye, Chick!

**When underarm odor clings, men
don't. So play safe with Mum**

A stop sign for roving eyes—that froth of a blouse you're putting on.

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Mum



Product of Bristol-Myers

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1. Safe for skin. No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

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3. Safe for charm. Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

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***SUPER-STAR INFORMATION CHART — 1946-'47 (10c)**—A new, better-than-ever edition of the chart that's a 32-page pocket encyclopaedia of exclusive, fascinating data on the private lives, wives, hobbies, used-to-be jobs, latest pix of all your favorite stars. 100 additional names never before listed! Send 10c and a stamped (3c), self-addressed 4 1/2" x 9" envelope. . . .

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THE FOLLOWING ARE NOT CHARTS:

INFORMATION DESK—Answers to every question that pops into your mind about Hollywood, the stars and movies. If you're hankering to know about casting, musical scores, or who socked the heroine with a tomato in the movie you saw last night, see column on page 18 for details.

CO-ED PERSONAL ADVICE—Want to know how to get him to ask for a date, or when it's cagey to be "hard to get"? Write to Jean Kinkead, c/o MODERN SCREEN. She'll answer your vital heart problems in a personal letter.

EXCLUSIVE CANDID SNAPS! These beautiful 4" x 5" glossy snapshots of your favorite stars were taken by MODERN SCREEN's own crack photographers, Gus Gale and Bob Beerman. Not obtainable elsewhere! NO POSTAGE REQUIRED! They're 10c each; 3 for 25c; 6 for 50c; 12 for \$1.00, or the entire set of 20 for only \$1.50.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Van Johnson | <input type="checkbox"/> Frank Sinatra |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Guy Madison | <input type="checkbox"/> Cornel Wilde |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ingrid Bergman | <input type="checkbox"/> Gregory Peck |
| <input type="checkbox"/> June Allyson | <input type="checkbox"/> Alan Ladd |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mark Stevens | <input type="checkbox"/> Peter Lawford |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bing Crosby | <input type="checkbox"/> Lon McCallister |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Clark Gable | <input type="checkbox"/> Glenn Ford |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Jeanne Crain | <input type="checkbox"/> Betty Grable |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gene Kelly | <input type="checkbox"/> Dana Andrews |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Lana Turner | <input type="checkbox"/> Danny Kaye |

continues to be aircraft. He keeps on in spite of every imaginable difficulty, including an earthquake. When he has finally perfected a glider that is the machine he has always dreamed of, he flies it himself.—Col.

I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU

"This," said the stage hand at Carnegie Hall, "is something I gotta see. A beautiful dame tryin' to show the maestro who's boss."

The "dame" is Myra Hassman (Catherine McLeod). She has known the "maestro," Goronoff (Philip Dorn), the egocentric prince of the musical world, for three years. When he first met her, he was enormously impressed with her talent—and her beauty. He canceled a European tour to go to her Pennsylvania farm and work with her. He wins permission from her father (Felix Bressart), to take her abroad later, so he can perfect her talent. Fascinated by his personality, Myra goes with him, leaving behind her the boy, George (William Carter), who loves her.

Goronoff, his grandmother whom he calls Babushka (Maria Ouspenskaya), and Myra tour the world, as the maestro plays with increasing renown—and a growing collection of women. Myra, in love with him and the magic of his music, accepts his relentless instruction obediently and silently. At last, in Carnegie Hall, she makes her own debut. It is truly a battle of music between the conductor, who realizes suddenly that his pupil is better than he is, and Myra, who knows only that he is conducting now as if he would ruin her. After the concert, Goronoff orders the girl out of his life.

Myra returns to the farm and forsakes music. She marries George, although they both know that her thoughts are still with

I SAW IT HAPPEN



As Gene Kelly stepped out of a theater in New York, fans rushed to mob him. A few minutes later, a policeman came over and tried to extricate Gene from the throng of boys and girls.

One young miss, who looked like a typical bobbysoxer, persisted in hanging on to Gene's arm. "Now see here, miss," yelled the policeman, "get along now and leave Mr. Kelly alone!" "You leave her alone!" cried Gene indignantly, "that's my wife!"

Barbara Bernstein
Lawrence, N. Y.

Goronoff. That shadow clouds their life even after they have a daughter. Goronoff, meanwhile, realizes his own love for Myra, but his grandmother forbids him to go to her and ruin her happiness. The strong-willed old lady knows that music is the only love to whom he could be faithful.

Myra's daughter, Pongy (Vaness Brown) grows up and studies piano, like her mother. She has great talent. Whether it is enough for Carnegie Hall is the question . . . a question that brings Myra and Goronoff face to face at last. Their meeting—again a duel of music as well as emotions—is to determine once and for all who is the master and where Myra's happiness lies.

The music is magnificent, with Technicolor to match.—Rep.

BACHELOR'S DAUGHTERS

There are probably easier ways to find wealthy husbands or careers on the stage, but none quite so funny as this. Take these four ambitious girls—Terry (Ann Dvorak), Eileen (Gail Russell), Cynthia (Claire Trevor) and Marta (Jane Wyatt). All have dreams about getting the world on a silver (or preferably gold) platter. All work in a department store until they pool their pennies and rent a Long Island mansion to attract the right men.

They persuade Molly (Billie Burke), forgotten star of silent flickers, and Mr. Moody (Adolphe Menjou), elegant but hard-hearted floorwalker, so tight he cuts his own hair, to act as their parents. They lure their new next door neighbor in to cocktails. He notices an old tea service Molly received as a gift from fans years ago, but which she says belonged to her "aunt." He recognizes it as a relic of a celebrated Duchess, so the word gets around that the new family are social prizes. The girls are besieged by young eligibles with racy cars, fat allowances and wealthy families.

Terry auditions for a neighbor, who is a producer, intrigued by Moody's objection to his "daughter's" leanings toward the stage. Eileen falls in love with rich Bruce Farrington (John Whitney), Marta with Schuyler Johnson (Eugene List), a shipping clerk at the store who turns out to be the owner's son. But Cynthia wants Eileen's man, too, and tells the store Eileen has "borrowed" some clothes. The store threatens shoplifting charges. Eileen tries suicide and the plans of all of them threaten to disappear like bubbles.

"Father" Moody steps in, and shows he has a heart of gold, after all. He straightens out their troubles and makes a profit for himself in the bargain.—UA

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A DASH OF GALLIC

GOES INTO WHATEVER

PIERRE AUMONT COOKS, FOR HE HAS

THAT INBORN FRENCH ABILITY

TO CREATE FINE FOOD

By Nancy Wood

No, no, Pierre hasn't burned his hand—he is just being very emphatic about the fine points of egg cookery!



■ We once read a story about a French cook who made a delicious ragout of a leather glove. Of course, it was a very fine glove, but the sauce, declared this chef, was the very best part of it! Pierre Aumont, M-G-M star, is as French as crêpes suzette. Born in Paris, he became a French stage star at an early age. His great-uncle was a star of the Comédie Française. Pierre was wounded fighting for France. With a fine French eye for feminine beauty, he wooed, wowed and wed the glamorous Maria Montez. He has a Frenchman's interest in good food and will readily confirm what we have just said about the French being wonderful cooks!

But, bless his heart, he is almost equally enthusiastic about traditional American dishes. So we have chosen Pierre's kind of main dishes for meatless meals and hope you'll find them useful at this time.

CHEESE SOUFFLE

4 tbsp. butter	1/2 to 3/4 lb. sharp
4 tbsp. flour	American cheese
1 1/2 cups milk	1 tsp. salt
	6 eggs, separated



A properly pneumatic soufflé, hot from the oven and delicious! For punctual guests, to be sure, for soufflés lose altitude rapidly.



Baked Stuffed Bluefish, done to a golden brown and tilted with a piquant dressing. Serve it surrounded by favorite Fall vegetables.

Melt butter in top of double boiler. Remove from heat and blend in flour. Add milk gradually, stirring smooth. Replace over hot water and cook, stirring constantly until smooth and thick. Add salt and cheese which has been diced. Cook until cheese is melted. Add a little hot white sauce to beaten egg yolks and blend. Add mixture to rest of hot sauce and stir smooth. Cool. Beat egg whites until they are stiff enough to stand in peaks, but are still moist and glossy. Fold cooled cheese mixture into egg whites. Pour in lightly buttered casserole and set in larger pan of hot water. Bake in slow oven (325° F.) 1 hour or until firm. Serves 4 to 6.

BAKED STUFFED BLUEFISH

- 1 5-pound bluefish
- 2 cups fresh bread crumbs
- 1 tablespoon capers
- 2 small sour pickles, chopped
- ½ teaspoon onion juice
- 1 tablespoon melted butter
- 1½ teaspoons chopped parsley
- Hot water to moisten

Remove head from fish; clean and scale. Rub with salt inside and out. Make a stuffing of remaining ingredients and add just enough water to moisten slightly. Stuff fish and fasten with skewers. Brush fish with melted butter and place in a baking pan with a little water and a slice of onion. Baste every 10 minutes; cook 40 or 50 minutes in a moderately hot oven (400° F.) until fish is tender. Arrange fish on a platter with parsley potatoes at one end and grilled tomatoes at the other. Garnish fish with lemon slices.

HERRING SALAD

- 2 packages (6 oz.) cream cheese
- ¾ cup chopped pickled herring
- 1 cup chopped cooked potatoes
- 1 medium onion, minced
- 3 medium-sized sour pickles, chopped
- ⅔ cup chopped cooked beets
- 2 chopped hard-cooked eggs
- 2 or 3 tablespoons pickle vinegar

Allow cream cheese to soften at room temperature. Mix herring, potatoes, onion, pickles, beets and eggs. Blend cream cheese with pickle vinegar and beat smooth. Add to other ingredients and blend. Serves 6. This is delicious either as a luncheon salad, for supper, or, with ingredients finely minced, as a sandwich or canape spread.

RICH VEGETABLE SOUP

- ½ cup minced onions
- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- ¼ cup flour
- 1½ tablespoons cornstarch
- 4 cups chicken stock
- 4 cups milk
- ½ cup cooked, diced carrots
- ½ cup cooked diced celery
- ⅛ teaspoon soda
- ⅛ teaspoon paprika
- ½ pound package American cheese
- Parsley

Sauté onions in butter until tender and light brown. Add flour and cornstarch, blending well. Add stock and milk gradually, stirring until well blended. Bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Add carrots, celery, soda, paprika and cheese. Cook over low heat until cheese is melted. Add salt if necessary. Serve hot with chopped parsley. Serves 8.



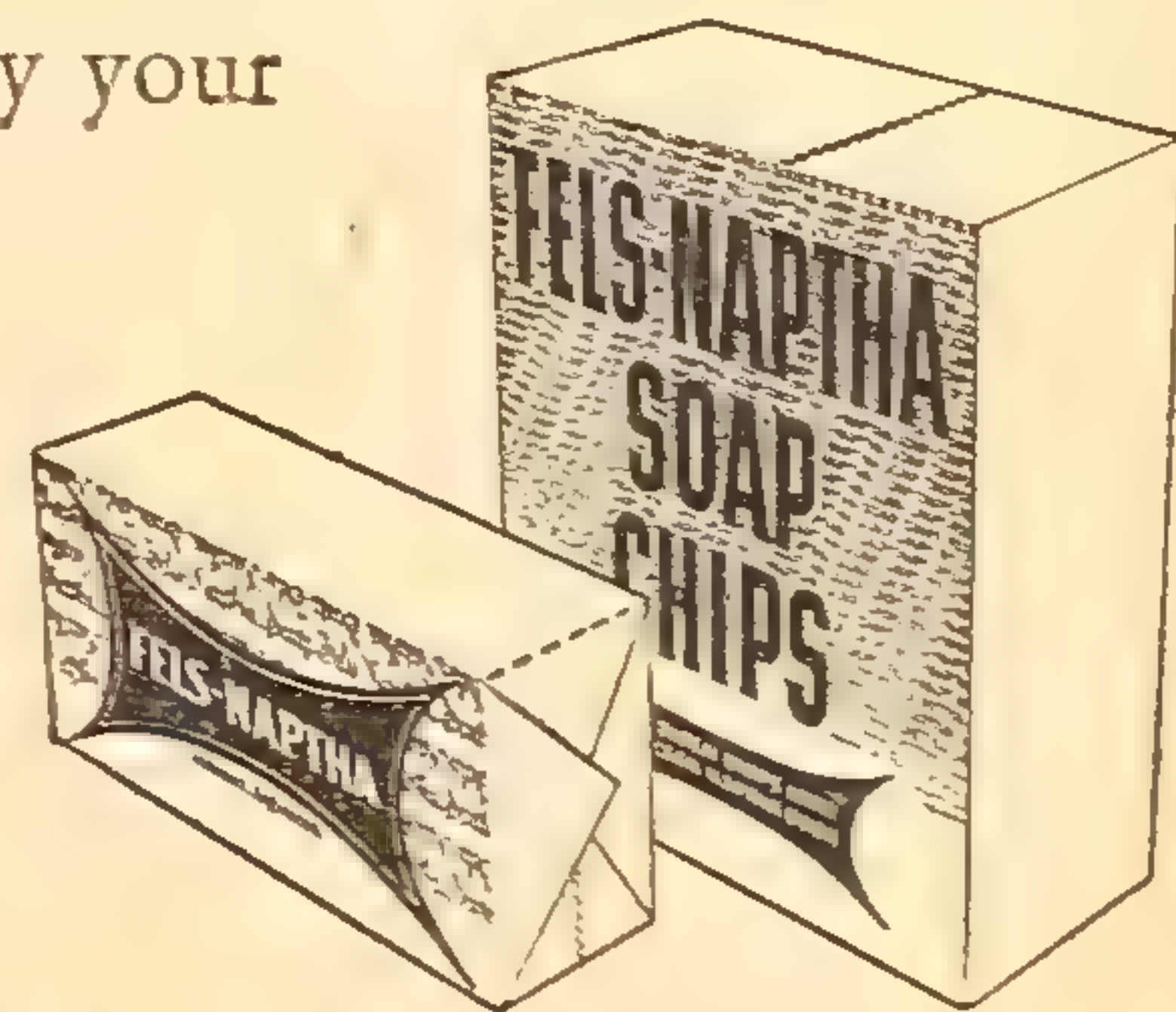
Save it with Soap!

Lucky girl . . . to start housekeeping with such a gorgeous table cover! You just can't bear to think of seeing something spilled on it, can you?

It's sure to happen, though, so be careful that it's always washed with gentle Fels-Naptha Soap.

Remember that Fels-Naptha loosens dirt and stains so that they wash away easily and completely in the rich suds of mild Fels-Naptha Soap.

Someday, this lovely wedding gift should be an heirloom, admired and treasured by your children's children. Begin to save its beauty right away—with good, mild soap—and that means *Fels-Naptha Soap*.



Fels-Naptha Soap

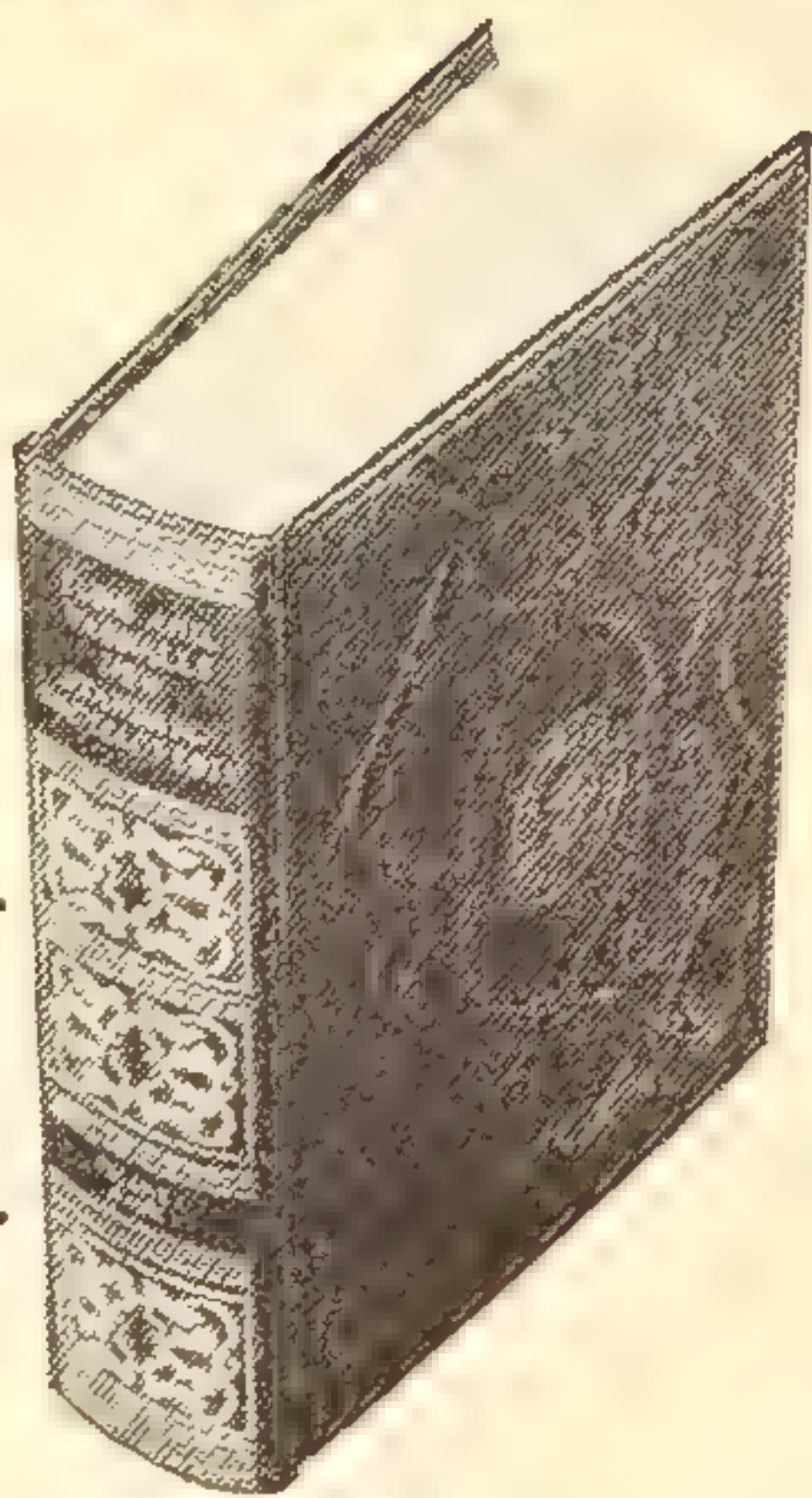
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CO-ED

(Continued from page 10)

drastic, so that by tomorrow you'll be on your way to being wheel-stuff.

The Way You Act: You can look like Turner in Technicolor, but—some guys want everything—if you don't have charm, you're still not With It. If you want the boys to mob you and the gals to think you're dandy, be fun to be with. Contribute something to your various twosomes and sixsomes. Warmth, gaiety, kindness, humor, sympathy. Have ideas about what to do and where to go. Know a couple of new little moron jokes. Have opinions about all the people the kids talk about—from Evelyn Knight to Rocky Graziano. Know what side of the fence you're on on big issues like labor, racial and religious tolerance, the control of atomic energy. And don't just talk through your hair or your heart; back up your opinions with all the facts you can get your hands on. Be the gal who has time for a shy guy, a smile for the teacher you pass in the hall, a phone call for the team mate who's benched with a sprained ankle. Know what is important and what isn't, so that you don't make an issue of every little thing, and don't wear yourself out bleeding for every cause. Does it sound like a large order? It is, but it might sound simpler if we boiled it down to this: Be the sort of babe you'd love to have for a friend, and you'll be a dozen other kids' dream-queen, too!

The Way You Are: This is more important than how you look or act, even if it doesn't show as much at first glance. Your real self shows through when you're

angry or tired or afraid. Your family sees it, so does your truest buddy. That nice guy you'll marry some fine day will see it, too. So, how's for being strictly on the level; instead of just looking and acting like an angel-puss, how about being same? It'll take practice and a lot of character, but to grow tall in your soul is a fine thing, worth all the effort. Why not sit with your sister's kiddies some evening for free, cook Sunday dinner for mom every once in a while, take your kid brother and his inseparable chum to the movies of a rainy Saturday afternoon. And not because it'll make neat lookit-the-halo talk on your next date, but because it's fun to do things for people you love, because by so doing you'll be on your way to real unselfishness. Give up your minor vices like gossiping, but first make yourself see and feel their cruelty and malice. Then you'll not only be acting like a charitable gal, you'll be one. Believe in things like the simple rights of a human being, any human being, and you won't have to act tolerant or courteous or sympathetic. You'll just be that way. Look around you. Open your eyes to the old, the poor, the oppressed, the sick. Identify yourself with them. Really care about them. Then you'll never be able to be greedy or wasteful or mean or dissatisfied or self-centered. Maybe that's the whole secret—that caring business. Try it. See if your dad doesn't say, "Why, you're growing up, squirt." And That Man Murr—kind of huskily—"Say, lovely, how about Saturday night?"

CO-ED LETTERBOX

(Continued from page 10)

I've gone around with Bill for five months, and he has never kissed me. He likes me a lot, I know, and I like him. Wouldn't you think he'd at least try? A. S., Mass.

Your Bill is apparently a very shy guy, and we'll bet you're a shy one yourself or you'd have maneuvered him into the moonlight before this. Next time you have a date with him, start weaving the romantic mood on the way home. Take his arm crossing streets, talk softly and dreamily. When you get to your front door, make a little ceremony of handing him the key, looking into his eyes as you do it. We think he'll get the idea.

I am seventeen and very much in love with a boy in town who is eighteen. We want to be married this fall, but his family thinks: (a) that we are too young; (b) that I am below him socially, and therefore not a good prospective wife. They have sent him away to college, promising that if we're still in love when he graduates we may be married. Should we elope, break up or what? E. K., Bordentown, N.J.

Why don't you let this ride for a little while? At the end of another year, you should know whether or not you're seriously in love, and that will be time enough to decide on a course of action. In the meantime, keep close to the boy via correspondence. Interest yourself in the things that seem important to him. If at the end of the year, you are still desperately in love, perhaps you could become engaged, and the following year, you could be married.

I have recently been blackballed for membership in a secret club at school and

my friend tells me it was because of my religion. I am awfully hurt. How should I act toward the other club members? M. S., San Mateo, Calif.

It is too late to do anything about this particular club, but in the future, make it clear that you aren't interested in belonging to a club of that malicious kind. Blackball them, in other words, before they have a chance to blackball you. Act toward the members as if you don't know anything at all about the snub.

You've had lots of queries about dusting off an adhesive guy, but what I'd like to know is how you get rid of a gal you're no longer fond of. Sally pursues me constantly, possesses me until I could screech. What to do? P. O'N., B'lyn, N. Y.

Next time she calls, say something like, "Look, Sally, I've got a heavy date with Perry Como. Will you excuse me?" The next night it can be Mr. District Attorney, or your chem book. Let her know in a nice way that you're a busy gal. She'll taper off. If not, arrange to have somebody else to walk home with, somebody else to eat lunch with. When she asks you what's wrong, as she inevitably will, tell her the truth. That she was simply beginning to get in your hair and you decided you needed a change.

Watch that harvest moon, kiddies, it's dynamite! However, if you do go out in it, and you do get burned, we're the guys with the first aid concession. Stop moaning into your coke and write to: Jean Kinkad, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York.

*Very
personally
yours*



*You walk briskly . . . your ears ringing
with the cheers and the songs. You feel the glow you've
always felt, ever since you first tucked your saddle shoes
in a stadium blanket . . . and the world became an exciting pattern
of pennants and chrysanthemums . . . tea dances . . .
football shoulders. A world very personally yours, of going places
. . . of being young!*

That was when you promised yourself you'd *stay* young, always.
And you do. Because you never let life's aggravations slow you up;
or get you down. On problem days, for instance, you
choose Kotex—for its miracle-softness—unfailing softness that gives you
the extra comfort you'd expect from this napkin made to stay soft
while you wear it.

Yes, and you choose Kotex for its flat, tapered ends that prevent
revealing outlines. For that exclusive safety center, assuring
extra protection. For the deodorant in each Kotex napkin; to
safeguard your daintiness. And because only Kotex has 3 sizes
for different women, different days: Regular, Junior,
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young-hearted fun of living . . . that are
very personally yours.

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Sterling silver Criss-Cross set, left, \$50.

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TO OUR READERS . . .

Being editor of MODERN SCREEN has its frightening side. People somehow suspect that I carry a little square of Hollywood's hallowed sod in my pocket. And if it came out that my socks were knitted from Lana's original sweater, no one would bat an eyelash. As for lowdown, I'm sure people think I'm the little man who feeds Louella and Hedda their scoops. Even my own family suspects me of hidden depths. That kind of unquestioning faith makes a man wonder about himself. For instance, thirty years from now, what am I going to tell my poor grandchildren? . . . Come to think of it, here's a charming

slice of Hollywood inside they might go for. It concerns a tall actor called Gregory Peck and a photographer called Gus Gale. Peck is a Metro-

Goldwyn-Mayer man. Gale is a MODERN SCREEN man. They're great friends, these two guys. Both pretty much in the same line of work.

And people love to talk shop . . . Gus happens to be a Brooklyn boy—

and come Dodger season each year, he invariably gets a yen for some of that steaming Brooklyn asphalt. He was

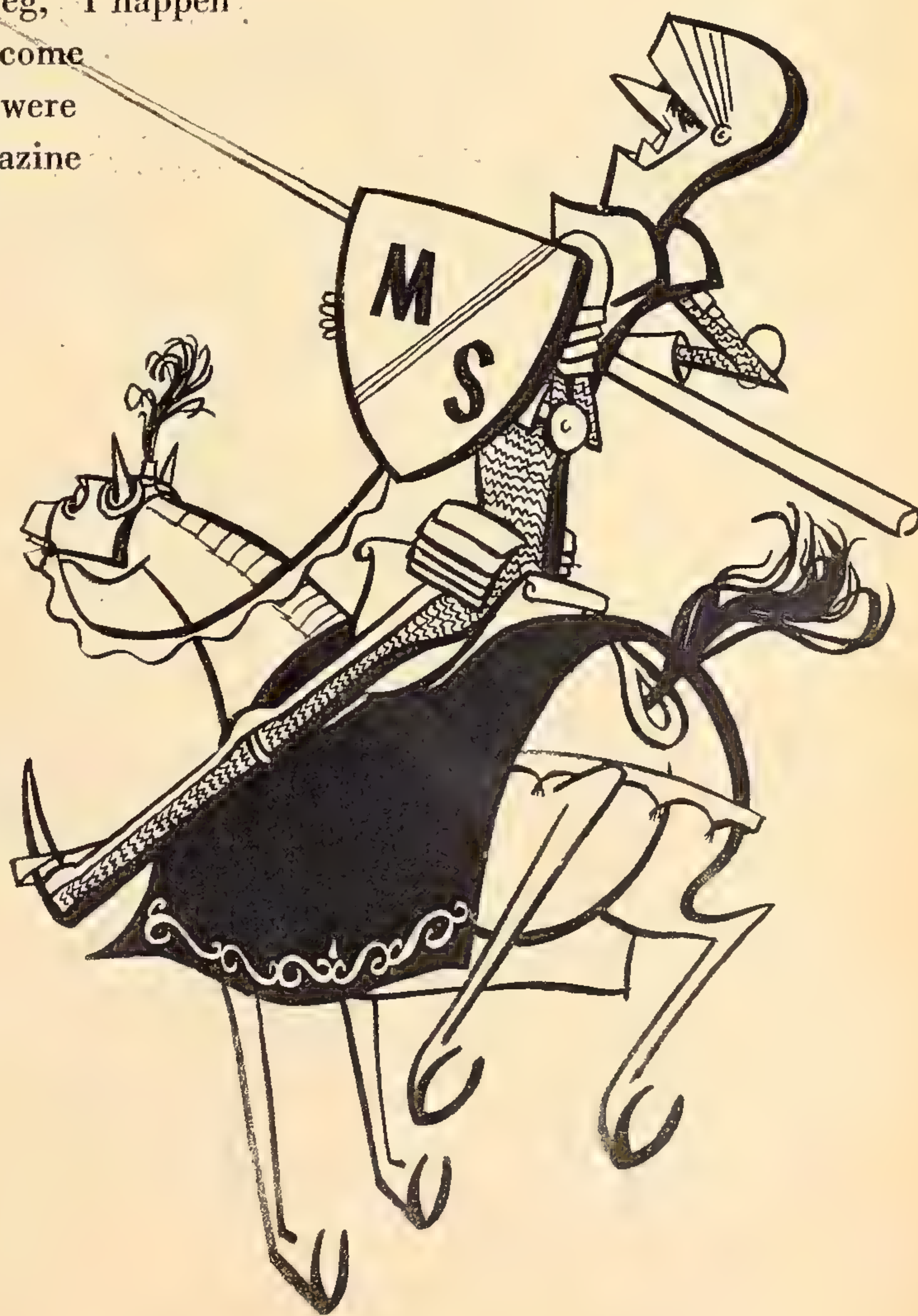
swapping yarns with Greg, when a great idea socked the tall fellow right between the eyes: "Gus," said Greg, "I happen to be going your way soon. Flying out to Cape Cod. Why don't you come along as official photographer?" . . . So arrangements were made. Then a hitch developed. According to Metro, *Life* magazine wanted to cover Greg's trip to the Cape. With their terrific circulation, they'd make the Cape famous.

Might even make Peck famous! In return, they wanted Peck and the Cape exclusive . . . Peck gave Metro that gorgeous, disarming "Father Chisholm" look.

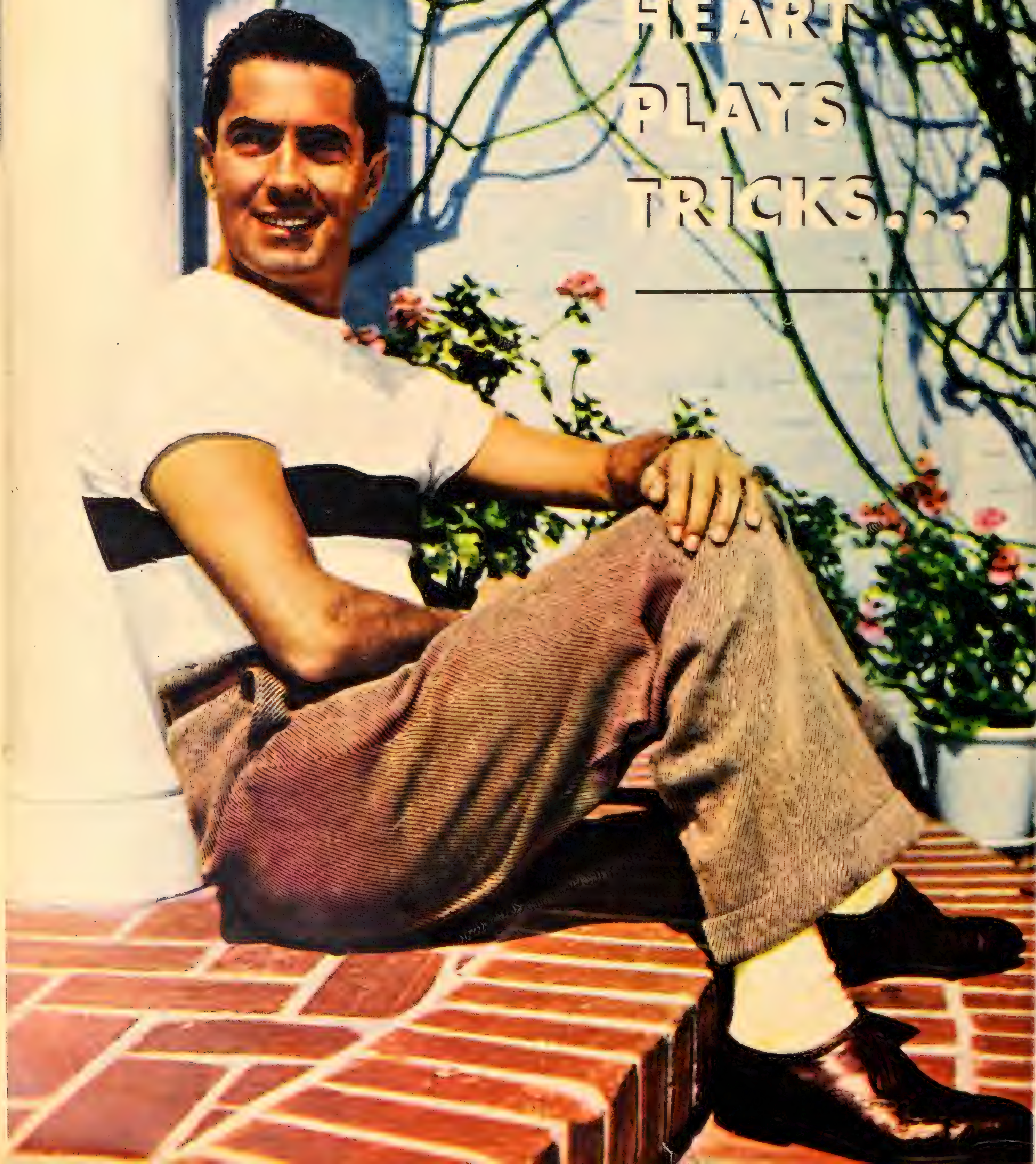
"Sorry," he said. "I appreciate the thought. But I'm booked." And that was that. Metro applied every pressure short of thumb screws. In all sincerity, Greg could have told Gus he had his orders.

In fact, he should have. But to Gregory Peck, a promise is a promise . . . And that's the story I think my grandchildren ought to hear. As for you readers, 30 years is a long time to wait. So turn to pages 42-45, and there you'll see Gus's great pictures, complete with everything but the Brooklyn Dodgers!

St. Lawrence



The
**HEART
PLAYS
TRICKS...**



HE WAS CAPTAIN POWER OF
THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS,
WITH MOVIES WIPED CLEAN OFF THE
SLATE—TYRONE THOUGHT.

BUT THE HEART PLAYS TRICKS . . .

By George Benjamin

■ One morning Ty Power and his crew had an early take off from Peleliu and sat down at the field in Saipan. They had just a half hour to grab some breakfast while the C-46 was being refueled. Ty was bolting his eggs and coffee in the mess room when another flyer across the table introduced himself.

"I'm Lieutenant Brown," he said, "and I know you from somewhere."

"Lieutenant Power," Ty identified himself. The officer creased his brow.

"Can't place the name," he said, "But did you ever live in Kansas City?" Ty shook his head. "How about Seattle? Ever around there much?" Ty said, "No." "H-m-m-m," mused the baffled flyer. "Could it have been in St. Louis?" The groping search went on all through the meal as the aviator wracked his brain about Ty's familiar but elusive features. All Ty kept saying was, "No, I don't think so. Maybe you've got me mixed with someone else."

Time came for his crew to take off, so they tipped back from the table and hustled out the door, with the puzzled flyer still beating his memory fruitlessly. As they (Continued on page 32)

Whenever Ty Power and wife Annabella visit the photographer, they either leave or pick up some snaps of their house! Tyrone's playing the role of "Larry" in "The Razor's Edge," with Gene Tierney.



Since his discharge as a Marine captain, Tyrone's been so busy making movies, he's hardly had time to relax in his pool. Always interested in problems of returned vets, Ty's joined the American Veterans Committee.

**THE
HEART
PLAYS
TRICKS . . .**

Between scenes of Annabella's newest picture, "13 Rue Madeleine," Director Henry Hathaway takes time out to light his star's cigarette and puff his own cigar. It's Annabella's first picture in three years.



Chatting with Richard Conte on set, Annabella told him about the time a trained war dog got into her dressing room on a USO tour, wouldn't let anyone leave or enter!



Lunchtime for the cast and crew of "13" was star-time, with Annabella, Director Hathaway, and Asst. Director Steinberg.





Sunday morning's the same everywhere: At the Powers', Tyrone and Annabella sleep late, have brunch, and then—the funnies!

climbed aboard, Lieutenant Jerry Lenz, Ty's co-pilot, said, "For Pete's sake, Ty, why didn't you let that poor guy off the hook? I was busting to tell him who you were, and where he'd seen you."

Ty grinned good naturedly. "But I *told* him who I was. I'm Lieutenant Power," he retorted. For that's the way Ty chose to regard himself. He had wiped the slate clean!

Not that he ever forgot Hollywood or the people there all the three years he wore a Marine Corps uniform. In fact, I know a story on Ty that even he doesn't know, and that anyway he'd never tell in a million years. I got it from a studio carpenter

who used to work at Ty's lot, and then joined the Seabees and ended up on Guam.

This Seabee, naturally enough, was a marked man with his buddies because he'd worked intimately on sets with Hollywood stars. They pumped him for the inside on their favorite heroes and heroines and in the bull sessions—and well—maybe he expanded a bit and painted the lily. Betty Grable? Sure—he knew Betty well; they used to share a hamburger on the set. Alice Faye? Yep, Alice (that's what he always called her) was a regular gal. Never forget the time she tripped on a ladder in a scene and if he hadn't been there (*Continued on page 77*)



During the war, Betty averaged 4,000 letters a week for home and heart-sick GIs—mostly proposals—but husband Ted Briskin, flattered, just grinned and winked, "Let 'em dream. I don't care, as long as I got there first!"

Before she was sure about the baby, toy dogs and dolls gave bouncy Betty something to squeal about. The wardrobe head was one of the first to know—none of B.'s clothes fit anymore.



Ted's mechanical minded, helped draw up plans for their lovely home. Tho' a near-millionaire, he's eyeing an acting career (against his parents' wishes)—wants to co-star with Betty (of "Perils of Pauline") in his first movie.



THERE'S A NEW GENTLENESS IN BETTY HUTTON'S

WALK NOW AND HER TALK IS SWEET AND MELLOW, 'CAUSE

BEING A NEW MOM IS SO SWELL • CYNTHIA MILLER

Unsophisticated Lady

■ Betty Hutton is not, by temperament, a nervous individual. However, when she awakened on a dim and starless night a few weeks ago and heard an unusual sound, she whispered to her husband, "Psst! Psst! I think we have a burglar!" Ted Briskin, having a nature almost as sunny as his wife's, mumbled a few meaningless phrases.

"Well, maybe it *isn't* a burglar," said Betty, "but I'm going to find out what it is."

First she turned on all the lights in the bedroom, then she turned on all the lights in the hallway; illumination in the living room and the den followed. By this time there was no doubt at all that Betty had reason to be alarmed. In numbers that sounded like the stampeding of a herd of elephants, people began to cross the Briskin front yard and fall over the fence.

A silence descended; a silence interrupted only by the thunderous pounding of Betty's heart. By this time Ted had donned bathrobe and a belligerent expression and was ready to do battle with the marauders.

"It's all right," soothed Betty, "I frightened them away, dear."

The next morning it was discovered that the thieves had broken into the playroom near the swimming pool and had stripped the maple shelves of a (Continued on page 83)



While the Briskins were still on the honeymooning list, friends worried that Betty was ill. But 'tweren't health—Ted had insisted she tone down from being a perpetual "life of the party," and Betty had gone all out *à la* Sphinx!

watch james mason!

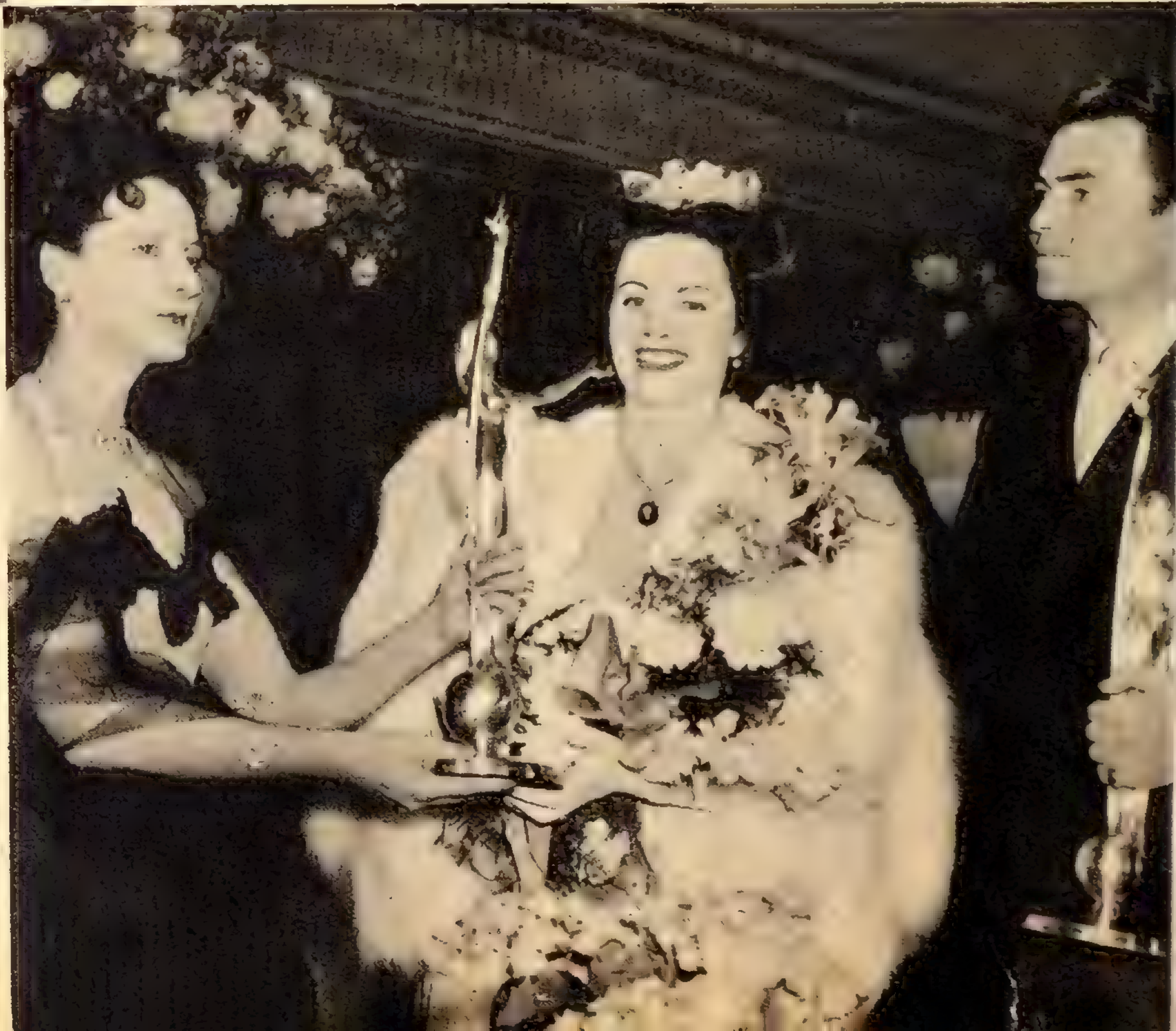
Hedda Hopper selects one of England's most distinguished actors as her Star-of-the-Month for his brilliant acting and distinctive theatrical imagination.



That "man you love to hate," James Mason, loved his Hedda Hopper Gruen Watch Award, beamed, "How terribly nice of you and the American fans."

by
hedda
hopper

Lady Rothmere (left) was the official donor of "Silver Star" trophies to Margaret Lockwood and James Mason, who, by vote of 500,000 film fans in the Daily Mail newspaper, were chosen top ranking stars in British films between 1939 and 1945.





Pert actress Penny Sack, full of enthusiasm and greasepaint freckles, whooped for joy when Greg agreed to hear her read lines backstage.

The proud pop scoured the Island for a "baby" gift for Greta, finally sent her huge crates of lobsters, hooked rugs and painted sea shells!



MORE PICTURES →

The success of "Playboy" assured, a huge party was held opening night, where eager apprentices mingled with New York critics. Here, Greg with Gladys Cooper, producer Richard Aldrich and wife, Gertie Lawrence.

Having just completed "The Yearling," "Duel in the Sun" and "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," Greg was exhausted, but good naturedly grinned through a 6-hour emergency stopover in Kansas City.



MODERN SCREEN GOES TO CAPE COD

The biggest laugh came as Sara (P. Sack) and the Widow Quinn (June Walker) tried to hide Christy (Greg) from lynchers by draping him in gay petticoats:



Greg was fascinated by the sculpturing of bayberry candles, had to be restrained from carting home a \$5000 antique spinet his landlady had in her study.



To the sea-bred Cape kids; Greg was no star but a very capable skipper. Only a few bobby socks got out of hand: One cribbed his pic from the Playhouse poster, scrawled "You're so handsome, I just *have* to have this," signed it "Gorgeous," and left 5!

Used to the presence of stars, Dennis kids behave well. So when Greg scolded one group for stalking him, they retorted, "But we're not from Dennis—we're Yarmouth children!"

Four years ago, the unknown Greg appeared at the Playhouse under the direction of Arthur Sircom as the crazy ballet teacher in "You Can't Take It With You." This season, he "sold out" the house 3 months ahead.



"But you should've seen the one that got away!" Greg stole time to go fishing, brought his catch to the restaurant where waitresses were so thrilled, they couldn't serve the customers.

Willard Straight, Jr., son of Greg's co-star, Beatrice Straight, adopted Greg as his "summer daddy," cooed with joy at toys Greg bought for both his Jonny and wee Willie, too.



Tales out of School

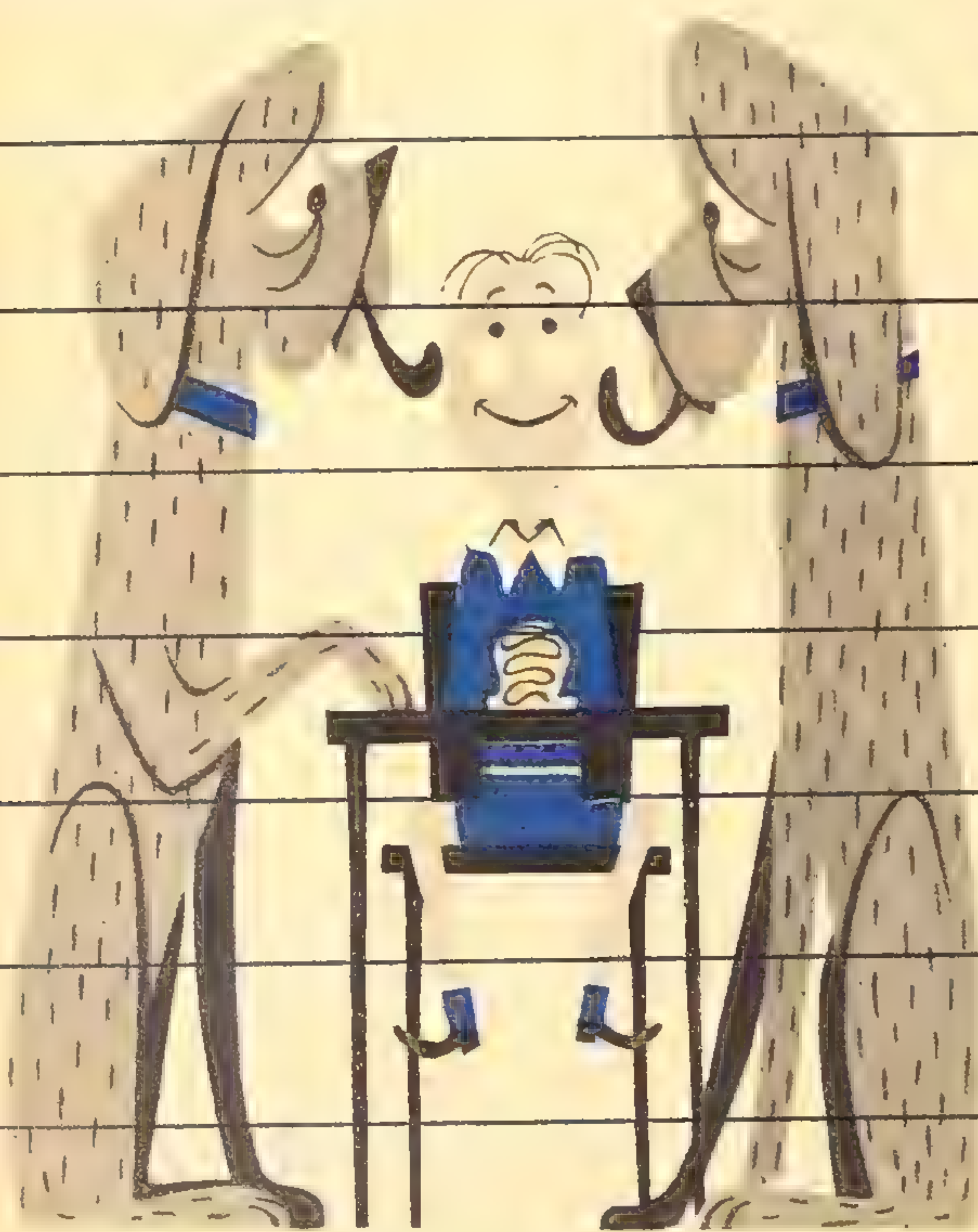
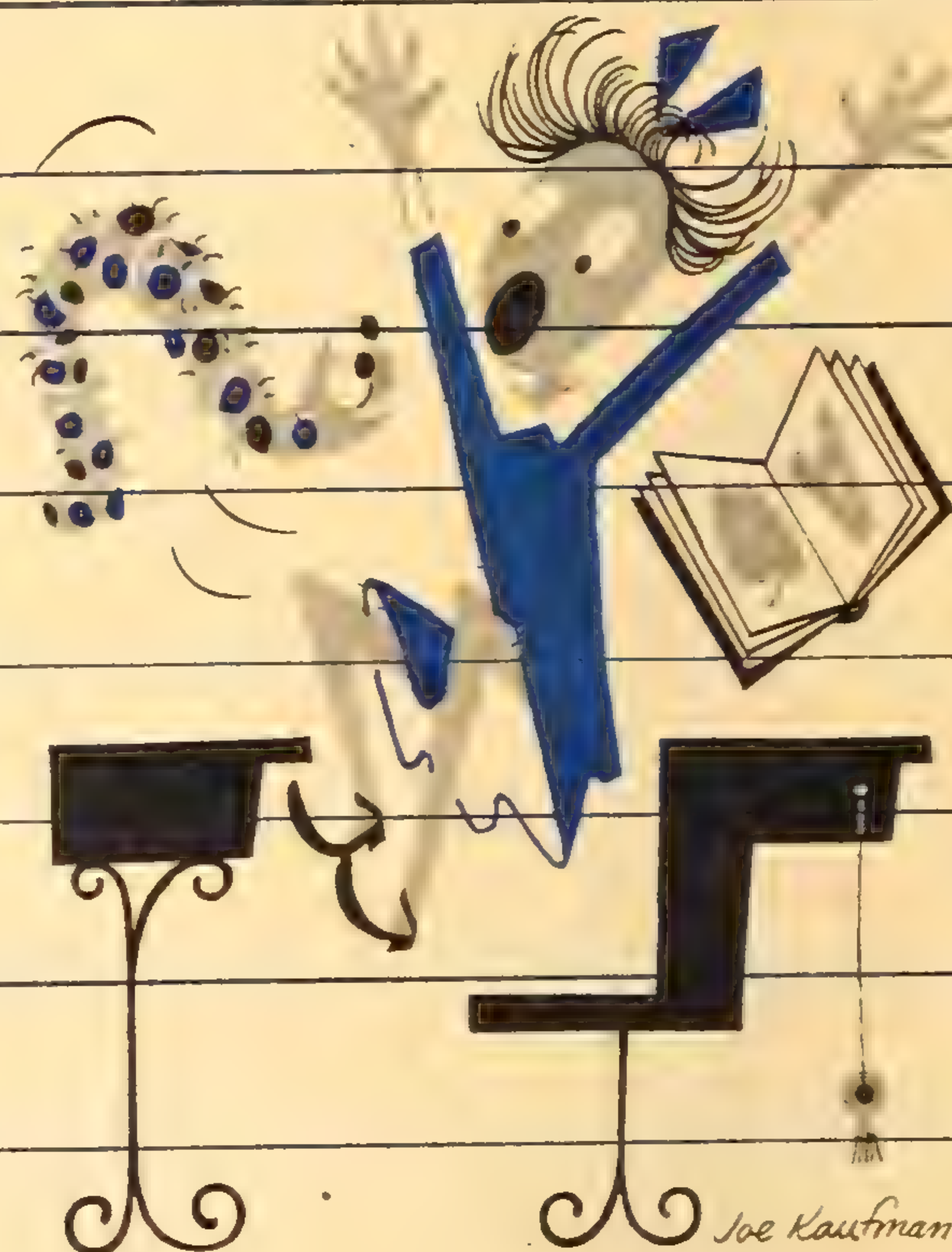
now that briefcase time is here again, let's peek into the stars'

Barbara Stanwyck was introduced to school, and love, on the same day. Education didn't get much of a rise out of her, but her first experience with romance scared her half to death. She learned about love from a small boy across the aisle. His name was Gerald, and she'll never forget him. Gerald spent the morning alternating between staring at her and peeping into a small match box which he kept surreptitiously hidden beneath his desk.

At recess, Gerald demonstrated his fondness by tripping her. Back at his desk, he leaned across the aisle and in a stage whisper asked, "Will you be my girl?" Barbara looked straight ahead and ignored both Gerald and her giggling classmates. Then Gerald pulled the age-old trick of masculinity demanding interest.

"Put out your hand," he said. "I want to give you something."

With true feminine instinct, Barbara couldn't resist and held out her hand. In it, Gerald placed his treasure — a large, squirmy, pop-eyed caterpillar.



Duke and Prince were two St. Bernard dogs who had been trained since puppyhood to keep track of young Master Tufts. Sonny was constantly disappearing, but his parents had only to say, "Where's Sonny?" and the dogs would go off in a cloud of dust to bring back their charge.

One day when Sonny had started to school, his family harnessed the dogs to a goat cart and sent him on his way. After the boy had disappeared into the schoolhouse, the dogs picked a shady spot under a tree, just beneath the classroom's window, where they waited patiently till recess.

Inside, the teacher was droning off the roll call. Dreaming of better places, Sonny neglected to answer.

"Where is Sonny?" asked the teacher.

Duke and Prince knew nothing of convention. The classroom was thrown into panic when they bounded through the window, dragging the goat cart behind them. Mrs. Tufts had to come to school before the dogs could be persuaded to leave Sonny's side. And Mr. Tufts had to appear before the school board to persuade them not to expel his innocent son.

notebooks—and you'll see that schooldays haven't changed much!

Marjorie Reynolds' first grade teacher obviously was not a moviegoer, or she would have recognized her new pupil that first day. Marjorie had been in films since infancy, and true to Hollywood tradition, arrived in class two hours late and slid hastily into her seat.

"Were you ill this morning?" asked the teacher.

"Oh, no, I was detained at a business conference."

"Really?" said the teacher, tongue in cheek. "I hope it proved profitable for you."

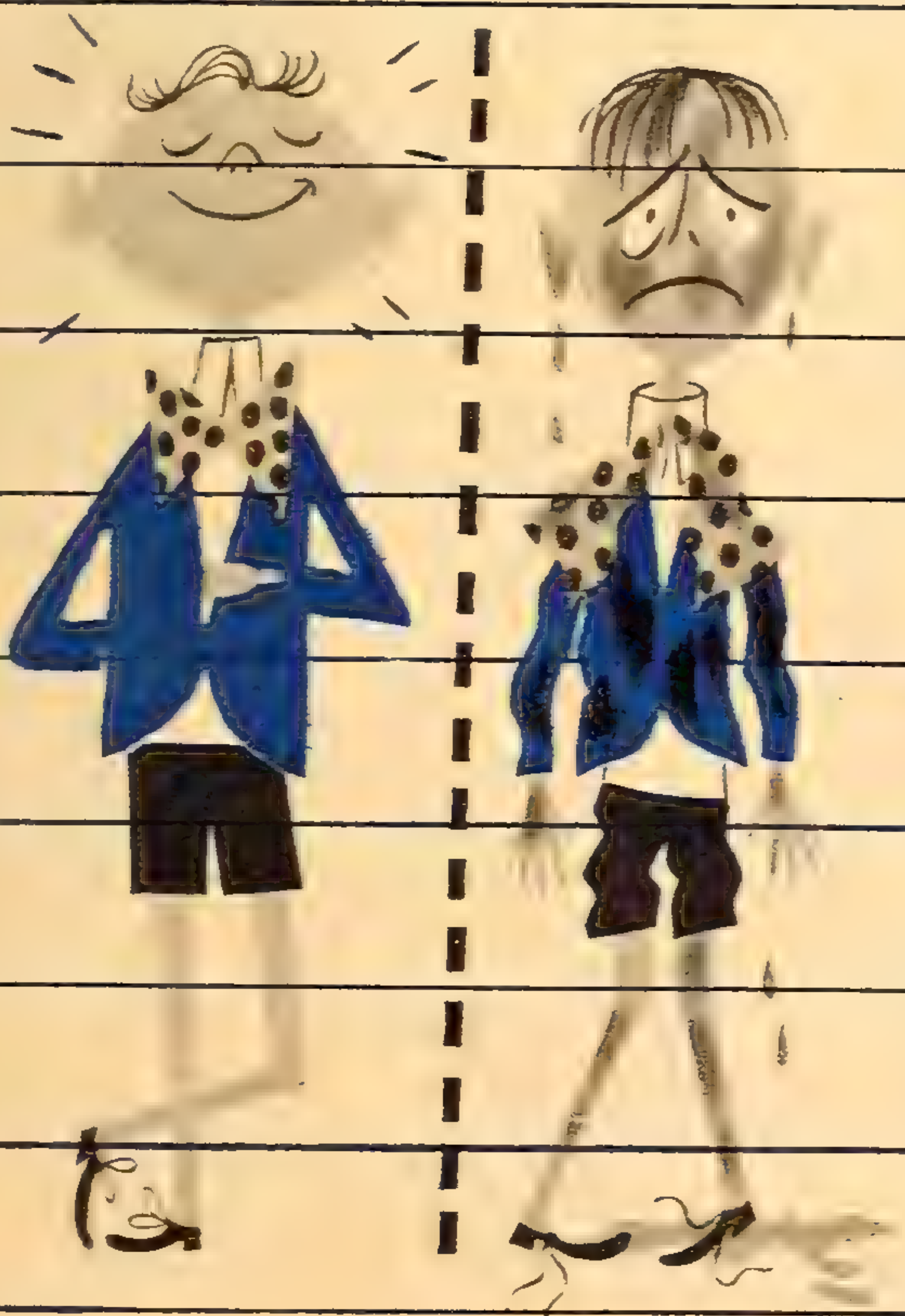
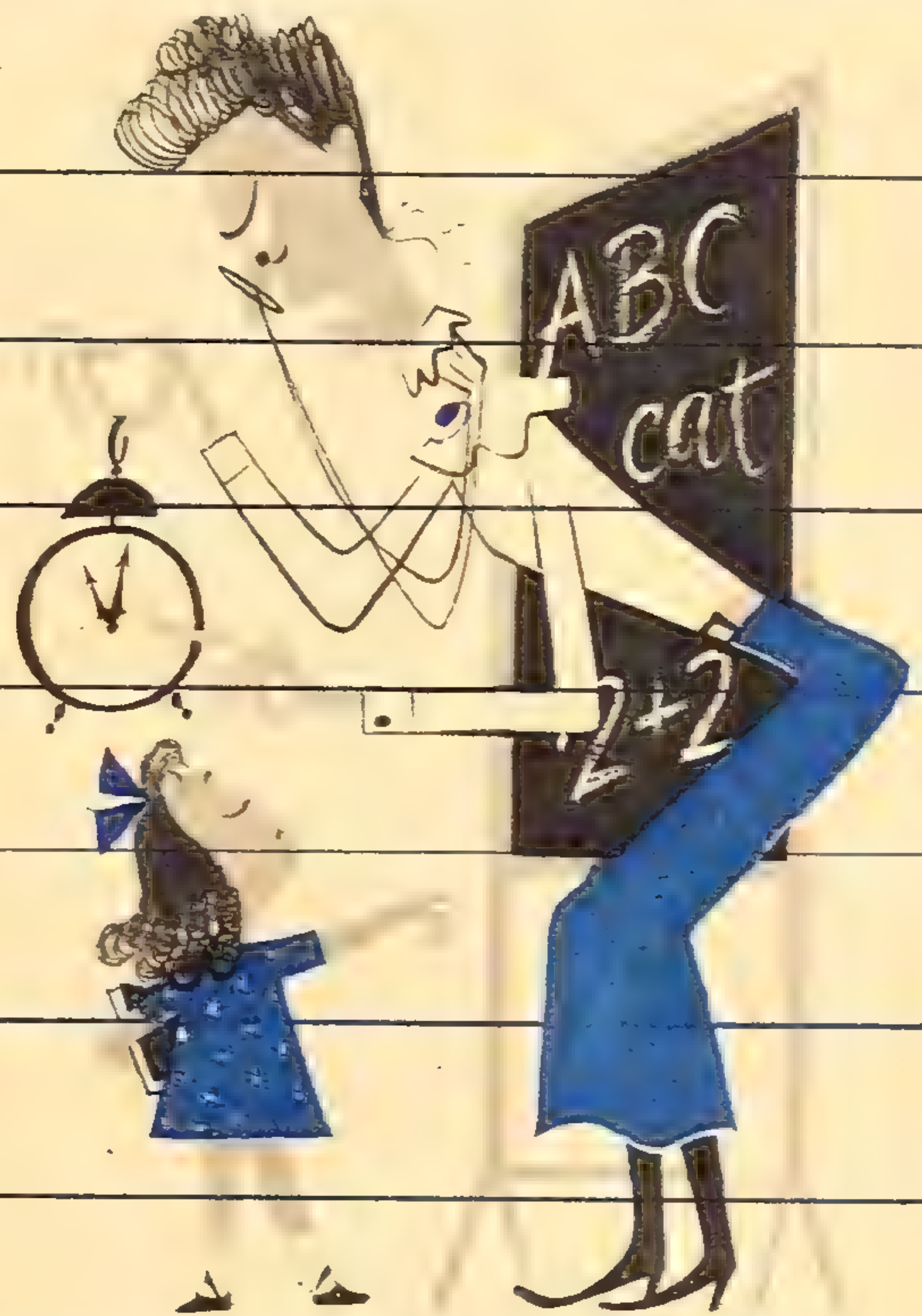
"Yes, it did," said the sprout. "I signed a contract to act with Ramon Navarro in 'Scaramouche.'"

The teacher frowned. "Nice little girls don't tell fibs, Marjorie. Suppose I were to ask you to prove this?"

Marjorie started for the door. When stopped by the teacher, she said she was going after the proof, and that if she ran fast, she might make it.

"What proof can be out in the hall?"

"Mr. Navarro," said Miss Reynolds. "He brought me to school. Would you like to meet him?"



Mrs. Mitchum, trusting soul, had determined that her son was to be a shining example of her spotless home when he first put in his appearance at school. She scrubbed him until he reflected light, then dressed him in his new suit bought for the occasion and added white socks and squeaky new shoes. She turned him around and surveyed him and was obviously pleased with the product.

"Now go along and don't be late," she said and pushed him out the door, sighing a little.

Bob had no intention of dawdling until he noticed something shiny in a ditch by the road. It was too much for him. He teetered over the edge, attempting a satisfactory inspection without stepping in the mud. He not only stepped in it but slid to the bottom of the ditch and landed in a sloshing pool of the gooey variety. He came up all mud, chocolate brown from head to toe.

Mrs. Mitchum aged five years the next day when the mailman brought a terse note from the teacher, asking that her boy hereafter be sent to school in a respectful condition!



On the "Sea of Grass" set, Katie Hepburn and S. Tracy take time to chat with Gene Kelly, of "Life's For The Loving."



Gene beamed for hours when he got back to his studio after his Navy hitch. Co-workers gifted him with a good luck wreath, even had his first civilian suit ordered from the wardrobe department.



It was heavenly for Gene to be measured for that not-too-conservative Glen plaid—even though he gained 15 pounds in the Navy! Gene's brother, Fred, is now testing at RKO.

A FAMOUS DANCE DIRECTOR, BOB ALTON, REMEMBERS

GENE KELLY AS THE PITTSBURGH KID, THE HAYFOOT, STRAWFOOT BOY WHO
WOULDN'T DANCE IN A SHOW UNLESS IT *MEANT* SOMETHING TO HIM!

by Howard Sharpe

"I knew him when..."



Betsy Blair, Gene's wife, thinks her husband's taste is fine, but prefers sports clothes herself. Betsy, last seen on Broadway in Saroyan's "The Beautiful People," is seeking a movie contract—but not at Gene's studio!

■ It had been a long rehearsal, and a wearing one, and when it was over Bob Alton, the dance director, stood alone on the echoing stage of the 42nd Street Theater lighting his twentieth cigarette since lunch. He was tired, he had a headache, and he could not decide whether to dine at 21 or go to that new place in the cellar on 47th Street. He was still considering this weighty problem when the stage door attendant walked up to him.

"There's a young fellow and his mother outside, says his name's Kelly and you'll remember him. Wants to see you. Okay?"

"Don't know him from Adam," said Mr. Alton wearily, "but let 'em in." While he waited he reflected again on the reason for his headache. In this particular play there was a Russian ambassador who had five daughters, ranging in height from 5'2" to 5'7", in perfect steps like the side of a pyramid. There had to be five young men, dancers, to match them. He had the shortest and the tallest, and the two next to them, but the one in the middle had eluded him for weeks.

Now, as young Kelly and his mother came onto the stage, his eye automatically noted the fellow's height and he felt suddenly excited. It was exactly right. But he (*Continued on page 121*)



THE SHIRT OFF HIS BACK

IF SOME SHINY-EYED PAL
DIDN'T SPILL THE BEANS, YOU'D NEVER
KNOW; THAT FRANKIE GIVES
A LITTLE BIT OF HEART TO EVERY GUY
HE CALLS A FRIEND.

■ It was 1939, and a couple of songwriters were strolling up Broadway in the warm spring sunshine.

"We've got to go to Jersey tonight, Sammy," the tall one announced.

"Jersey!" The short dark fellow looked at him as if he had said Alaska. "What would we go to Jersey for? You know I get lost anywhere west of Eighth Avenue!"

"Yeah, but I think it's a good idea. There's a skinny little guy singing at a joint called The Rustic Cabin and he's knocking the regulars dead. They love him. I want you to hear him."

Sammy Cohn groaned and looked at his partner, Jules Stein, reproachfully. "What's this character's name?"

"Frank Sinatra."

"Never heard of him."

Sammy wasn't alone in that. The number of people who had never heard of Frank at that point ran well into the millions.

It was quite a drive out to The Rustic Cabin, and when they got there, the place was jammed.

"What's the occasion?" Sammy demanded. "Is there a holiday or something I don't know about?"

"It's always like this when Sinatra's here!" Jules told him. They got a table and a drink. Pretty soon the lights dimmed and a match-thin guy with brown curly hair and (Continued on page 96)



Frankie's slated for a remake on an old Al Jolson hit, "The Jazz Singer," is also taking flying lessons, building a hotel—and rapidly losing his hair! (With Nancy S. at the "Green Years" premiere.)



By KAAREN PIECK

At N. Y.'s Copa, Frankie, rave comedian Peter Lind Hayes and ork leader Desi Arnaz teamed up to chant "Happy Birthday" at Milton Berle. F. had the Copa chorines battling as to which was his protegee.



East to do "It Happened in Brooklyn" (where he'll imitate J. Durante!) Frank attended the Louis-Conn fight. (Here, with Ben Grauer.)



During intermissions of the Kern Memorial Concert at the H'wood Bowl, Frank and Judy Garland swapped "baby talk," with emphasis on the coming Sinatra heir.



On a p.a. tour, Frank played 7 shows a day at a Chicago theater, where forty cops were needed to handle fans outside. (With P. Lawford at the Waldorf.)



Writer Barney Dean escorted Bing to location for "The Emperor Waltz." There, der Bingle pitched in with KP after meals, organized a cast and crew softball team that beat the town's All-Stars.

Three to make happy. Makeup expert Wally Westmore (left), Major Wood, Supt. of Jasper Park, and Bing, who was made honorary prexy of the Maligne Anglers Club, fishing for trout.



Bing, now in "Blue Skies," often deserted his pals to watch the bears that roamed the forests—but kept a club handy in case the bruins forgot they were supposed to be tame!

IT'S LIKE WARM HONEY DRIPPING

IN THE SUN, THE EFFORTLESS WAY BING

CROSBY MAKES MUSIC—AND MILLIONS OF FRIENDS

By Nancy Winslow Squire



■ It was three o'clock in the morning in the sleepy town of Sand Point, Idaho. Outside a dingy building on the main street hung a round white globe which advertised dimly to the night that here was a hotel. A car stopped before the front door and two men climbed out. The man who had been driving picked up half the luggage and strode briskly into the lobby. The second man looked after him and shook his head.

"Hey, Bing," he said. "Wait for me."

Barney Dean, a Paramount writer, was already beginning to feel signs of exhaustion. He and Bing had left Spokane the preceding day, on their way to location in Canada for "The Emperor Waltz." Barney had been ready for bed at ten that night, like any normal man, but this Crosby, this guy who was reputed to be lazy, was determined to reach Sand Point. The mayor had wired him an invitation to go fishing the next day, and a fishing invitation to Bing is like the law.

Determined to reach bed in as short a time as possible, Barney labored up the steps under his share of luggage. Before he could set it down in the room, Bing was asleep. Barney shrugged and fell into his bed without further ado. At 4:30 a.m. the phone rang. Barney, being like unto a sack of dead mackerel, ignored the disturbance. Bing answered. It was the mayor, a genial soul who had never met Crosby, but a man who loved fishing and who had heard that (Continued on page 128)

EASY AGE

OH, TO BE IN ENGLAND . . . !



A cocktail party was arranged for Lizabeth Scott when she arrived in England. Among the actors she met were (left to right) Guy Middleton, Michael Wilding, Albert Lieven (artist in "Seventh Veil") and Ian Hunter.



■ For days, people had been asking "Aren't you afraid, Lizabeth? Flying off to England all by yourself?" She had been truthful when she laughed and said, "No, of course not. What is there to be afraid of?" She wasn't afraid now, as the plane lifted easily from LaGuardia Field, and headed out over the bay, its powerful motors humming. But she did have a queer, lost little feeling inside, to be going so far from all her friends, to a strange country. She looked thankfully at the script that lay in her lap. She would read it and study it all the way, poring over each scene, dreaming of how she would say the lines. Because this was the script of the new Humphrey Bogart picture, and only yesterday they had told her that she, Lizabeth Scott, was to play the leading role opposite him. Just thinking about it made her breathless with excitement.

She was so lucky! Wasn't it great luck that England had wanted her for this good will tour, and then the premiere of her new picture in London? Wasn't it wonderful that those two influential Englishmen, over on business, had met her in Hollywood last year and liked her? (Continued on page 112)



At the party with hostess, Mrs. Lipscomb, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Lizabeth met representatives of the English National Press—reporters, to you!—and was very impressed with their politeness and varied local dialects.



◀ Before her television show, Lizbeth toured the grounds of Alexandra Palace. Liz is nicknamed "The Threat," will play opposite Humphrey Bogart; she reminds him of Lauren!



▲ Applying special television makeup, Liz chatted about new pic, "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers," with Joan Gilbert, editor of a television show. Subject? Acting techniques.



Lizbeth busily signed autographs for the many colonial troops who were in London for the Victory Parade. She had fun distinguishing the Sikh, New Zealand, Australian, Indian and Canadian uniforms, guessed most of them right.

**THE PLANE SOARED UP AND
LIZBETH SCOTT'S SPIRITS SANK DOWN.**

**ENGLAND! WHY, SHE
DIDN'T KNOW A SOUL THERE!**

By Virginia Wilson



LUCILLE BALL AND HER FELLA ARE ALL
SUGAR 'N SPICE, ALL LOVING HEART AND LATIN FIRE. WHICH, WHEN YOU COME DOWN
TO IT, IS WHAT MAKES A MARRIAGE SUCH A HECK OF A LOT OF FUN!

By Jean Kinhead

Honey Ball

■ They were sitting around the big comfortable living room in Lucille Ball's ranch house. Lucille and her mom and her niece, Pamela. Pammy, aged two-and-one-half, was playing the piano. Fortissimo. And singing.

"Real talent there," Mrs. Ball said. "That's music."

"It really is," Lucille said seriously, and a minute later she was giggling. "Relatives!" she grinned. "They're wonderful. Imagine anything that small with talent."

Sweet faced Desiree Ball bristled. "You had it at three," she told her severely. Lucille fluffed out her lovely long red hair.

"Me," she said, in her make-believe conceited voice (actually there are few actresses less impressed with themselves), "that's different."

Aged three, so the story goes, Lucille was reciting nursery rhymes with gestures and great aplomb. She never had to be wheedled, and her memory was so prodigious that she could learn one in the wink of an eye and never, never forget it. That was the beginning.

In time there were school plays, and Lucille would be on a million committees. Props, makeup, costumes, scenery. After a while, (Continued on page 132)



Harriet, her long time friend and helper, came East with Lucille, brooded because L. wasn't getting enough rest after that nervous collapse in California. Lucy's hair has reached its final color: Dark, dark "pink!"



Desi Arnaz is a bit leery about wifie's plan to buy a helicopter and PT boat, grins he'll lock her up first "for the kid's own good."



She loves Bach; Desi, boogie-woogie, so they compromise on all night rhumba sessions. L. thinks the drunk scene in "Easy to Wed" was her "best ever," was scared censors would cut scene.



Frank S. and Lucille are "silly game" addicts, drove each other nuts while she waited for Desi to finish his work leading each night at Ciro's. Save for a summer stock appearance, L. hasn't worked for 6 months, she needed "a breather."



They agree on music, but not on breakfasts: Henry was horrified to learn that his bride-to-be eats nothing but bran muffins and cottage cheese in the morning! He calls her Diana or Dolly, and she calls him Henry, though their friends say "Hank."

SHE THOUGHT SHE'D HAVE
FUN DATING THE OTHER
GUYS WHILE HENRY WAS
AWAY. "BUT WHADDYA KNOW!"
MUSED DIANA LYNN,
"I MISS THAT MAN!"

by Jane Wilkie



Henry's practical, Diana's a dreamer. She says, "He's so capable, I just sit back and relax. He can take care of any situation." (Diana's latest pic: "Easy Come, Easy Go.")

she didn't say no—

■ Mrs. Louis Loehr, otherwise known as Diana Lynn's mother, reached for the clock on her bedside table. It was two a.m. and Diana wasn't home yet. This disregard of the established curfew was unusual. Diana had always observed the time limit set by her parents, even though she had managed to get it moved up from one to one-thirty, then finally to two. As Diana had explained, the Loehr home is a half hour's drive from the neighborhoods where Hollywood hums at night, and an actress in the business just can't leave in the middle of important functions. Besides, most things in Hollywood start about ten o'clock. Mrs. Loehr thought with a sigh of the days when she was a girl, when a young man called for a girl at six in the evening and brought her home by eleven.

The front door slammed and light footsteps ran up the stairs. Diana poked her head into the bedroom. She looked slightly hysterical. Mrs. Loehr pointed to the clock.

"Well?" she said.

"Oh, mother!" Diana flopped on the bed. "I'm sorry, but tonight was different! Henry proposed to me!"

"I assume you've had other proposals. What makes this one such an event?"

"But mother — Henry Willson! He's brilliant and successful and capable— (Continued on page 80)



Rory Calhoun visited the future Mr. and Mrs. Henry Willson, showed Diana how to fire his prize rifle. Scared to death, Diana finally pulled the trigger, and screamed. A blob of oil had landed in her eye, and for a moment, she'd thought she was shot!

■ And so, in a garden in Burlingame, California, beneath the sunshine of a flower scented July afternoon, Anne Baxter became the wife of John Hodiak. Because she was superstitious about a groom seeing his bride before the ceremony, Anne hadn't seen John all day (for the first time in months) when she started down the garland-marked aisle of grass and caught sight of John standing before a flower banked altar.

Not until John turned to face his bride had he known what sort of dress Anne was going to wear. She had kept it a precious secret, tantalizing him with a suggestion that he wouldn't even recognize her! The skirt, yards and yards and yards of it, was of nylon net, gathered at the back to form a semi-bustle. The bodice was form fitting, and distinguished by the most beautiful neckline ever to be worn by a bride: Wide on the shoulders, and curving into a deep point at the apex of which Anne wore an antique hand painted brooch that had belonged to her great-great grandmother. That was her "something old," and her gown was "something new." "Something borrowed and something blue" was the pair of blue satin garters Anne had borrowed from one of her best friends.

In her white satin slipper was a dime for luck, given to Anne by her father just before they went into the garden.

And, unaccountably, she remembered the day she and John had applied for their marriage license in Santa Monica. When Anne gets nervous she is slapdash, gay and veddy, veddy glib. She marched up to the license clerk's desk, and—after John had mumbled his mission (which came as practically no surprise at all to the clerk)—started to fill in the form. Her pen flew. She ran over lines and under lines. In the space for "State in which born" she started to write "Michigan."

Wide-eyed, she gazed at John and blurted, (*Continued on page 125*)



Anne Baxter Hodiak's gown, ultra modern in fabric (made of nylon), was Victorian in design, with its basque waist, heartshaped neckline, leg o' mutton sleeves, and full, bustled skirt. Her veil was white tulle; her bouquet of bouvardia and white begonias.

IT WAS ONE OF THOSE MARRIAGES SO OBVIOUSLY
MADE IN HEAVEN THAT NO ONE COULD GET DOWN TO EARTH—

LEAST OF ALL JOHN HODIAK AND HIS BRIDE, ANNE BAXTER • BY FREDDA DUDLEY

The bride wore white

After the cake cutting and reception, Mr. and Mrs. John Hodiak went to Colorado Springs for a honeymoon, lived in a trailer because there weren't any hotels! John's starring in "Two Smart People," and Anne's doing "Angel On My Shoulder."



The ties that bind were pronounced by Rev. Herbert Smith, heard by Anne's parents (left), best man Dick Steenberg, the bride and groom, and matron of honor Mrs. Charles Wendling.





■ June was 20 on June 10th. Her mother gave her the most exquisite compact, with a little dancer at the bottom and a little Oscar at the top—"Otherwise known as Wishful Thinking," she explains. Up one side climbs the names of her pictures so far, and her initials are picked out in tiny diamonds from a ring that once belonged to her grandmother. They're off center, leaving room for a third initial.

What the third initial will be, June has no idea. Right now she's going with Bob Stack, which doesn't mean a thing except that right now she's going with Bob Stack. Before that she went with Bob Hutton and Dave Rose and John Duzik, her dentist. By the time this is printed, she may be going with somebody else. Years ago, her sister Evvie prophesied: "You're the one that dates a lot, but it'll be many a long day before you marry—"

That's because June used to be fickle. All three Haver girls started having beaux pretty young, 13 or so—for swimming and dancing parties, for being walked home from football and basketball games. June was so fickle, she'd take her sisters' boy friends away. Not that they wouldn't get 'em right back again, with maybe a couple of June's thrown in, just to even things up. There was nothing personal about it, it was merely a diversion . . .

But as she grew older—say 16 or 17—she decided it was time to stop being fickle and start being deep. So instead of making with the glamor department all the time, she'd toss off a light remark now and then about cooking, to show she was a home girl. This seemed to go down pretty well with her beau of the moment, a tall, handsome fellow, and June was spurred on. She'd make him a sweater. A black sweater. White fingers looked nice against inky black. And any gal knew it never hurt to be glamorous and deep at the same time.

**Chatterbox, ray of sunshine and
fickle as a feather, that's Junie Haver, who's
bubbly as champagne and twice as intoxicating**

By IDA ZEITLIN



Junie's a jr. Hopper when it comes to hats, goes spreeing for lids that "have to be pretty even before you put them on." She's strictly a white-for-formal, blue-for-daytime gal, just finished "3 Little Girls in Blue." That's Bob Stack doing the daisy snatching.

CHEERFUL

LITTLE

EARFUL



Croquet is one of the few sports she goes in for; actually, all spare time goes into piano thumping. Just mention your favorite tune to her and Junie's quick at the ivories, teaching you a simplified version of it.

CHEERFUL

LITTLE

EARFUL

When she'd finished about a foot-and-a-half—he had an awfully long back—they came to the parting of the ways.

“Mother, what'll I do with this sweater?”

“Leave it for the next boy who comes along.”

“Isn't that kind of mercenary?”

“Practical, I'd call it. No sense in wasting all that pretty wool.”

So one evening June came tripping cooly down to where the next boy waited. Surprise, surprise. “Look what I've been making for you; turn around and let's see if it fits.” The effect was sensational, and the boy lasted till she went away on location.

Eventually the knitting dropped out of sight. “Whatever happened to that sweater?” sister Dorothy asked one day.

“Oh, I use it for a memory book—take it out rainy evenings, and brood over which person I was going with at different inches.”

Brood is *not* the word for Haver. She'd have turned a pair of warm and winning blue eyes on Heathcliffe himself, and had him lapping out of her hand. Two principles seem to rule her nature. She brims with good will toward man, and with zest for life. Everything's an adventure. At Twentieth Century-Fox they even call her Columbus, since she discovered Gene Nelson. The way she (Continued on page 68)

Her friends fume because nothing ever makes her gain weight. June always totes safety pins because a lady once lent her one in an emergency, so now J's ever-anticipating a pal's distress!



MISS MARGARET COLEMAN—She has luscious honey-gold bloneness, a bewitching soft-smooth complexion. Another charming Pond's bride-to-be. Miss Coleman is the daughter of the well-known Dr. and Mrs. George A. Coleman, of Philadelphia's fashionable "main-line" suburb Wynnewood, and is to be married to H. Stephen Casey, Jr., of nearby Wayne, Pennsylvania.



MARGARET COLEMAN says: "I've been using the new Pond's Blush Cleansing and love it." Her exquisite skin has a snow-maiden quality.

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely!

She uses Pond's!

THE NEW "BLUSH-CLEANSING" Peggy Coleman uses for her complexion will give your skin, too,
 —an instant fresh-bright look
 —an instant soft-as-rain feel
 —and bring up a sweet blush of color

HOW TO "BLUSH-CLEANSER" your face as Peggy does:

You *rouse* your skin by pressing a face cloth drenched in warm water against your face and throat.

You *"cream-cleanse"* while your skin is receptively moist and warm. Spin your fingers full of snowy Pond's Cold Cream upward in circles, as if drawing engagement rings all over your face. Pond's *demulcent action* gently loosens dirt and make-up as your fingers swirl. Tissue off.

You *"cream-rinse"* with a *second* thick Pond's creaming. Spin 25 little Pond's Cold Cream engagement rings up over your face. Tissue off.

You *tingle* your clean, clean face with a good splash of cold water. Blot dry.

THAT'S ALL! "My face feels beautifully soft," Peggy says. *Every night*—give your face the complete, Pond's "Blush-Cleansing." *Every morning*—give it a once-over "Blush-Cleansing," a warm splash, quick rings with Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off, then a cold splash. Night and morning—*every day*—dip your fingers deep into a big jar of Pond's. A 6 ounce jar is perfect to use.



HER RING—
 a limpid, shining
 diamond, richly held
 in a gold setting.

**Among the Beautiful Women of Society
 Who Use Pond's**

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, JR.	MRS. GEORGE WHITNEY, JR.
MRS. PIERPONT MORGAN HAMILTON	
MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL III	LADY CHARLES CAVENDISH
THE MARCHIONESS OF MILFORD HAVEN	
MRS. GEORGE JAY GOULD, JR.	MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELY DU PONT
MRS. ALEXANDER WILLIAMS BIDDLE	
THE PRINCESS GUY DE POLIGNAC	MISS CAMILLA MORGAN



Engagement diamonds for some of America's loveliest girls!



radio award . . . by ED SULLIVAN

■ The clipper plane, having winged across the turbulent Atlantic Ocean, dipped its port wing and started the long circling dive toward Lisbon, hot and bright in the sunshine. "May I change seats with you, Jane?" asked Tamara, and Jane Froman smilingly swapped seats. Thirty seconds later, the clipper ripped into the Tagus River. Tamara died and Jane Froman, in Tamara's seat, lived. Of such inconsequential threads does fate weave its patterns.

Perhaps many times since then, as she was wheeled to seventeen different operating rooms, Jane Froman asked herself if it wouldn't have been cleaner and quicker if she hadn't exchanged seats with Tamara. Each of the seventeen operations was a new experience in agony, followed by frustration; frustration in the sense that the operation never accomplished its purpose. Some infection from the dirty Tagus River defied the greatest medical and surgical skill. The infection would attack the healing bone of the shattered leg, and within a matter of months, Jane Froman would be wheeled into another operating room, to try it again. At one time, she weighed a little over 90 pounds, not a great deal more than the cumbersome metal braces which encased her right leg.

Perhaps there have been worthier recipients of the MODERN SCREEN—Ed Sullivan Award

than Jane Froman, of Missouri. But you can doubt it. Both as a performer and outstanding American girl, she warrants any award that could be hammered out by goldsmiths.

Not long ago, the doctors gave her the great news. The infection had been halted. The necessity for amputation no longer existed. For the first time in years, the shadows had lifted from Jane Froman, and the operation she had steeled herself against would not happen. She told me about it over the phone, her voice bubbling with excitement:

"It's wonderful, Ed," she lyricized. "Mother and I are living here at the beach. I'm all tanned. Yesterday they let me drive a car for the first time. It's wonderful, wonderful."

However, it was during the years in which she sang in the shadows, that the courage of Jane Froman bewildered the people of show business. Suffering reacts in many ways on people. In the case of Jane Froman, suffering imparted a quality that was difficult to define. It added greater depth to her violet-blue eyes, it seemed to give an added defiant tilt to her chin. It removed all traces of petty irritation in emergencies that developed on night club floors. Her voice acquired an added timbre, greater tone.

Last winter, I saw a great deal of her. She was working in Miami, at Lou Wertheimer's Colonial Inn. (Continued on page 95)



and radio gossip . . . by BEN GROSS

■ Movies Were Radio . . . Yes, that's right. Just 38 years ago, that is what motion pictures were called. This surprising information is revealed by Jack Snow, an NBC employee, who has been delving into the history of broadcasting in connection with the 20th anniversary of the network's first airing, which occurred on November 15, 1926. And the man responsible for having given this name to the films was L. Frank Baum, author of the famous "Wizard of Oz" stories.

On the night of October 1, 1908, at Orchestra Hall, in Chicago, Baum staged what was described as a "radio play." This consisted of a motion picture depicting the adventures of the "Oz" characters. While the film was being shown, Baum stood beside the screen, commenting on the action.

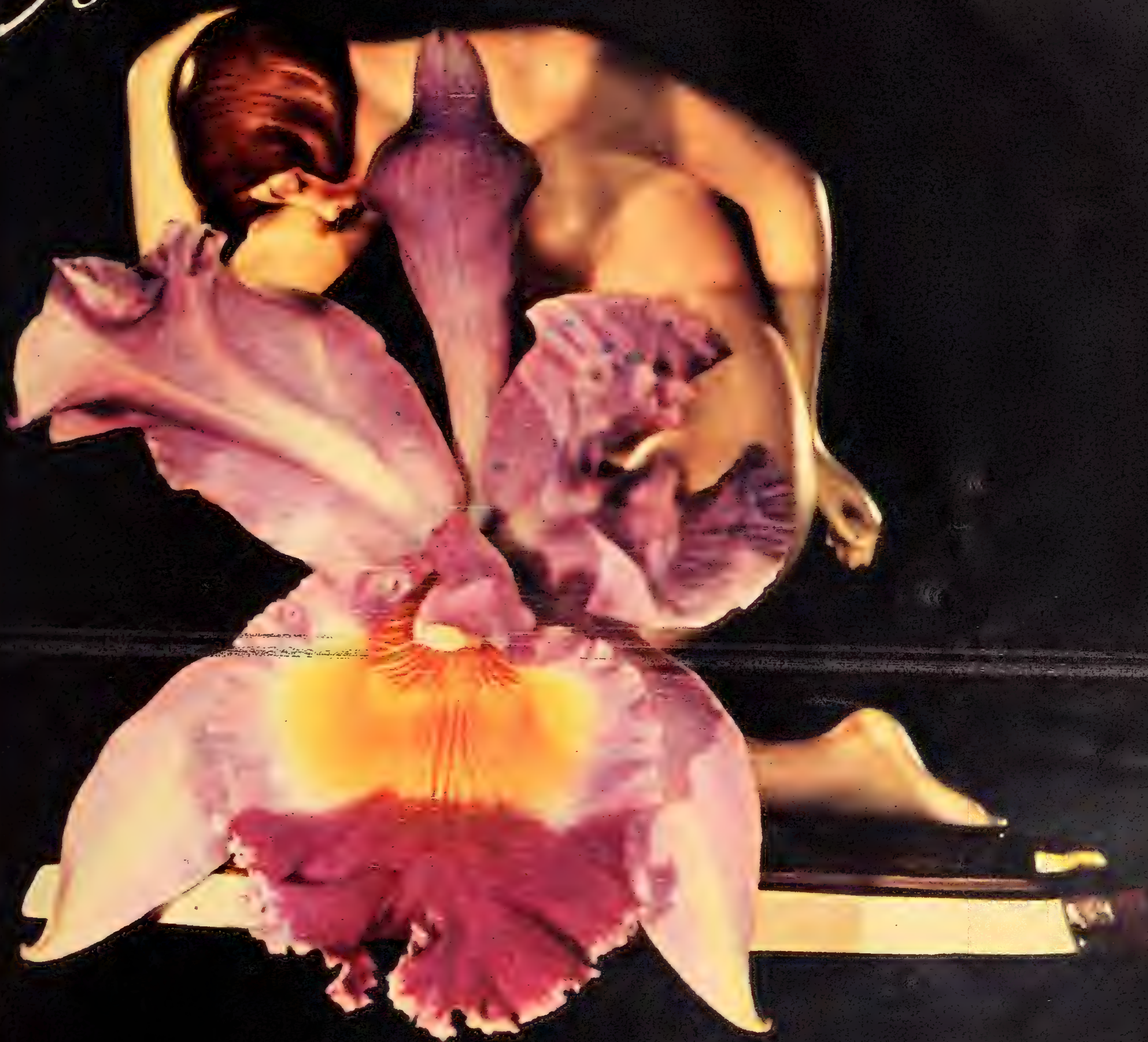
Prior to the showing, the author had combed

his dictionary for an appropriate title for what the newspapers described as a "most novel form of entertainment." Therein, he found this definition: "RADIO—Emanating on a beam, or ray, of light." This, you will admit, was a perfect description. Eventually, it might have gained as great a popular acceptance as "cinema," "cinematograph" or "kinetoscope," which were in vogue at that time.

But a few years later, in 1912, the United States Navy came to the rescue. It ordered the services to supplant the term "wireless" with "radio-telegraphy." This killed Baum's word coinage and opened the way for "movies." . . . And that, boys and gals, is how radio saved its name, and why today Van Johnson and Linda Darnell are picture instead of "radio" stars!

Names Make Radio . . . Did you know that Connee Boswell, the singer, is also a self-taught portrait painter? Many a broadcasting star has bought one of her pictures. . . . A helpful gent in Philadelphia recently wrote to opera-air star James Melton, offering (for a consideration, of course) to relieve Jimmy of the task of signing his name to fan pictures. He guaranteed a faithful reproduction of the Melton autograph and cited as proof of his competence that he had just served two terms for forgery! . . . Margaret Whiting is not only an ace singer, but knows how to make her dollars grow. A few years ago, she bought a California ranch for \$60,000. She has just been offered \$125,000 for it. . . . Jeanne Cagney, the great Jimmy's sister, who has become a fixture on radio, is that rare combina- (Continued on page 99)

So Proudly We Present



AT YOUR BEAUTY SALON

VITA · FLUFF
"THE WORLD'S FINEST SHAMPOO"
by
Duon

CHEERFUL LITTLE EARFUL

(Continued from page 64)

discovered him is typical. So is her joyous enthusiasm over his talents. "He'll be the Gene Kelly of the Twentieth lot, you watch—"

She first saw him three months ago when they both entertained for the Studio Club's annual party at the Cocoanut Grove. That's the club everyone on the lot belongs to—prop men and grips and people you get to know well because you go on location with them.

talented talent scout . . .

After doing her own turn, June sat down to watch the rest of the show from a ringside table. You couldn't help noticing this boy the minute he came out—blonde, with dark skin and blue eyes and white teeth. And what a dancer! It made you tingle. In her delight, June beamed straight up at him.

Later he came over and thanked her in a shy, sincere way. Seems he'd been worried about the floor, which was slippery. "But when you gave me that smile, I forgot all about it and just danced—"

Soon after that she was rehearsing a dance number with Mark Stevens for "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," and Mark was having a little trouble with this one step. "If I could only get the feeling," he said. Well, there's always a bunch of kids watching the rehearsals and at this point one of them stepped up, kind of eager and bashful— "Could I show you? It's like this."

"Why, you're the boy at the party!" cried June.

Anyway, while he was showing Mark, she got into conversation with a girl who seemed to know everything about him—his name was Gene Nelson, he was under stock contract, he wanted to act as well as dance, and he also had a cute singing voice. The girl got all in a glow talking about him, as well she might, for she turned out to be his wife.

"I think you're married to a very talented guy," said June.

And the girl said, "I wish you could see his test, then you'd really think so."

Well, why not? Her mother had just turned agent, which may have put June in the mood. Without telling the Nelsons—not to disappoint them, in case nothing happened—she had the test run for herself, then phoned producer Jessel. "George, can you come right over? There's something here you should see."

The upshot was that George felt the same way she did.

"Then couldn't you write something into this picture for him?"

"Well, there's a spot toward the end."

"At the end it's over too soon, if you know what I mean. Couldn't you put him in the middle with some lines?"

Jessel eyed her with interest. "You're sure there's no ulterior motive here?"

June thought that was very funny. "He's married," she giggled, "and I know his wife."

Nelson got the news through Ev Eager, June's dancing stand-in. "You tell him," June said.

"Why don't you tell him yourself?"

"He might be embarrassed."

"You're dopey," said Ev, "but nice," and went in search of Gene, whom she found in the commissary. "You've got the part."

"What part?"

"It was written in for you." She told him about June and Jessel. First he sat in a daze then started going round in circles —phoned his wife, came back, couldn't eat

any lunch, phoned his wife again, phoned a florist to send orchids to Ev and red roses to June, phoned his wife a third time, finally tracked June down and tried to stammer his thanks.

She was pleased as a child over his happiness, but wouldn't let him be too grateful. "Don't think it's all hearts and flowers, it's business, too. Because I get a darn good dancing partner out of it."

Needless to say, she's crazy about her career, but it's not the whole of life. She's always been interested in lots of things and always expects to be. She'd hate being the kind of person who couldn't talk about anything but whether the arc light's in the right place. She wouldn't feel well rounded. . .

Someone spotted a copy of Newsweek on her dressing table. "Who's reading this?"

"Me. For my debating club. We get together once a week at each other's houses."

"Who gets together?"

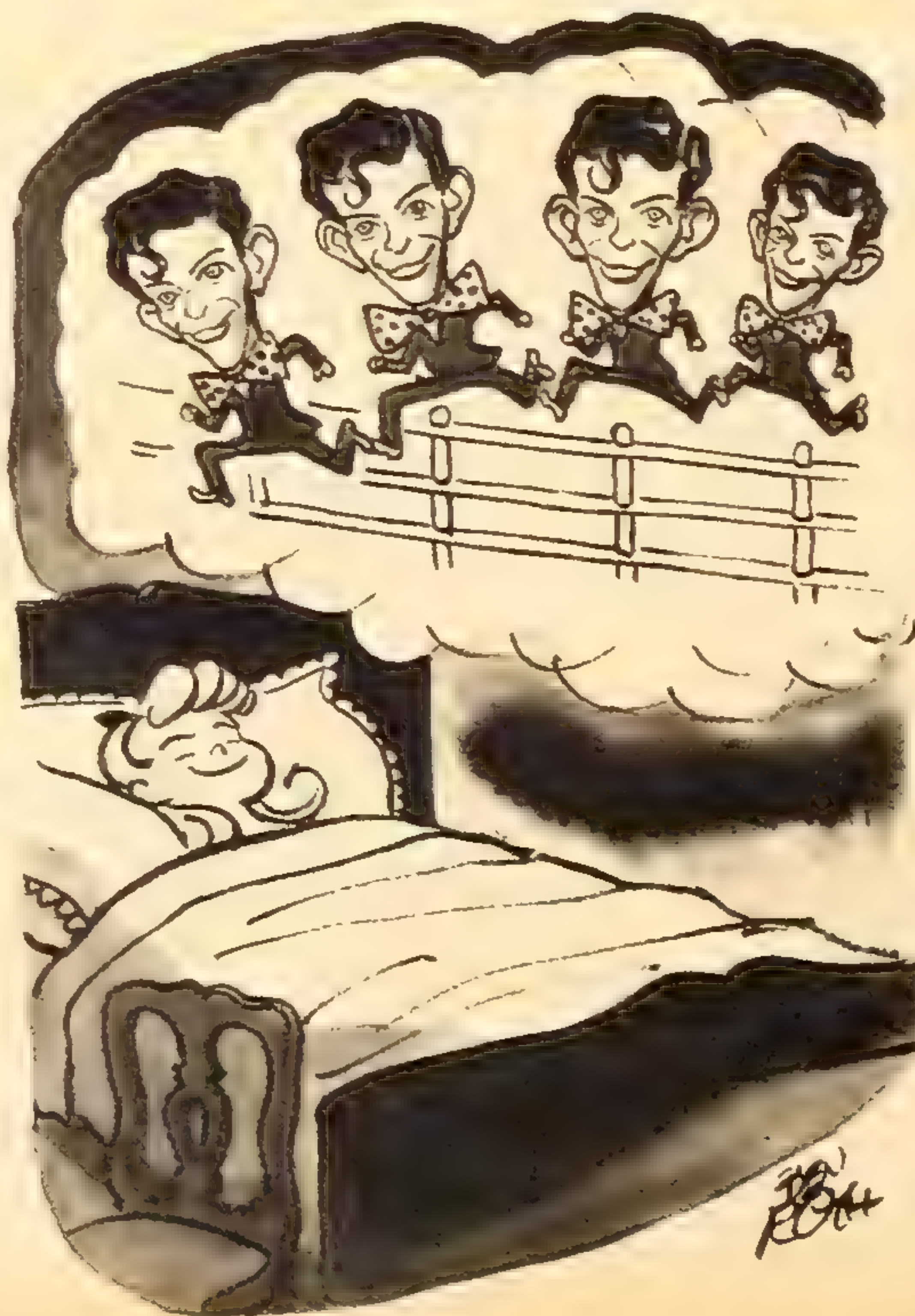
"Some of the kids I knew at high school. Some of the boys just getting out of the service. We read Newsweek and Time and PM, and choose up sides to debate—say—control of the atom bomb—"

"And then what?"

"That's all. Maybe we get one of our old teachers to act as judge. It keeps us up on what's happening in the world—" She caught sight of her friend's face in the mirror, and laughed. "They passed a law last week, honey. It says blondes don't have to be dumb any more."

For June, the law was passed twenty years ago. She was born with an inquiring spirit. At 13 she was writing and singing in her own radio show for two bucks a week and all the ice cream she could put away, her sponsor being the Old Mill Ice Cream Company, of Rock Island, Illinois. At the same time she was trying to decide if she'd rather be a doctor, composer or fashion designer, a writer, interior decorator, a nun or a nurse. In their own way, they all looked inviting. Though she finally picked show business, that didn't prevent her from winning a prize for a dramatic oration called "Don't Weep, America." And there's a concerto she's

MODERN SCREEN



been writing for years, and hasn't finished yet, but she played it for Dave Rose and he paid her the most wonderful compliment. "Now I can talk to you differently," he said.

Another thing she'd always meant to get around to was cooking. Not that she was one of those totally helpless babes who couldn't boil an egg. Breakfasts, in fact, were her specialty, and she didn't mean just squeezing orange juice and pouring cornflakes. Name any breakfast you liked, and she'd rustle it up, including eggs Benedict. But that's as far as it went.

Till one day she had dinner with a couple of newlywed friends. They were so cute together and he was so proud of everything she'd cooked, and when she finally brought in this cake for dessert, his buttons popped. "Look what my wife made."

That settled it. All the way home she scolded herself. Would her husband ever look at her that way? Could she bake a cake? No, all she could do was give him three breakfasts a day, and he'd probably heave something at her and go back to his mother. June went out, bought half a dozen cookbooks and taught herself.

Her latest hobby is hat making. That came out of modeling for a hat show, and falling madly in love with a certain beflowered toast colored straw. As a rule, June doesn't overpay for her clothes. Mostly because her business manager won't let her. But every once in a while she gets reckless.

"I've got to have that hat, I don't care what it costs, Mother, but I've simply got to," she wailed.

It cost \$45.00, and Mother was kind of dry about it. "At that price, it ought to give you an awful lot of wear."

But they bought it and the bill went in to the manager. "One burnt toast straw. \$45.00." He paid the bill and sent back a little note. "What, no cinnamon or mar-malade? For plain burnt toast, it's pretty high. Keep it down, Junie."

budgets go to her head . . .

That night she took out the hat and studied it. Without question, an adorable lid, but what made it cost forty-five bucks? Not the straw, not the flowers, just the way it was put together. "Bet I could put one together myself," mused June.

Well, the first thing you'd need would be frames. June went to the man whose hats she'd modeled. "I wonder if you could sell me some frames."

"That depends. Are you going into the millinery business?"

"Oh, not wholesale. Just for me and my sisters."

"In that case, I'll give you some."

"Oh no, I'll be glad to pay."

She would have been too, but he was nice enough to insist, and how long can you argue? Anyway, the possibilities have begun to materialize. June's just finished a snazzy little number for sister Evvie.

Her biggest hobby is people. Look at it one way, and every person's a story. Getting to know them is like opening a new book. Of course, lots of times you never get past the first stage, but that's better than a blank. One evening, for instance, June got to the Somerset House ahead of her date, and the bread boy came by with some wonderful hot biscuits. Next time he passed, June said: "These are really delicious."

"I'm glad you like them, Miss Haver," the boy beamed.

Key to Romance

No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

Shimmering, lustrous hair, whether dark or fair, always strikes a responsive masculine chord. And to be sure that *your* hair is at its gleaming, glamorous best use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. "Hair that is satin-smooth and alive with all its natural lustre is one beauty asset I'll treasure for keeps," says lovely Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl, Jean Lord. "Here are my favorite hair styles. Try them at home or ask your beauty shop to duplicate one after your next Drene Shampoo." No other shampoo, only Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

THE RIGHT NUMBER is Jean's day-time "do"... her bright Drene-lovely hair arranged in this simple center-part with shining-smooth turned up roll. "Never let dandruff spoil the sleek beauty of your hair," warns Jean. See how Drene removes unsightly dandruff the very first time you use it.



JUST THE RIGHT NOTE to draw admiring glances... charming Jean Lord's Drene-lovely hair gleams in upswept flattery. Because Drene is not a soap shampoo, it never leaves any dulling film on hair as all soaps do... actually reveals up to 3 percent more lustre! "And," says Jean, "It's easy to keep shining curls and rolls in place when you use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action."

Drene

Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action



She's still naive about being recognized. "Do I know you from somewhere?" she asked him.

"No, we've never met but I know you from pictures." It turned out he also knew some of her high school pals. One thing led to another and pretty soon he was telling her about a festival at his own school next week, which gave birth to an idea. "Golly, Miss Haver, would you—you wouldn't—give the trophy away for us, would you?"

June said she'd love to. He said gee, that was great, and they'd sure appreciate it, and the committee'd get in touch with her, and he wasn't imposing a drudge on her, was he?—and she reassured him, and in the midst of all this, along comes the head waiter and mutters something about bothering the guests, and the boy dissolves...

"I'm afraid I was bothering him," June apologized meekly. "He's a friend of mine." Then she turned a brilliant smile on her friend's boss. "He was telling me how swell it is to work here."

Yes, she made the festival and while it was going on, all of a sudden this deep voice behind her said, "Have a hot roll—" and there was her bread boy.

There's the Russian violinist, too. June

Poring over a fan magazine the other day—(she dotes on fan mags, loves to see what her friends are doing)—she came across a picture of herself with two other girls. Now, in simple justice, she wouldn't call herself vain. She may be wrong—no one has the giftie to see themselves as others see them, and every girl on the screen has to think of her appearance.

But somehow this picture hit her, and never thinking twice, she yelled: "Hey, this is pretty terrific. I look pretty good."

Next minute there stood Evvie with the awful-est look on her face, and proceeded to tell sister June off. Not loud, but good. How she'd always been scared that the movies might go to June's head, and been proud when they hadn't, and where did she come off handing herself bouquets, and those other two girls looked pretty stunning to Evvie, but they seemed to be so much empty air to June, and—well, more of the same. She wound up with a flourish—"I'm your sister, I know you, I can make allowances, but how would it sound to a perfect stranger?"

In a family like hers, you can't get away with a thing. Let's say they're all going to the movies, and Evvie or Dot keeps the rest of them waiting. They just yell for

this climate you couldn't use it more'n two months."

"Maybe I won't have it in this climate. Maybe I'll have it in Florida or California."

He'd snort, though silently, because it was study hall. But when he got back from overseas, he wrote her, "The laugh's on me, and I hope you're enjoying the pool."

Well, there isn't any pool or stables or putting green or even a circular hall, but it's a lovely home nevertheless. June considers it her mother's home really, and they all live with her. An evening in their living room is like "You Can't Take It With You." Evvie and some pals are playing records and singing at the top of their lungs, June's practising ballet, Mother's interviewing a client, Dorothy's painting, and if Bill were home, he'd doubtless be playing bass. Bill and Dot were married just before he went overseas, and June was the Cupid. Bill's brother played the drums in a band she was singing with, and when she complimented him, he said: "Wait till you see my brother, he plays bass—" So when Dot saw the brother, she married him. Now Bill's studying to be a CPA in the daytime, but still plays with a band at night.

Even when she's not working, June likes to save Ciro's or Mocambo for Saturday night. The first time Bob Stack asked for a date, he suggested dancing. "What else do you like to do?" she asked. He said, "Shoot." So she climbed into slacks and they drove down to the beach, where they guzzled hamburgers and he taught her how to handle a gun.

one alone . . .

June thinks the boys here are no different from those back home, as she still calls Rock Island. They may have more money and people may turn to stare if they're in the movies, but most of them are just as unaffected and just as unworldly. Therefore it's hard to understand why so many marriages break up. Of course, people never talk about the deliriously happy ones like Alice Faye's and Betty Grable's. June hopes it's a kind of tradition that blondes under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox always marry happily.

The reason she doesn't date with a lot of boys at once is, it gets her mixed up. She'd rather concentrate on one at a time and really get to know him—meet his family if they're here, have him meet hers—ask him on the set—if he's an actor, watch him work (not if he's a dentist)—see him in all moods; when he's mad, when he's tired, when he's cross, when he's happy. Then if your Mother says, "It's Soandso on the phone," and you still get a thrill, you know he's the one.

Ask her if she's had that thrill, and she'll say she's been too busy to find out.

But she does have a dream man. He's an earthy kind of guy, plus humor, minus affectations. If he's an actor, he'll have lots of other interests, too. And whatever else he is, he's got to know music like Dave Rose. Not just the great dead ones like Gershwin and Beethoven, but people like Sibelius and Stravinsky and Copland. June doesn't say they're easy, but they're terribly exciting. When she's heard them six or seven times, she can go along—even with some of Shostakovich. If The Man knows more about music than she does, so much the better.

His looks can be moderate, just so his disposition's nice without being pushover. If he can't pin her ears back when she needs it, he's not her dish. She'd rather have the kind, not who brings you bracelets, but a pillow for your head when you're tired. And when you come home with your makeup caked, he loves you still.

Anything else? June gives her sudden chuckle. "It'll help," she says, "if the gentleman prefers blondes—"

MODERN SCREEN



"It's solved all our butter and cream problems but she is an awful bother."

likes to eat at little places where they have good food and don't take your picture. The Charochka is one such place, a romantic little Russian spot on the Strip. She and her current boy friend were dining there, when the violinist walked over to their table and started playing "Fascination." It's a tune she adores and he played it like a dream. When he'd finished, she said softly: "Spasiba bolshoi." It means "Thank you very much" and she'd learned it from Gregory Ratoff.

Naturally the Russian was enchanted. What else did she know? June obliged with "Kak pazhevavetye" ("Hiya!") and he rejoined with "Ochen chorosho" ("Swell")—

"Next time you come," he said, "we will talk only Russian."

Her temper's Irish, quick to flare, quick to die. What gets her maddest are people who talk behind your back. She's also irritated by people who keep you waiting—thinks it's rude to be late. At home she gets furious when she can't find things. Being revoltingly tidy, her idea of torment is a place where all doors are left open and all drawers hanging out. Dot and Evvie can borrow anything she owns without asking, just so long as they put it back. She can take it as well as dish it out.

her to hurry. If it's June, they all put their heads together—including the girls' dates—and send up a clamor. "Where do you think you're going, to a preem?" One night she did go to a preem with Farley Granger. Resplendent in an ermine cape she'd borrowed from someone, she went anking down the aisle behind an usherette who happened to be none other than her kid sister.

Every day in every way she blesses her lucky stars she was born a Haver. Not that her family's any more special than the next one, except to her. She feels more at home with them. Even outsiders feel at home with them. No one ever says, "My, your mother's a nice lady." They say, "Gee, she's a swell gal," and send her flowers on Mother's Day.

They live in Cheviot Hills. And that reminds her of a letter she got not long ago from Ray Miller, who used to sit next to her in study hall. There was one stage where she spent all her spare time drawing plans for a dream home, with a circular hall and stately stairways and stables and a putting green and a pool. Ray didn't seem to mind the rest of it, but for some reason he couldn't accept the pool.

"What's the idea?" he'd whisper. "In

HOOT MA'AM —

Here are bonny ways
to be thrifty with bread!

Don't waste a single slice! These recipes prove that bread-saving dishes can be delicious. Look at French Toast, all tricked up on the waffle iron. Look at Bread Pudding streamlined into a custardy concoction and topped with Chocolate Sauce that's an old smoothie.

Behind it all is Karo Syrup*. Sweetening . . . blending . . . making textures satiny. A wonderful thing to have around, when you're cooking!

the KARO KID



WAFFLED FRENCH TOAST

1 egg
1/2 cup milk
1/8 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon melted shortening
5 slices leftover bread

Beat egg slightly. Add milk, salt, shortening. Pour into shallow dish. Dip bread into mixture, coating well on both sides. Bake in preheated waffle iron according to manufacturer's directions, or until steam no longer appears and bread is golden brown. Serve with this Buttered Karo Syrup:—

BUTTERED KARO SYRUP

1 cup Karo Syrup, Blue Label
1/4 cup butter or margarine

Bring the Karo Syrup and butter to a boil, stirring till well blended. Serve hot over French Toast. Makes about 1 1/4 cups. (Marvelous, too, for pancakes, waffles or fritters.)

* Karo is a trade-mark of the Corn Products Refining Company, New York, N. Y., registered in the U. S. Pat. Off. © C. P. R. Co.

KARO BREAD PUDDING

1 cup bread cubes, day old bread
3 eggs, well beaten
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup Karo Syrup, Red or Blue Label
1 tablespoon melted butter
2 cups milk
1/4 cup raisins
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg

Place bread cubes in quart baking dish. Combine eggs, salt, Karo Syrup and butter. Stir in milk and raisins. Pour over bread. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Set dish in pan of warm water. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 1 hour. Makes 6 servings. Serve with this Chocolate Sauce:—

KARO CHOCOLATE SAUCE

1/4 cup water
1 cup Karo Syrup, Red or Blue Label
2/3 cup cocoa
1/8 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine water, Karo Syrup, cocoa and salt in small saucepan. Mix well. Bring to a boil over low heat, stirring constantly. Boil 1 minute. Remove from heat. Add butter and vanilla. Cool. Makes about 1 1/2 cups.



Sonja Henie (with Stewart Barthelmess), just gifted publicist Lil Jenkins with a solid gold bracelet.



E. Bracken (with Mrs. B. at H'wood's Greek Theater) will get highest price ever on his band leading jaunt.



Edith Clemens, prexy of Joan Crawford's fan club, received a "best club" trophy from the MSFCA—matching Joan's Oscar.



Herbert Marshall staged it to the "Two Hearts in Three-Quarter Time" opening, though friends insist the Marshalls are planning an early reconciliation.



New mom Deanna Durbin Jackson is such a comic strip fan, she's decorated the walls of Jessica Louise's nursery with cartoon characters.

louella parsons' good news

CRAWFORD'S GOT GABLE! IT'S LINDA "AMBER" DARNELL; WAS LANA NEARLY MRS. H. HUGHES . . . ?

■ Hello, hello, HELLO!

I feel like shouting that greeting to you all from my red housetop—that's how glad I am to be back on the job again after three long months of illness.

Now it's all over and I'm myself again, feeling wonderful and raring to go—I can say that there were dark moments, days and weeks, when I doubted if I would pull through. But during all those dark days there wasn't a minute when I wasn't cheered by the wonderful letters you wrote me and "Thank you" is a thin little phrase compared to the real surge of feeling in my heart.

I found, during my illness, that we are not strangers, though we have never met. Perhaps, behind that busy front we all put on going about our daily business, none of us are strangers. But you have to be away from the grind awhile—and be alone—to realize that.

It wasn't all depression and unhappiness for me during

my two months in the Good Samaritan Hospital. I took an awful lot of good natured ribbing because I entered the hospital the same day Van Johnson did. But I think my assistant, Dorothy Manners, told you about the crazy notes we exchanged and the visits Van paid me in his fancy pajamas.

I want to say one thing about this boy. He is sincerely sweet, kind and considerate. He never has—and I know he never will—"go Hollywood."

As sick as I was, I just couldn't help being the "reporter" and I was constantly calling my office with bedside "flashes" reporting that John Payne was in for a minor operation and Boris Karloff for a very serious one.

The Kay Kyser-Georgia Carroll baby was born during my sojourn and I got a first hand report on how Kay had played the doctor a hand of gin rummy for the bill!

But that's all over now and while I'm not exactly a-stay-

Genial Sid Grauman cinched the raves Irene Dunne and British Rex Harrison received for "Anna and the King of Siam" by inviting them to inscribe their hand prints and signatures in the famous name-crammed forecourt of his Chinese Theater.



Ex-lieut. Wayne Morris, with 7 downed planes to his credit, has a fabulous new WB contract. (With M. Chapman at Calif. Country Club.)



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FRANCES GIFFORD... A cream 'n' honey complexion makes—a honey of a gal! Give your skin this tempting sweet tone... with Woodbury RACHEL Powder. Exciting and color-full... for it's Film-Finish blended, exclusive with Woodbury! As perfect on your skin as in the box. More bewitching than the powder you're wearing—just compare! Woodbury's velvet veil clings color-fresh... covers tiny flaws. Eight Star shades.

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1. Big \$1 box of Film-Finish Powder
 2. Star lipstick... your just-right shade
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Try all eight... find your most exciting shade! Chart shows your own skin type... with your flattering powder shade... selected for you by Hollywood experts! Paste coupon on postcard and mail to John H. Woodbury, Inc., 321 Valley Street, Cincinnati 22, Ohio.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

up-late-gal, covering all the big-time parties, even now—let's see what's been going on in movietown:

"There's no one really close to him in the whole wide world—please let me see him," the blonde girl whispered.

The nurse in the floor-office of the hospital shook her head at the girl in the hurriedly donned sports coat.

"Miss Turner—Mr. Hughes can see no one. Those are Dr. Verne Mason's orders."

"Then," said Lana, "please tell Howard was here and stayed until dawn. I would like him to know that."

And, as the first ray of daylight broke on the day following Howard Hughes' almost fatal airplane crash, Lana slipped out to her car and drove away—alone.

There's a story packed with drama behind this visit of Lana's to the hospital—a visit she had hoped very much to keep secret.

If the millionaire plane manufacturer and movie producer and M-G-M's blonde queen were not engaged at the time they both returned to Hollywood from New York, a month previous—they were very close to it.

Rumor has it that Lana's wedding gown was already made, Mrs. Keenan Wynn had been asked to be matron of honor and Carmel, California, was selected as the place for the wedding—when something happened.

About a week before Howard made the near-fatal test of his new plane and crashed, they called everything off. No one knows why—except Lana and Hughes.

She was seen at night spots (again) with her former beau, Robert Hutton, and Hughes was always with his right-hand man, John Meyers.

But the minute Lana heard of the terrible accident late Sunday afternoon, she went immediately to the hospital where the scene described above took place.

That's all anyone knows—perhaps that's all we need to know.

When Joan Crawford entered the premises of the swank California Cabana Club (where swank it costs \$875 to join!) on the arm of Clark Gable, it may have lifted some eyebrows in surprise, kiddies—but not mine.

This romance has been an on-and-off affair for many years. It first started soon after Clark and Ria Gable were separated and between Joan's marriages to Doug Fairbanks, and Franchot Tone.

But, even though both were free, they never appeared in public together.

What does it mean now? Maybe the lighting of a flame that never died. Or maybe just a nostalgic glow under an old friendship. We'll wait and see. Anyway, thought Joan looked extra-special happy—so did Clark.

I wouldn't be telling this story except it makes me like little Bonita Granville even more than ever. I'm sure we always think of movie actresses as having their beaux on their feet and being pretty queenly in the romance department.

But not long ago, in a public spot, Bonita

looking so very lovely and happy—was dining with the man of her heart, rich young Texan, Jack Wrather.

For some reason they quarreled and instead of sweeping out in a royal temper, or pretending to onlookers that she was completely indifferent, Bonita did the most natural thing in the world and burst into tears!

She ran out of the place, into the ladies' powder room, and sat down and had a good cry, oblivious to the femmes who could hardly hide their surprise over finding a movie player behaving very much like—a young girl who had quarreled with her beau.

THOUGHTS IN PASSING

Leave it to Hollywood to gag even a dignified picture like "Henry V." It's now called "Hank Sank." ("Cinq"—"Five" in French.)

Greer Garson hasn't recovered from that near-drowning at Monterey on location for "Sacred and Profane" yet. She's still having trouble with her spine, which may be twisted.

What's the matter with some of our movie girls that they aren't watching their weight more closely?

Lana Turner has put on 15 pounds that should have never adorned her chassis.

Paulette Goddard is seven pounds up.

Why don't you drop me a few lines about how YOU feel about the style trend toward longer skirts? The studio stylists want to know. Personally, I like a skirt moderately short for day wear or else formally long.

Glitter and glamor is definitely returning to Hollywood public functions—and I'm glad. The "Anna and the King of Siam" premiere at Grauman's Chinese was a dazzler.

Shirley Temple, in a gold dress with her golden hair, looked like a lovely yellow butterfly, and as Mrs. John Agar, Shirley is beginning to wear some really lovely jewelry.

Irene Dunne was exquisite in an off-the-shoulder gown with her hair piled high.

Bob Hope got the biggest hand from the 5,000 fans seated in the grandstand.

Paulette Goddard could have been mistaken for one of the King of Siam's wives in a draped pink dress with a flowing head covering. But the crowd got a big boot out of it.

It took 20th-Fox a long time, but they've finally discovered that luscious Linda Darnell is a big sex appeal bet, too valuable to be "wasted" on those goody-good ingenue roles she's been specializing in. Which accounts for that plum the studio handed her, the much publicized role of "Amber." Poor Linda, however, is having some of the joy knocked out of her by the knowledge that she's got to shed those sixteen recently acquired pounds—but quick. As of this writing, it hasn't been decided as to whether she'll play the part in a blonde wig or her natural black tresses, but all Hollywood is strong behind the gal, wishing her good luck—and good dieting!

This letter from "R.D.," who is frankly a bobby soxer, has a lot to it and I sort of



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star of "Rosemary" and "Joyce Jordan, M.D." styles her nails to maintain a vibrant radio mood. To be a "vibrant" you: cover your nails completely with a rich, glowing shade such as Dura-Gloss BLACKBERRY! Accent your colorful costume!



Advertising Illustrator

APRIL ZIPES

styles her nails artistically for a sophisticated mood. To be a "sophisticated" you: apply a subtle, subdued shade such as Dura-Gloss PINK LADY; expose moons, cover tips, for an artistic effect!



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accents an appropriately business-like effect with a tailored nail style. To be a "tailored" you: use a crisp, vivid red, such as Dura-Gloss FLARE RED, exposing both moons and tips! Dress your fingertips for the occasion!

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Every fashionable shade of
Nail Polish made is made by Dura-Gloss

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hope Frankie Sinatra reads it:

"I guess I'm just a bobby soxer, but I have a sort of problem. My girl friend and I save our lunch money and whenever we hear one of our special favorite stars is in New York, we do everything we can to see him or her—shooting the lunch funds for the train ride from Morristown, New Jersey.

"Not long ago, we had been standing around all day waiting to see a certain actress, when we heard that Frank Sinatra was in town—at the Waldorf—just a few blocks away. We're both crazy about him—so we ran, didn't walk, to the hotel.

"I've always wanted to see him so much that we walked 18 flights up the service stairs to find out he was on the seventh floor! We walked down to the seventh—and as we stood in the hall, the elevator stopped, the door opened and out he came!!

"Honestly, I think I was never so happy. He was walking very casually along with his manager—until he saw us. Then he walked faster. As he passed, I asked him for his autograph. He just frowned and said, 'You kids shouldn't be up here. You look like nice girls, too.'

"I knew I shouldn't be there. I felt guilty and darn scared and, gee, how my sides ached from climbing the stairs. But couldn't Frankie see that we just liked him and wanted to see him and get his autograph and that we not only looked like nice girls, but we ARE nice girls. When you admire and respect someone as much as we do Frankie, it sure hurts your feelings to be misunderstood."

I'm sure it was all a misunderstanding, R.D.—and, after reading this, if Frankie would like to send along that autograph he neglected to give you—I've kept your address.

* * *

Lady interviewers are becoming a bit distressed because Cornel Wilde talks about nothing except his beautiful blonde wife, Patricia Knight, during interviews. So what? I think it's grand.

Fact is, Cornel not only talks about Mrs. W., he insists on showing the test she made for 20th Century-Fox and calling attention to her acting talent as well as her beauty. When a husband feels that way about his wife, you can bank on it that it's one marriage that will not go on the rocks.

* * *

As I said earlier in this column, I haven't been strong enough to get around to all the events going on since I left the hospital.

But when I returned from a short rest at San Simeon, the beautiful California estate of William Randolph Hearst, I found so many interesting invitations on my desk pad, that I'm going to try my best to cover them for you next month. In fact, in addition to this department of gossip and news, I plan to add a special section almost completely devoted to Hollywood parties and social events.

So next month please plan on joining me at Sonja Henie's party, the birthday celebration of the Ronald Colman heiress, and the soiree Gene Tierney and Oleg Cassini are hosting for Oleg's brother, who writes the "Cholly Knickerbocker" social column in New York.

THE HEART PLAYS TRICKS . . .

(Continued from page 30)

to catch her she might have busted her neck—and so on. Ty Power's name came up sooner or later and it was, "Do I know Ty Power? I'll say! Him and me used to sneak off between scenes and shoot a round of golf together. Yeah, he's pretty fair on his drives, but I nicked him for ten bucks once at a dollar a hole . . ." and so forth. This Seabee was doing all right basking in star glory until one day he got some shocking news.

"Say, Fred," a grease monkey informed him. "Guess who's coming in on the next flight—your old buddy from Hollywood!"

"Who's that?" gasped the gabby guy.

"Lieutenant Tyrone Power. That's him sitting down now."

There was no escape for the imaginative Seabee. The cargo plane was already taxiing up to a stop and the hatch opening. His pals surrounded him. He just stood there and watched the pilot drop out and walk over. It was Ty Power, all right. But the panic that gripped this guy was—will he remember me?

So the relief was terrific when Lieutenant Power caught his eye, grinned and yelled, "Hi, there Fred—how's your golf?"

So it wasn't a case of Ty's forgetting Hollywood or ducking it, exactly, while he did his bit in the war. He just lived in another world, that's all. His crew buddies—Lieutenant Lenz, "Chub" Church, Gene Millette, and Jud Webb—were guys who might have thought a dramatic role was some new kind of coffee cake and a baby spot was—well—practically anything you might suspect. They all lived together and flew together and griped together and stood duty together, and it was a very different world.

all up in the air . . .

You'll see the leatherneck traces in the tighter set of Ty's jaw and the character lines at his mouth and eyes. But he's home again, and on the "clean slate" he kept all spit and polished in the Marines, the deep traces of his life before are beginning to show again.

And Ty is pleased, because he knows now that whether you're in the movies or in the marines, it's *people* who count—and you don't have to fly to Kwajalein to find them.

Thinking back, it was Henry King, the director, who started Ty off in the air. Once, a long time ago, he came up to Henry, his director, with a timid question.

"I understand the studio doesn't like actors to fly. But I want to fly a plane and I know *you* fly. What do you think about it? Will I get in dutch if I start taking lessons?"

Henry had practically embraced him. "You want to fly? Then you go ahead and fly, and nuts to what the studio thinks! Next to making pictures, flying's the greatest thing in the world, Ty. Just be sure and watch out for one thing," he added. "Be very careful driving back and forth from the airfield. You might have an accident!"

There are lots of people like that in Tyrone Power's memory account book. People he'll never forget because they didn't forget him. Maybe the time Ty was most mixed up in his young life was right after his famous father, Tyrone Power, Senior, died. He'd left his mother's home in Cincinnati after high school to travel with his father and learn to act. He was in Hollywood sticking around while his dad played a part in "The Miracle Man," keeping his young eyes open for the

"Soft as a star-sung serenade,
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weave the melody"



Wring a mop and still have white hands? Yes, it's possible!

Of course, housework is hard on your hands . . . but that's no reason for having unattractive red hands! Try Pacquins . . . this fluffy-light fragrant cream brings a look of fresh beauty to rough hands. They'll seem whiter, softer, smoother . . . Mm-mm—so sweet to hold!



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Finger Tips

by *Helen Neushaefer*

Your hands reveal your age. Keep yours young longer. Shake the hands vigorously from a relaxed wrist; trill the fingers up and down as on an imaginary piano.

idea that was already buzzing around in his head—to make movies himself. Then, one night, at the Hollywood Athletic Club, where they stayed, Tyrone Power Sr. gasped and died of heart failure in his 18-year-old son's arms. Desolate, grief-stricken and lonely, Ty needed older help and advice as he batted around the studios trying to stick his feet in the stubborn studio gates. He had no home, no family near, and barely any money. And the many friends his father had introduced him to were long on sympathy, but short on help. That's why Ty will never forget Arthur Caesar.

Caesar was at the busy peak of his screen and play writing career then, but he found time to take the heartbroken Ty under his wing, give him a home, meals whenever he needed them, and plenty of seasoned advice, as well as a job chauffeuring him around the studios, to protect the fierce independence he knew Ty held dear.

Then there was Michael Strange, Diana Barrymore's mother. Ty Power will never forget what a lift it was for her to invite him to make himself at home in her big New York apartment rent free, after he'd busted into that town from his small time Chicago radio jobs, determined to crash Broadway or bust. He was busted, all right, in the pocketbook, and the quick generosity of John Barrymore's ex-wife is a bright spot in those dreary days, as was Ty's experience with Stanley Ghilkey, Katharine Cornell's business manager, the first of that species Ty met who didn't use a cake of ice for a heart.

a friend in need . . .

He'd been exposed to those deep freeze characters, it seemed, from the minute he started the old Broadway beginner routine, knocking on show manager's office doors and collecting scowls and growls and snippy taunts from sassy secretaries. So when he dropped in on Stan Ghilkey and was treated for the first time with kindness and consideration, even given a pair of center aisle tickets for Katharine Cornell's play, "Flowers of the Forest," Ty responded with such grateful eagerness that he got the job of Burgess Meredith's understudy in the play. Of course, that led to "Romeo and Juliet" and "St. Joan" with Cornell herself, and her help and advice, along with that of Guthrie McClintic, her husband, made them loom large in Tyrone Power's album of very special people. It was Cornell who advised Ty to take the screen test that finally brought him to Hollywood.

That brought our chat around to Ty Power's first floundering in the town and at the same studio that was to eventually make him famous.

Alice Faye was queen of the Twentieth-Fox lot about the time Ty was trying to make his tryout option contract stick. He hadn't had much luck.

Naturally, at that point, Tyrone felt as low as a snake in a swamp. He didn't even know Alice Faye then, but bad news travels fast around a studio lot. He heard a soft rap on his dressing room door. "I'm Alice Faye," smiled the taffy-haired girl at the door. "I heard about it and I think it's a shame. But don't worry a minute and don't let it get you down. Those things just happen out here. I know. They've happened to me. But if you'll just stick and rise above it, they'll find the right spot for you in a few days and then try and stop you!"

Of course Alice Faye was dead right; in a few days there was a movie part for Ty Power right after that—the chance that rolled him right on the track to the stars, "Lloyd's of London." And it was a double thrill for young Ty Power to walk on the

test stage for his "Lloyd's" part, expecting to struggle through a camera tryout with just any stock actress around the lot—only to find the biggest star there waiting to read the all-important lines with him, Alice Faye. It was her idea, her gesture of friendship. It paid off. And it landed forever in the gratitude corner of Ty Power's heart.

Alice has plenty of company there, because, stirring up his memory, Ty Power found plenty of Hollywood people who'd leveled the bumps in his path when Ty wasn't too sure footed. That's been a long time ago, but Ty hadn't forgotten boosters like Barbara McLean, ace woman cutter at Fox. She went out of her way to drill him in the mechanics of movie making from his first picture on. And Artie Miller, the cameraman who's filmed six of Ty Power's biggest pictures, who took him aside right at the start and cured Ty for keeps of the stage hangovers he was bringing to the screen—the exaggerated facial gestures that are swell from the foot-lights but louse up a lens. "Look, Ty," Artie told him bluntly, "just remember you're under a microscope now. So stop blinking your eyes every time you open your mouth!" Maybe the tips were brutally frank, but Ty knew they were honest and he was grateful—as he's been to a double dozen people who, in their way, have tacked inches to his screen stature.

When Ty finally came back from the war, the phone at their Brentwood house rang like a five-alarm fire. The Bill Goetzes, Oleg Cassini and Gene Tierney, the Charles Boyers, the Walter Langs, Dick Whorf, Gary and Rocky Cooper—all of them with the same idea: How about letting us toss your welcome home party?

old acquaintance . . .

Ty was touched each time and it was tough for him to beg, "No, please—thanks so much—but not yet awhile." He wanted time to catch up first and get acquainted all over again with the most important person in the world to Tyrone Power—his wife, Annabella. He was starting a new chapter in his life and before he did anything, Ty wanted that second honeymoon he'd planned ever since he knew he was on his way back home.

So it wasn't until after the Tyrone Powers had toured Canada and spent a month alone together that Ty had his welcome home parties and turned his thoughts intently to what he knew was now necessary for the second chapter of his acting life. And he had pretty definite ideas about that. That's why, when Darryl Zanuck offered him the swashbuckling part in "Captain From Castile," Ty asked to be excused—he'd had enough swashbuckling in real life of late. . . . He read "The Razor's Edge" and he had it.

There's a really remarkable stack-up between Ty himself and the character he's bringing to life in his comeback picture. Somerset Maugham's Larry Darrew was a flyer in the First World War. Ty was a flyer in the Second. He's the same age as Ty is, and the physical description from the book is a dead ringer word-portrait of the postwar Power himself. And I'm venturing to add that's so in another department than mere looks.

Because the driving force of Larry—as Ty realized the minute he cracked "The Razor's Edge"—is a quest for the real, fundamental meaning of life. Ty Power's job is to dramatize that, but he'd be the last person in the world to admit that in real life he's more or less on the same quest himself these days—like a million or more fellows you know who fought for America and had time in-between to think.

But then, maybe so would they.

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Please send *free sample* of finer-than-ever Jergens Lotion.

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____

SHE DIDN'T SAY NO

(Continued from page 58)

and he proposed to me!"

"Well, and what did you tell him?"

"No. At least—well, I told him I'd think it over."

Mrs. Loehr smiled. "You go right ahead and think it over, but do it in your own bed. You can't stay up all night. Not in my room, anyway."

fatal question . . .

In her own room, Diana remembered every detail. They had gone to the memorable MODERN SCREEN party at Louella Parsons, then left to end up the evening with the gang at a friend's beach house. She and Henry had walked out on the beach.

"Wonderful moon, isn't it?" Henry said. Diana nodded. Woman's intuition told her to keep silent.

"Uh—the water looks nice, too." Diana nodded.

Then he got to the point. "Diana—will you marry me?"

Henry Willson knows what he wants. Back in Connecticut in Wesleyan College, he ignored the majority of his subjects and spent many classroom hours with a copy of Variety beneath his desk. The show business bug had bitten him as early as the age of eight, when he produced a puppet show for the entertainment of the neighbors. When the college handed him a questionnaire which asked what he wanted to become, Henry wrote, "a motion picture executive." Considering the fact that Henry was brought up in Forest Hills, New York, and had never been inside a motion picture studio, the school staff was highly amused.

But they didn't know Henry. At thirty-one, he is assistant to the president of David Selznick Enterprises, and one of Hollywood's youngest executives.

Two years ago, in this capacity, he viewed a showing of "And the Angels Sing." Across the screen floated Diana Lynn. "Ah," said Henry, and proceeded to ignore everyone else in the film except Miss Lynn. He liked Diana right away. She looked intelligent, she was attractive, obviously well-bred, and furthermore, gave the impression of a great sense of humor. He set up machinations to meet Diana.

He talked with people at his studio, but couldn't find anyone who knew her. On occasions when he was squiring other girls, he couldn't help talking about Diana. "I'll have to meet that girl," he told them. He finally contacted Jim Brown, who worked with Diana in "Our Hearts Were Growing Up." Henry arranged a cocktail party and asked Jim to bring both his wife, Verna, and Diana. Diana wasn't able to attend, so Henry breathed deeply and decided to double his efforts. Then MODERN SCREEN phoned him about taking pictures of Guy Madison, who comes under Henry's helm at the studio. The magazine wanted some girls in the pictures.

"Why," said Henry, trying to sound casual, "don't you ask that Lynn girl?"

But again Diana couldn't make it. She was living the life of eighteen, working hard and dating often. In the meantime, at least one night a week, she noticed a pair of brown eyes following her around the dance floors at the local clubs. Then Jim

Brown called her again.

"Diana," he said, "Henry Willson is having a small dinner party at his home on Saturday night and would like Verna and me to bring you along."

"Henry Willson, Henry Willson," said Diana. "Who is this character?"

She decided to accept the invitation, if only to satisfy her curiosity. On Friday night, she was having dinner with Pat Nerney (who became engaged to Mona Freeman the following day), when Henry approached their table.

"I am Henry Willson," he announced. "Jim will pick you up at seven tomorrow evening." He felt very brave, perhaps because Diana had smiled at him.

The next night they had a wonderful time, even though the dinner was upset slightly by the fact that Henry had to attend a wedding reception and took Diana along with him. She learned from the start that life with Henry would always be slightly wild. He seldom plans on one date that another doesn't interrupt it.

two of a kind . . .

After that, dates with Henry happened in profusion, although interwoven with five or six other men. With Henry, she often tried to be sensible and go to a movie, but somehow they always ended up dancing somewhere. There were double dates with Guy and Gail Russell, Jim and Verna Brown, with Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens, with Don and Phyllis Taylor.

They found their common tastes in the same books, the same people, and in

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music, although their tastes differ in the latter. With her background of piano study, Diana naturally leans toward the long-hair department. Henry, whose father was once president of Columbia Recording Corporation, also grew up in the company of good music, but finds himself more interested in the musical comedy variety. The only time he ever planted himself in front of a piano, in Diana's presence anyway, was to play a searing rendition of "I Want to be Happy," an occasion which left Diana frozen in her seat. With feminine persuasion, she has lured him to several ballets, which Henry sat through, very quietly, and took her dancing afterward.

In January, Henry went to New York on business. While he was there, Diana flew into town. That first night, Henry corralled Alexis Smith and Dick Hogan, Henry's friend of ten years, and soon to become his best man, and the foursome went to see "Are You With It." The host was so excited over the show that he practically got up on the stage. Diana just smiled.

While in New York, Henry asked Diana her ring size. Being unacquainted with details like ring sizes, she gave him an offhand answer.

"Six and-a-half, I guess," she said, thinking of her glove size.

indian taker . . .

It was April back in Hollywood, and they started out for a movie, as usual, and as usual ended up dancing. At their table Henry reached for her hand and slipped on her fourth finger an exquisite diamond ring. It immediately fell off. It was big enough almost to go over two of her fingers. Henry admitted it had looked huge to him, but she had said six and-a-half, and he had taken her at her word. Mr. Willson was again foiled that night, for no answer was forthcoming. But at least, Diana wore the ring home.

Mrs. Loehr had another midnight visit from her daughter, who waltzed into the bedroom holding the bright sparkle of the ring in front of her.

"Oh, I'm not going to keep it," said Diana. "I brought it home just to look at it. I'll give it back."

Mrs. Loehr sighed. She liked Henry. She was beginning to hope Diana would marry him. He was kind and thoughtful and mannerly. He wasn't a glamor boy, but a dependable business man.

At Christmas, Henry's parents had visited California and spent part of the holidays with the Loehrs. Everybody had liked everybody else, and the four parents had had the same thought in mind, but tactfully avoided mention of a possible match. Henry was the only one who was unsubtle. He blew into the Loehr home one day, and was confronted by a group of relatives. Diana introduced him around the room.

"And this," she said, "is my Aunt Julia." "I'm delighted to meet you," said Henry. "Perhaps you'll be my Aunt Julia some day."

When Diana gave the ring back to Henry, he sighed in much the same way Mrs. Loehr had sighed. He pocketed it, and went on with his campaign. Diana was still dating other men, and often when Henry phoned, Mrs. Loehr informed him apologetically that Diana was out for the evening. Time brought a gleam of hope into Henry's life. Diana began telling him whom she was going out with and where they were planning to go. The Loehrs invited Henry to their home for dinner about once a week. Mr. Loehr, a quiet man, began to hold conversations with Henry, and one night, after Diana and Henry had gone out for their constitutional around the block, Mr. Loehr told his wife, "Henry's all right. The more I see him, the better I like him."

Henry was beginning to break down any



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Back in Grandma's time, a popular food for babies was a gruel made from just plain barley.

Now, after three years experimental work in laboratories and infant clinics, Gerber's brings you this new Barley Cereal with all the improvements that modern nutritional research brings to raising happy, healthy babies. 1. Free from crude fibre, mixes creamy smooth for easy digestion. 2. Rich in added iron and B complex vitamins needed by most babies. 3. Made to taste extra good. 4. Pre-cooked and ready to serve—mix right in baby's dish by adding milk or formula.



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obstacles, however slight. Then he told Diana he was leaving for San Francisco on business. He would be gone a week.

public secret . . .

"Ah," said Diana to herself, "I think I'll have a whale of a week."

She made dates for almost every night, and then to her surprise, found herself more than slightly bored. She began to count the days until Henry came back.

For his part, Henry took a few hours in San Francisco to drive alone into the country. He parked the car and took a walk under the pine trees. In his mind, he went over exactly what he had to say to Miss Lynn when he got back to Hollywood. It was a beautiful speech, lyrical but practical. Then he climbed into his car and drove to his hotel, his mind at rest.

Back in Hollywood, he phoned Diana for a dinner date. They went to the Savoy. All through the shrimp cocktail, Henry kept going over his speech. He patted his coat pocket once, and felt the reassuring bulge of the ring box. By the time the soup was served, Henry felt unnerved. Over his steak, he threw his speech to the winds. He turned abruptly to Diana.

"When," he asked, "are you going to quit this horsing around and marry me?"

It worked wonders. Diana said yes, and immediately became intoxicated with the whole idea. It was all very simple, and she should have thought about it before. She wore the ring, by this time cut down to her size, under her glove when they left the restaurant. Neither Diana nor Henry wanted a long engagement, and decided not to announce it formally until a few weeks before the wedding late this year. But they had to tell somebody, some close friends who would keep the secret. They drove over to Don and Phyllis Taylor's house, where Diana held out her left arm all evening, making exaggerated left hand turns at every opportunity.

The next morning when Henry phoned, Diana's secretary, Eileen Horn, answered, and made the fateful error of mistaking his voice for that of a past swain. A note of sternness crept into Henry's answer.

"This," he said, "has got to go." But he didn't divulge the news.

But the secret didn't keep. It leaked out, as secrets always do when celebrities are involved, and in June, announcements of the forthcoming wedding appeared in papers all over the country. The next day Diana received a telegram.

DEAR DOLLY (it read) JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT MR. WILLSON AND I ARE VERY HAPPY AT THE CONFIRMING NEWS IN YESTERDAY'S PAPERS. HENRY'S CHOICE IS OUR CHOICE TOO. BEST LUCK ALWAYS AND LOVE. MRS. H. L. WILLSON.

It was a disappointment that the news leaked out so soon, but that point weathered, there was the problem of the wedding. Henry suggested a formal evening wedding, a proposal that would delight any girl's heart. He's not going to mind wearing tails in the least, for the simple reason that Henry loves clothes. Diana admires his taste tremendously, with the slight exception, perhaps, of one green jacket. It's a nice, simply-cut olive green jacket, the apple of Henry's eye, but when they're planning a date on the phone, Diana manages to slip in a hint. "Why don't you wear your tan suit?" she says. Once a week, Henry arrives in the green jacket and Diana gives up.

Currently, plans for the wedding gown change every week. First it's a low neck, then a high neck, then long sleeves, then short sleeves, then a small bustle, then no bustle.

"I am very hysterical," says Diana.

She is positive of one thing. There will be no train. "I've never been able to man-

age a train in my life, so that's that."

The wedding will probably be at St. Alban's Church, and on the whole, holds no fear for Diana. Her sole worry is that her knees will crack when she kneels.

There is the problem of the house. Henry's present home is a small English bungalow in Beverly Hills, with steps going up and down all over the place. But it poses an obstacle. There is no room for a grand piano. If there were room, there'd be no way to get it into the house. Diana sits and muses on this one.

"I've got to have a piano," she says. "I've just got to. Maybe we could tear a hole in the roof and drop it in."

So they're shopping for a house, continually scanning local advertisements. They call each other when something looks good, and which ever one has the time, drives out to look the place over. A few Sundays ago, Diana found one that had possibilities. Since she knew the way, Diana drove, which by itself is a frightening experience for anyone but Henry. He drives in a similarly madcap way. On the way, she mentioned that she had lost her fifth pair of glasses since meeting him.

jittery bride . . .

"Really, Diana," he said, "you'll have to stop losing things. Can't you keep your mind on what you're doing?"

They drove up a canyon and down a side road and up another canyon.

"That's funny," said Diana, "I could have sworn the house was on this street."

She tried three or four other routes, but the house had seemingly disappeared. Diana shrugged.

"Only Lynn could lose a house," she said.

If they don't find a new house, they'll live in Henry's bungalow. But in addition to the piano puzzle, there is another problem for Diana. The house is done in strictly masculine fashion, with leather and wood and dark colors predominating. Diana has decided that it needs a few frills, and spends spare time "looking at rugs and things."

"I don't really know what I'm doing. I'm scared to death, but I'll manage somehow, and I pray I get colors that don't clash. I know I'll put wallpaper in the wrong place or something." Then she giggles. "Isn't this the end?"

Mrs. Loehr once remarked to Henry that it was fortunate that he could keep his current housekeeper with him after the marriage. Diana stiffened.

"Do you mean to say," she said, "that I'm not able to take care of my own home?"

Mrs. Loehr subsided quickly, not without some amusement. Diana has definite ideas about being the lady of the house.

"I intend to be very bright," she says. "I'm going to plan menus. It'll probably turn out to be lamb chops and peas every night because that's the only thing I can think of, but I'm going to plan the menus anyway. And I've heard somewhere that men are dumb about marketing. I just know Henry's spending too much money, and that's going to have to be corrected. I'm going to run the whole thing very efficiently. Send out the laundry and all that." Then as an afterthought, "Henry will ask me if I've sent it, and when I tell him yes, he'll call up and check anyway."

we played cupid . . .

This is a result of what Diana terms Henry's executive complex. Extremely methodical in his work, he has a mind for details and management that Diana completely lacks. It sometimes rubs her the wrong way. When they go to dinner, Henry doesn't talk until he has the situation well in hand. First, he'll ask for a plate of green olives, which next to Diana

are his favorite item in life. Then he'll notice that the table isn't steady and have that fixed. Then he wants a glass of milk, and then requests that the air conditioning be adjusted. Then he joins the conversation. Diana is confused about the whole thing because, while she considers it a bit grim, she knows she couldn't get along with a man who wasn't like that.

Henry is a great help to her. Given to going off on tangents, Diana periodically thinks her career is slipping, that she's going to die, or some equally horrible thought. Henry laughs at her fears and smooths them out for her.

The only way in which Diana has changed Henry is the fact that he now finds himself losing things: Nail files, keys and phone numbers, but he's determined to defeat the tendency.

He has only two gripes where Diana is concerned. One is her voice. She is given to trailing off sentences, and Henry finds himself leaning forward to catch the lost words. He is currently coaxing her to see a voice coach. The other is her walking. Diana does not walk, she runs. She darts wherever she goes, never gives Henry time to check his hat, and is continually ahead of him. He lives in terror that she'll be killed crossing the street.

The careers are not a problem, and they feel this sincerely. Since they are both in the same business, they can understand each other's language. They haven't the problem of conflicting careers, because Henry is not an actor. He admires career girls because they are doing something and have no time to sit around and become petty in their outlooks.

The day after Diana broke down and gave Henry the sensible answer, he drove to her house in the afternoon. She met him at the door with a champagne bottle.

"I thought we ought to celebrate," she said.

"Aren't we elegant," he said. "Where'd you get the champagne?"

"MODERN SCREEN sent it to me for Christmas."

Now that may sound too coincidental, but it's true. Henry first proposed to Diana the night of the MODERN SCREEN party, and they celebrated their engagement by drinking our champagne. We wouldn't want to brag, but we like to feel that we helped this romance along. We hope we did, because we're all for it.

UNSOPHISTICATED LADY

(Continued from page 34)

collection of irreplaceable antique china. These things had been wrapped in Betty's monogrammed bath towels, which had been filched from the nearby bath house.

The futile stupidity of the burglary is demonstrated by the fact that in climbing over the seven-foot wall which surrounds the Briskin property, the interlopers broke practically everything that had been stolen. The vacant lot on the opposite side of the wall was littered with tragic bits of shattered heirlooms.

Betty's guess is that the house breaking act was committed by amateurs. Had they realized that the Brentwood area, in which Betty lives, is patrolled by an armed guard, the thieves might have been deterred. A few well-placed bullet holes would have been an interesting reward for having snatched an armload of dishes.

According to Betty, the moral of this story is that people who are about to have children should live behind nine-foot walls, so stone masons have been busy adding height to the barrier that closes in Betty's

(Continued on page 86)



Conover cover-girl favorite.
Helen Mueller, loves Leigh's vibrant *Heartbeat*

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CLEVER ABOUT YOUR COMPLEXION?

HERE'S A QUIZ THAT
WILL HELP YOU MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR
COMPLEXION! PROPER SKIN CARE
IS THE BASIS OF ALL BEAUTY.

by Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

■ If what you see in the mirror is a face that could, well, stand a little improvement, a little extra glamor, a little more *mmm* instead of *ugh*, then come along with us. Your Beauty Editor has collected some hints on the care and coddling of skin from Loretta Young and other Hollywood belles.

Loretta isn't afraid of the big, bad close-ups because her skin is always radiantly well groomed. How do you stack up? Alabaster brow and dewy cheek, non-shine nose and velvet lips? Fine! Or, tsk, tsk, does the doleful state of your epidermis make you shudder with horror at the sight of a mirror? If the verdict is negative, modern creams and lotions plus a touch of native wit will remedy the situation. Film gals know that preserving an elegant complexion is an art and a science. Like them, you, too, can learn to be "clever about your complexion!" Set to work with the fine collection of inexpensive beautifiers that any average American girl can star on her very own dressing table.



◀ Fragile Loretta Young, of "The Stranger," relies on immaculate good grooming to enhance her cool beauty.



▲ Joan Leslie, pert and young, always has that well scrubbed look. See her in "Two Guys From Milwaukee."

Skin must be clean to be beautiful, so let's talk about the four principal cleansers that we should all know about. Soap is an important "must." Doctors say that most blemishes come because the skin is just plain dirty.

Secondly, let's think about the liquid cleansing lotions which are particularly good for oily skins. Used in combination with thorough soap latherings, liquid cleansers will do a great deal for that unhappy damsel who wails that her skin is as shiny as a new penny. Fine for quick clean-up jobs, too.

Liquefying cream which we will consider thirdly, melts on the skin, and the dirt slides off with a flick of the tissue. This type is best for average-to-oily skins, and is intended for cleansing, not to double as an emollient or base.

Now for the fourth cleanser. Cold cream, or the light, fluffy cleansing cream, keeps its solid consistency, and picks up dust and makeup somewhat as snow absorbs dirt specks. It tackles the dirt pronto and holds it until you come along with a tissue. Most cleansers of this type contain lanolin and other

softening agents, so they're a special treat for the girl with dry, flaky skin.

Let's review the Hollywood ways and means of applying these wonder creams. Spread on a generous coating of your pet cream with quick upward strokes. Your skin feels delightfully cool—freshened already. Always apply with gentle strokes upward from the base of the throat; up and out from the chin; caressingly around the eyes; carefully down the sides of the nose and over the chin where powder and oil have a tendency to collect and blackheads to form. Then work the cream right up to the edge of your hair, where dirt sometimes gets trapped and overlooked. Spank it in briskly for at least three minutes, to bring up circulation, get your face tingling pleasantly. And remember not to stop at the chin line.

Now for tussing off. The trick in this is to use a clean tissue for each "wipe," to avoid all chance of tracking dirt back on. Take two tissues, one in each hand, and work up and out from the center of your face. Slather on a second creaming for that "twice-clean"

look. Spank it in and tissue off again.

Now a bit of rinsing is called for. Here's where you reach for skin freshener or astringent. Pour some on a pad that's been dampened with cold water. Sponge face and throat. Every last trace of cream disappears. Turn the pad, add a little more skin freshener and concentrate on any areas of excessive oiliness... the extra stimulation tends to normalize the pores of these areas. Now pat the entire face and throat with the pad.

Yes, to be really "clever about your complexion" you will treat it every single day of your life to this Hollywood-endorsed program.

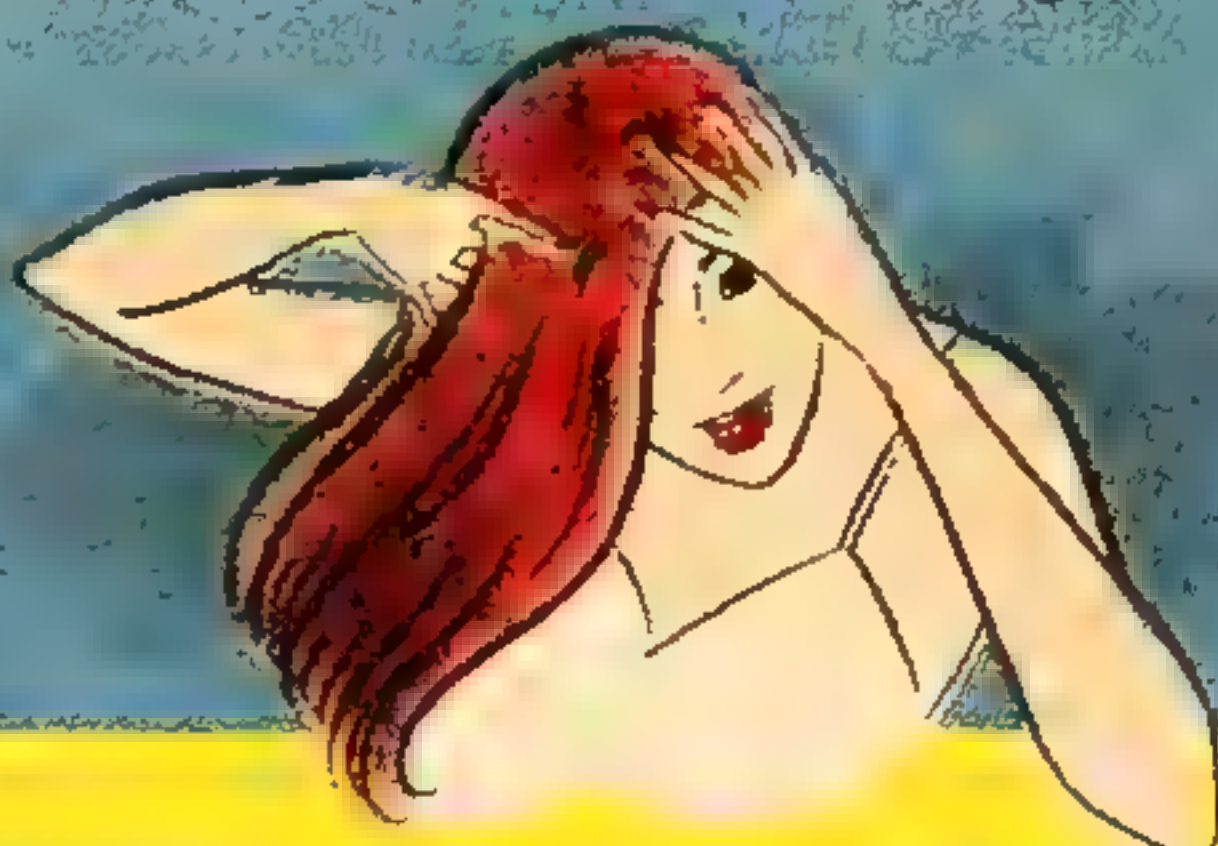
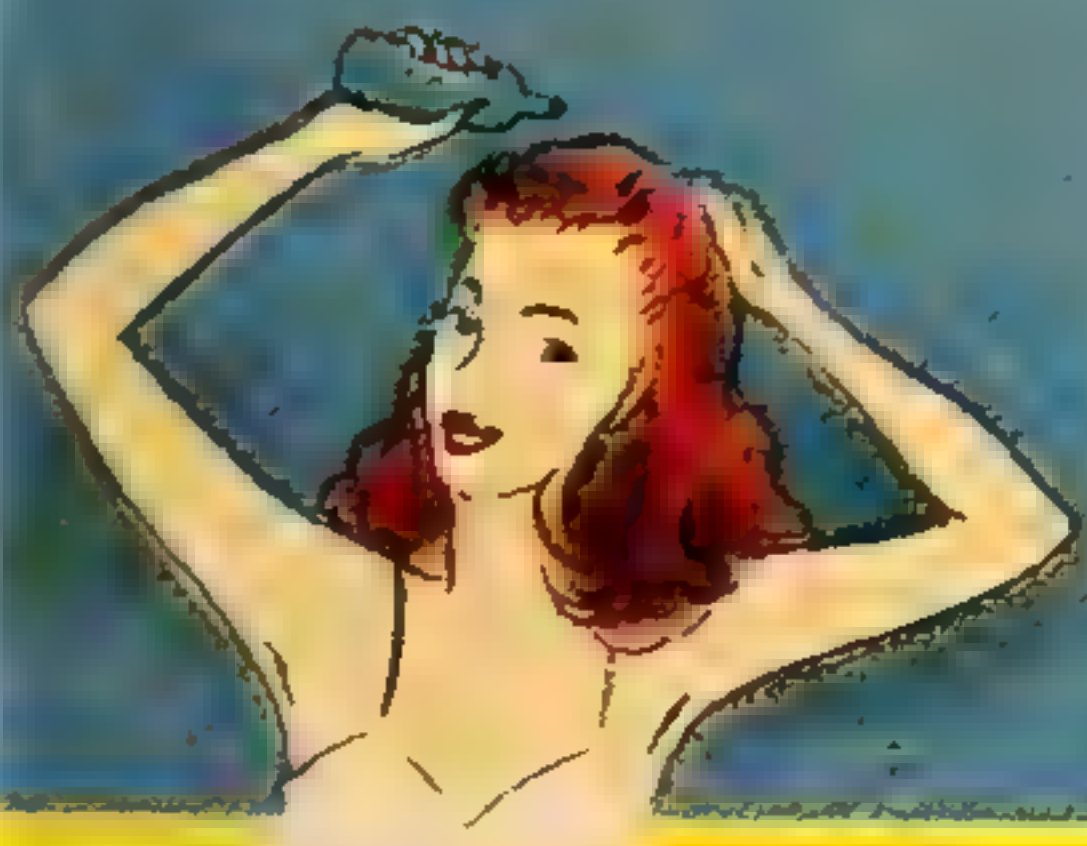
* * *

Wondering which is the cream or lotion for your particular skin type? Or perhaps you have other beauty problems about figure, makeup or hair care? I'll send you the answer pronto, if you'll mail a note and enclose with it a stamped, self-addressed envelope. My address: Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

How to remove dandruff completely

FITCH'S DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO is the only shampoo made whose guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application has the backing of one of the world's largest insurance firms.

Enjoy lustrous, dandruff-free hair! Ask for an economical bottle of Fitch's at your drug counter, or have a professional application at your beauty or barber shop.



1 APPLY FITCH'S to the hair and scalp, before water is added. Massage well, so shampoo reaches each part of the scalp.

2 ADD WATER gradually, continuing to massage. Remove the cleansing lather as it forms. Then continue to add water until no more lather forms.

3 RINSE THOROUGHLY with clear water. Fitch's is completely soluble, so no after-rinse is required. Set hair and dry.

4 FINISHED HAIRSTYLE is soft and lovely. No trace of dandruff or dull soap film left to cloud its natural highlights.

After and between Fitch shampoos you can keep your hair shining and manageable by using a few drops of Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic every day. Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic is not sticky or greasy yet it gives your hair that well-groomed look.

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(Continued from page 83)

castle from the rest of the world. Other additions to the Briskin house are a new room for Teddy and an extension on the room that is to become the nursery. Betty, showing visitors around the portion of her house that is completed and indicating the extent of improvements still to be done, is a happy, happy character. It would be impossible to describe the thrill Betty is getting from being a housewife. For the first time in her life she has a home of her own, after years of living in apartments.

gotta have it . . .

Now that she has finished "The Perils of Pauline" (about which officials on the Paramount lot are frankly jubilant), Betty has been arising with her husband each morning at six. The maid doesn't arrive until eight, so Betty gets Ted's breakfast, then settles down to shopping lists.

These have become gay topics of conversation, not only in the Briskin household but among Betty's friends.

Not long ago Betty stopped at the home of a friend and was admitted by the maid, who thought Betty's friend would return soon. After ten or fifteen minutes' wait Betty left, saying that she would call later in the day. The maid was busy in the kitchen when Betty's friend reached home, so before the message of Betty's call could be delivered, the friend telephoned Betty, saying, "However did you get through your shopping? You left two of your lists on my lounge."

Uttering a characteristic shriek, Betty asked that the lists be dictated over the telephone, with the explanation, "It took me an hour to think up all those things, and I certainly don't want to waste that time."

Betty's "interesting condition" has not in the least inhibited her interest in food. Quite the contrary. Throughout the many months she has doted on describing the different ways in which chicken, turkey, steaks, chops, and all known varieties of vegetables could be cooked.

In the midst of this occurred *l'affaire watermelon*. Whenever the Briskins were driving along California boulevards, which are brightened by open air markets with their riotous pallete of fruits and vegetables, Betty would say, "How soon are watermelons in season?" After Ted had answered this question fifteen or twenty times, "Not for several months, dear," he decided that heroic measures were in order. When he was alone one day he noticed, directly ahead, a ramshackle truck loaded with the season's first watermelons. Maneuvering through traffic he managed to edge the driver to the curb. "What's the big idea?" demanded the driver, not allowing himself to get completely angry, on the chance that Ted might be an officer in civvies. Ted fetched up all the charm for which he is noted and explained Betty's condition and her craving for watermelon. "Look, bud," said the truck driver, "these melons are all sold. They're a special consignment—the first of the season—and I can't sell even one to anyone for any reason."

There will be a slight pause for Mr. Briskin to exercise his eloquence.

. . . So Betty said it was the best watermelon she had ever tasted in all her life. She had watermelon three times a day until both melons had vanished.

On another occasion Betty was awakened by her appetite screaming, "Fig newtons." Sternly, she said to herself, "Now this is silly. It's the middle of the night, and there isn't a fig newton in the house. Furthermore, all the grocery stores are closed, and there isn't a delicatessen within ten miles. Besides, Ted is asleep. He had a hard day today, and he's going to have a hard day tomorrow, and I simply won't awaken him."

Teddy stirred, awakening as he always does when Betty is restless. "Anything wrong, dear?" he asked.

Said Betty in a very small voice, "I want a fig newton."

"All right, dear," said Teddy, struggling into his slippers.

By the time he had hopped into his car, Teddy had solved the problem in advance. He drove directly to Romanoff's and secured a box of fig newtons. It was just before midnight when, with a courtly gesture, he presented Mrs. Briskin with a glass plate covered by a doily, on which was stacked an entire box of fig newtons.

If the anticipated Briskin heiress is a girl she will be named Marian Lindsay; a boy will be named Teddy, Junior. Girl or boy, this lucky young person will come into the world well-equipped with interesting possessions. One is a pink plastic bank made in the form of a bootie. At the end of each day Betty entices from him whatever change Teddy has, and this goes into the plastic bootie toward a baby Briskin bank account.

Boy or girl, baby Briskin will get many happy hours out of his red, rubber-tired push cart, viewed by the very young set as the last word in hot rod convertibles.

A fast week after Betty was positive that she had been placed on the stork's waiting list, she talked someone into showing her how to knit a baby jacket.

Doris Harris, Betty's long-time hairdresser and best friend, viewed the operation with disapproval. "It's unlucky to start a baby jacket until the baby is only three months away." Betty went on with her knitting, telling Doris, "Okay. It's not for my baby then. I'll make it for Marian." Marian, Betty's sister, recently became the mother of a nine-pound son, her second, who is to be called Phil Philbin.

Teddy was as eager as Betty to prepare some tangible evidence of the gladness he felt. In discussing it further with Betty one night, he said, "Honey, I wish there was something I could make."

Betty has seldom been caught without a good idea. Quickly, she told him, "I wish you would invent a camera that I—who know nothing of mechanical gadgets—could operate. I want to be taking pictures of the baby all the time, but you know me—unless the camera is simple I'll ruin ninety percent of the film."

Ted got busy, working night and day for several months. The result of his dream, ingenuity, and devoted labor is the Briskin Eight, soon to be marketed.

This camera is small enough to fit into a man's coat pocket. It is loaded with one operation, using an Eastman eight millimeter magazine. Not only will it take motion pictures, but it is so set up that still shots can be snapped at will and separated from the moving sequences. An automatic light meter, focus, and timer is operated by one small push button.

big business . . .

It was a great day when Ted and Betty hopped a train bound for Chicago, where they were to market their camera. For months they had talked of little else, and during the trip the conversation continued to focus on the camera. For these reasons Betty was very close to the entire subject—a good thing, as she is vice-president of the corporation which will manufacture the cameras, hence, she participates in all business conferences with Ted.

Betty was equipped by nature with great talent; she cultivated that talent by hard work, extended it by enterprise, and exploited it by one of the best senses of showmanship in the entertainment business. She has made the name, Betty Hutton, an important adjunct to the American scene.

But one of the greatest thrills of her life

came to Betty Hutton when one of the officials of a nation-wide chain of stores, which plans to merchandise the Briskin Eight, turned to Betty in a conference and said, "At what retail price do you people plan to market your camera, Mrs. Briskin?" To this man it was of no consequence that he was talking to Betty Hutton, actress; it was important that she was the wife of the man who had invented the camera that will change the picture-taking habits of a nation, and that she was vice-president of the corporation manufacturing those cameras.

In this emergency Betty was as resourceful as she had always been in handling problems which have arisen in her own profession. She and Ted had long discussed price. Some of Ted's advisers had said that the camera could be merchandised at a price well above a hundred dollars. During the developmental period, Betty had said nothing about this, but she had given it a good deal of thought. Finally, she said to Ted one day, "You know, honey, that I grew up in a poor family, so I know how people of moderate means feel about things. This camera is going to be so successful that everyone—no matter how big or small his weekly pay-check—is going to want one."

JOAN LESLIE

. . . starring in Warner Brothers "Two Guys from Milwaukee" is photographed for us here in a handsome wool novelty suit and coat from the House of Swansdown. We wish we could show you the pretty suit lurking under that well-tailored coat, but we can't. It has a checked yoke extending over the shoulders, and looks wonderfully bright and fresh. We like the thought of navy and yellow check for Fall, but if that doesn't fit in with your wardrobe plans, the outfit also comes in brown and white check with brown and in black and white check with black.

For listings of where to buy the fashions in this month's MODERN SCREEN Fashion Section, turn to page 94.

She hesitated, but encouraged by Ted's respectful silence, continued, "You see when people don't have much money any item costing more than a hundred dollars simply seems too expensive, but if this camera were under a hundred dollars any person who wanted to buy it could say to himself, 'I could pay two dollars a week and I'd own it outright in a year.' So please, Teddy, could we keep it under a hundred dollars?"

For this reason, when the executive placed the same question to Betty, she hesitated only a moment, then—as Mrs. Briskin—replied, "We haven't gone into it thoroughly yet, but we know it will be under a hundred dollars."

Across the long table she sought and met Teddy's eyes. Their expression was proud and eloquent of his complete agreement.

Afterward she said to him, "This camera means more to me than simply the fact that I'll be able to take pictures of our baby. I like to think that our camera will give millions of other families the same happiness."

Teddy plans to be in on the picture taking deal himself. Some time in the future he hopes to capture the expression on the face of his infant as the fascinated child watches Betty sing "His Rockin' Horse Ran Away."

Modern Screen

fashions



Suit your personality



The Dressed-Up Suit:
Beautifully detailed trapunto embroidery decorates the front of this sheer wool suit. The sleeves are full and easy, the waist is tiny, the front has a graceful peplum flare. Price: Around \$50.00.



The Balloon Sleeve Suit:
Newest note in sleeves—the enormous balloon that you can wear down, or push up with your long gloves. This one has buttons marching down the front, fake pockets, a soft tie belt. Around \$50.00.



No matter what your type—tall and willowy, or tiny

and cute, one of these superb town suits by Junior Deb
is for you. Look 'em over and pick your own!



The Tunic Suit:

This one is for you if you're a tall, slim gal. It's made of wonderful flannel, with broad shoulders and deep pockets on the coat. The slim skirt has tiny slits at the sides. Price: Around \$60.00.



The Cutaway Suit:

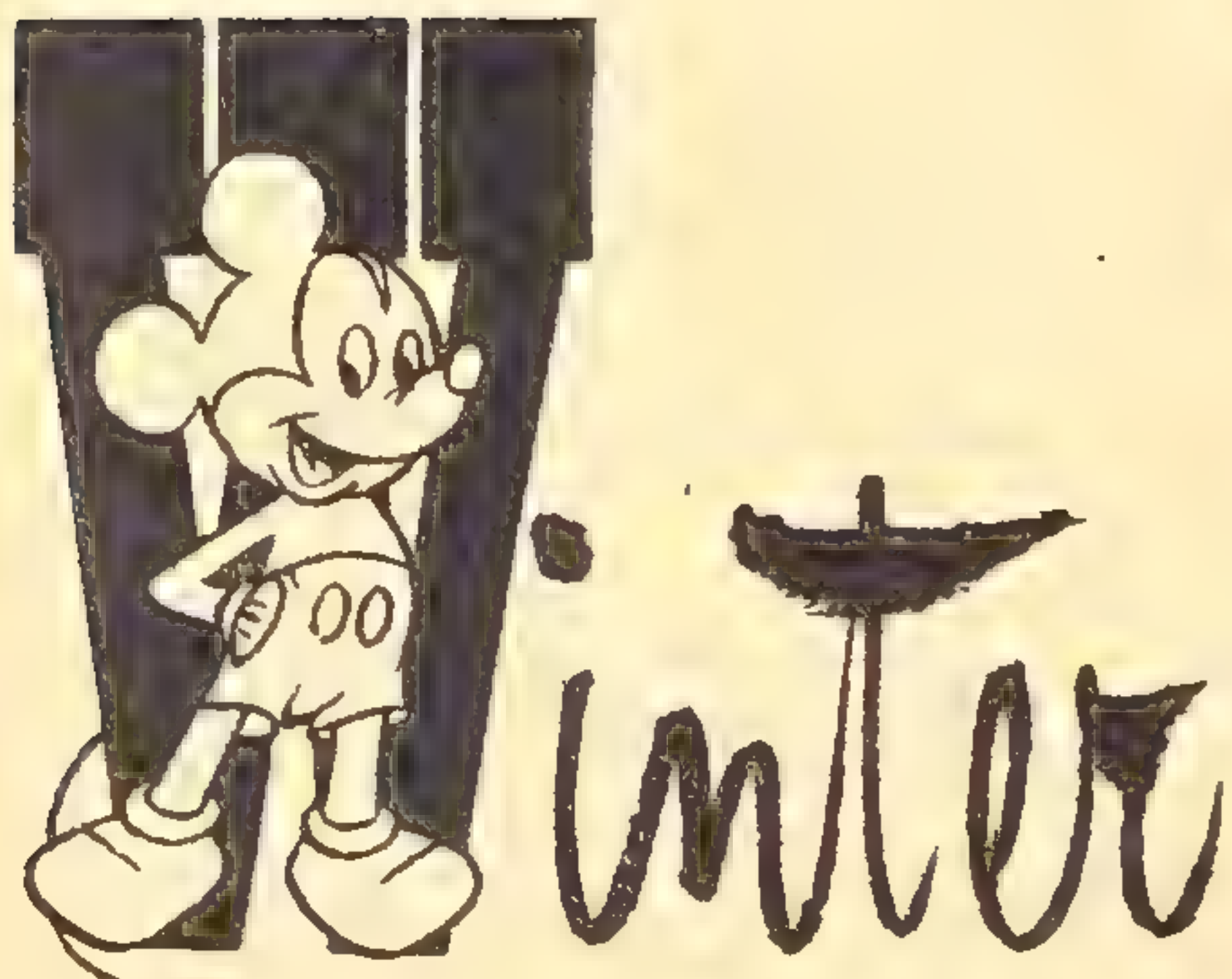
All the flair of a Regency Dandy is in this elegant suit! The lapels are wide and handsome, the pockets jut out smartly, and the material is just out-of-this-world! Beautiful in pearl gray! About \$50.00.



FOR 'TEEN AGERS

■ Wonderful for you 'teensters, going back to school, are these warm-as-toast fleece coats, by Kay McDowell. We love particularly the hooded honey, with its smartly pleated back, its cuddly detachable hood. It comes in delicious colors like cherry, camel, blue, brown and hunter green, and it's only about \$25.00, complete with hood. The long coat is collarless and dashing, with a wrapped-around polo coat look. It's about \$20.00.

■ If you take a good look at the Disney characters sitting on our title, we're sure you'll be charmed to learn that they're pins by Alpha Craft, and that they will be available in your local stores by the time this issue reaches you. These are but two of a wonderful collection of 13 pins, and each of them is only \$1.00. We love to think of three or four of them marching down your suit lapel, or decorating your handbag—don't you?



"Be Lovelier Tonight!"

"My Beauty Facials
bring quick new
Loveliness"

Catherine McLeod

Star of Republic's

"I'VE ALWAYS
LOVED YOU"



FIGHT WASTE—Lux Toilet Soap
uses vital materials. Don't waste it!



"SCREEN STARS ARE RIGHT! Active-lather facials
really make skin lovelier—give it the appeal
that wins Romance!"



"It's wonderful the way Lux Soap beauty facials leave skin softer, smoother," says Catherine McLeod. "Just work the creamy Active lather well in. Then rinse with warm water, splash with cold. As you pat dry with a soft towel, skin takes on fresh new beauty!" Don't let neglect cheat you of Romance. Be lovelier tonight!

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually three out of four complexions improved in a short time.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap — Lux Girls are Lovelier!



■ These handsome casual dresses by Dorall represent something wonderfully new and different in modern dress making. They are proportionized to fit three different heights in every size. Whether you are short, average or tall, your alteration problems are practically eliminated by this new precision tailoring. Each of the styles by Dorall Casuals comes in sizes 10 through 20, and every size is available in three lengths, just like a man's suit. (We might have known they'd be ahead of us—they've had proportioned sizing for years and years!) We think the styling of the Dorall dresses is the best we've seen in this type of dress, and the prices are scaled right for the working girl's budget. The two dresses we show you on this page are only about \$13.00 for each, and we think that's a swell buy!

sizing

up

the

situation

Hail
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 Louise, 576 Madison Av.
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 rm. Herstein, 711 5 Av.
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 high pay. Hinchley, 65 W 39th
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Of all leading brands we tested . . .

No other Deodorant

STOPS PERSPIRATION
AND ODOR SO EFFECTIVELY, YET SO SAFELY!

To protect your precious clothes against perspiration . . . to prevent embarrassing odor . . . use the new, improved Postwar Arrid!

Our laboratory comparisons of Arrid against all other leading brands show Arrid is more effective in stopping perspiration and odor with safety to skin and clothes.

Arrid gives you the utmost safe protection.

Guards your clothes against perspiration.

Prevents embarrassing odor. You'll adore the new, improved Postwar Arrid!

Fashion Forecast for Winter Evenings



All Postwar Arrid packages have a star ★ above the price.

Shoulders completely bare . . . above a bodice which fits like the paper on the wall! The season's most important trend! With this kind of snug-fitting bodice you'll need the utmost protection against underarm perspiration. Use the new, smooth, creamy Arrid. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely.

Only safe, gentle Arrid gives you this thorough 5-way protection:

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4. Soft, smooth, creamy . . . easy to apply. Greaseless and stainless, too.
5. Awarded the Seal of Approval of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to clothes.

39¢ plus tax Also 10¢ and 59¢



ROMANTIC DRESS, of black silk brocade! Hip bustles, tied underneath, accentuate the tiny waistline and snug-fitting bodice with its graceful neckline. Underarm perspiration can easily ruin this type of dress. Rely on the new, more effective Arrid! Arrid gives utmost protection against perspiration and odor with safety to skin and clothes!

New Improved Postwar **ARRID**



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MADE OF
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BY THE MAKERS OF **Stardust** FASHION-WEAR

LOVELY JOAN SMITH,
selected as Miss Stardust
of 1946, now a Walter
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modern screen fashions BUYING GUIDE

SWANSDOWN SUIT AND COAT (page 87)

Atlanta, Ga.—J. P. Allen Co.
Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler Bros.
Boston, Mass.—Chandler & Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie, Scott
Cleveland, O.—The May Co.
Dallas, Texas—Sanger Bros.
Kansas City, Mo.—John Taylor D. G.
Little Rock, Ark.—Pfeiffer's
Los Angeles, Cal.—J. W. Robinson
Louisville, Ky.—H. P. Salmon
Minneapolis, Minn.—The Dayton Co.
New York City—Franklin Simon
Oklahoma City, Okla.—The Kerr D. G. Co.
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller
San Francisco, Cal.—The Emporium
Seattle, Wash.—Best Apparel
Syracuse, N. Y.—The Addis Co.
Washington, D. C.—Lansburgh Bros.

OR WRITE TO MORRIS W. HAFT & BROS. 500 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

JUNIOR DEB SUITS (pages 88 & 89) (not every style in each store)

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Loeser's
Cleveland, Ohio—Wm. Taylor Son & Co.
Denver, Colo.—Denver D. G.
Los Angeles, Cal.—Bullock's
Milwaukee, Wisc.—Boston Store
Newark, N. J.—Kresge's
New Orleans, La.—Godchaux
New York, N. Y.—Lord & Taylor
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbel Bros.
Reading, Pa.—Pomeroy's
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

OR WRITE TO JUNIOR DEB, 512 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

KAY McDOWELL ORIGINALS (page 90)

Atlanta, Ga.—Davison-Paxon
Boston, Mass.—Gilchrist & Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Bros.
Cleveland, Ohio—May Co.
Denver, Colo.—May Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.—May Co.
Milwaukee, Wisc.—Boston Store
New Orleans, La.—D. H. Holmes
New York City—Bloomingdale's
Oklahoma City, Okla.—Hillburton's
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Frank & Seder
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous & Barr
Seattle, Wash.—Rhodes Dept.
Washington, D. C.—Lansburgh Bros.

OR WRITE TO GORDON-CORPUEL, INC., 520 8 AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

DORALL CASUALS (page 92)

WRITE TO DORALL SPORTSWEAR, 111 SOUTH MARKET STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



In 1933 my husband and I were living at the Ambassador Hotel in Milwaukee. At that time, one of the popular young singers whom we used to enjoy on the local stages was a boy named Stanley Morner, whose career we followed with great interest. I still have a clipping of Stanley, and imagine my surprise when I read a recent copy of MODERN SCREEN and recognized the face of actor Dennis Morgan as the same young boy whose beautiful voice and boyish charm had attracted us as "Stanley Morner."

Mrs. Ada Navarre
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High fashion accents for your classic blouses, beloved shirtwaist dresses! For cuff-links, join two Costumakers with stout thread; match them as buttons. Only 25c a card at your favorite chain store.

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RADIO AWARD BY ED SULLIVAN

(Continued from page 66)

Wertheimer is a short, graying man who has lived all of his life with gamblers. He has been brought up in the atmosphere of the racetrack where a thoroughbred is analyzed on the basis of past performances. Their curt realism is expressed in racing charts. "Faltered," "Quit," "Had no Excuse," "Tired under Pressure" are routine racetrack judgments.

Of Jane Froman, curt, realistic Lou Wertheimer told me: "She's loaded with class, a thoroughbred. I've seen a lot of people in this racket," said Wertheimer, "but this Froman is a standout. I've seen her go out on that floor, in such pain from her leg that the doctor ordered her not to work, and I've seen her turn in spellbinding performances. That one—she's loaded with class."

One night, at the Colonial Inn, I went backstage to Jane's dressing room. "Jane, the White House correspondents are giving their annual dinner for President Truman," I told her. "They would like to have you, as a Missourian, go up there and sing for the President." She looked at me: "What would be your advice?" I told her frankly that she shouldn't go.

Wertheimer broke in with, "Ed is the most honest guy in the world, or he's the world's best salesman. He's giving you the reverse switch on a request." He eyed me in complete bewilderment.

"I'll tell you, Ed, why I hesitate to go. In the first place, I'll have to miss my shows here, and I really don't know if I'm strong enough to make such a trip. In the second place, I haven't flown in a plane since the accident. And frankly I'm scared to go up." She toyed with a plate of food. "But something has happened in the last few days, Ed. The doctors tell me that this summer, I'll have to go back to the hospital and have this leg amputated. They thought it was all better, but when they examined it the other day, they learned that the infection had set in again. So they'll amputate it."

That night, at Washington, something very rare occurred. As Jane Froman finished her numbers, every man in the room, including Cabinet members, hard boiled Washington correspondents and the President of the United States rose to their feet in tribute to the Missourian's artistry. As we handed the crutches to her, for her exit, there were tears in her eyes at the thunder of applause that roared up from the jammed hotel banquet room: "I'm glad I came," she whispered. And as she passed, I said to her: "A bundle of class, honey."

Throughout her career, Jane Froman has had to do things the hard way. Her father died when she was a small girl, so her mother landed a post as music teacher in a Missouri college, and it was from her mother that Jane learned to sing. They sang duets as Jane grew older, and the youngster set her ambition on a stage career. There was one big hurdle, however. Jane Froman was afflicted with stammering, and her friends urged her to abandon any dreams of a stage career.

It was the first big crisis in the youngster's life. She determined to conquer it. She won, at least, a partial victory. She found that she could overcome stammering while singing, even though she stammered in dialogue.

So this month, The MODERN SCREEN Magazine award goes to Jane Froman, who is in every respect a remarkable girl. It goes to her because of her radio expertness on the Eversharp show, and because of the entire story of her career.



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"Ballet-hoo" about \$4.

Intrigue in all-wool!

New sweater fashion-ations—with inimitable Spuncraft knitted craftsmanship and imaginative styling. Glorious colors. These and many others at your favorite store.

"Beau-tie" about \$3.

SPUNCRAFT INC. • 141 WEST 36th STREET • NEW YORK

THE SHIRT OFF HIS BACK

(Continued from page 50)

bright blue eyes walked up to the mike. The applause was deafening.

Sammy looked the crowd over sourly. "They must be nuts," he said. "There isn't any room in that guy for a voice to come from."

Then Frank began to sing, and Sammy's mouth fell open and stayed that way.

"When you begin the beguine . . ."

Warm and sweet his voice was, with a trick of sliding a note that somehow left you breathless. You remembered things you'd forgotten long ago, like the first time you kissed a girl under a May moon. You felt wonderful, and you didn't want him to stop singing, ever.

When he did stop at last, in spite of the crowd's demand for more, Jules laughed at the expression on Sammy's face. "Now do you think they're all nuts?"

"If they are," said Sammy fervently, "I'm nuts, too. He's for me, this what's-his-name—Sinatra."

Frank came out and joined them. He had a beer, and grinned his flashing, friendly grin, and talked about their songs.

"Gosh, you guys can sure write 'em," he said in vast admiration.

"Gosh, you can sure sing 'em!" Sammy told him.

Well, after that it was funny. Whenever Frank opened at a new place, he'd look around and there would be Jules and Sammy at a ringside table. They always applauded louder than anybody, and boosted him so much you'd have thought they were on his payroll. Not that Frank had a payroll then—or much pay. But things were looking up. He got a job with Harry James, and later, one with Tommy Dorsey. First thing you knew, he was singing at the Paramount in New York, and the mob scenes had begun. Long lines of kids formed early in the morning, and their theme song was "Frankie, we love you." America had a new craze, and its name was Sinatra.

That first performance at the Paramount, Frank was pretty nervous. But he looked down, and right in the front row, beaming, were Sammy and Jules. He winked at them, and felt better, and thought, "I hope I get a chance someday to let those guys know how I feel about them."

He did get a chance. When he was to make "Step Lively" for RKO, the studio was brooding about the possibilities of various songwriters to do the score.

"Listen," Frank said firmly, "get Jules Stein and Sammy Cohn. You've heard of them. They're terrific."

Sure, they'd heard of them. "I Walk Alone" was a big hit, and so were some of their other numbers. But—"There are plenty of good songwriters we've used before," the studio heads argued. "Why should we take a chance on new ones?"

Frank grinned. "You're taking a chance on me, aren't you? Believe me, you'll run less risk with them."

Some way he sold them. Cohn and Stein wrote the music not only for "Step Lively" but later at Metro for "Anchors Aweigh" and other pictures. Every now and then they try to tell Frank how grateful they are.

"Are you kidding?" he says gruffly. "When I was a dime-a-night singer out in the sticks, you two made me feel like a big time guy. You were always in there pitching. I'm the grateful one."

There's another buddy of Frank's who dates back to the Rustic Cabin days. That's Hank Sanicola who is now an executive

of Frank's music publishing firm. In those early days, Hank was a song plugger. Not a well-known song plugger, who could go up to a big band leader and say "Hi, bud, how's about doing a couple of our songs on your radio program next week?" No, Hank was just a young guy trying to do his job well and not mind the snubs he got in the course of it. He ran into Frank occasionally, and found that this thin kid with the new singing style was always good-natured and interested in what he had to say. Frank could ask questions about the songs Hank was plugging, and when he found a song he liked, he'd sing it over and over.

Hank gave Frank a lot of good advice about music. And every now and then, when the kid had to audition somewhere, he'd call up Hank.

"I hate to bother you," he'd say apologetically, "but gosh, Hank, I'd sure like to get this job. I don't want 'em to know I'm too broke to hire a piano player. Could you maybe go along, and make with the ivories?"

Hank always could, even when it meant upsetting plans of his own. He and Frank became really close friends, and when at last Frank struck out on his own, Hank went with him as a sort of companion and adviser. They've stuck together all these years. They even lived together when Frank was a part-time bachelor because of his coast-to-coast commuting. The incident of the ruby ring was an illustration of their relationship. When Frank first started making real dough, he bought a bracelet for Nancy and a ring for himself. There were rubies in it, and it was

a pretty flashy affair. It was the symbol of success, to Frank, and he wore it constantly. Hank was nuts about that ring, used to try it on every time Frank took it off to wash his hands.

One day Hank was going through this by now familiar routine, and Frank said quietly, "Leave it on, Hank. It's yours."

Hank stared, then went red with embarrassment. "Listen, kid, I was just trying it on for fun, the way I always do. I didn't mean . . ." He felt awful. Frank must have thought that every time he tried the ring on, he was sort of hinting that he'd like it. Why, gosh, he hadn't meant that at all!

But Frank was laughing at him. "Don't be a dope. I wouldn't give it to you if I didn't want you to have it. Nancy's giving me a new one—something very quiet and subdued and Park Avenue. Maybe she's gonna try and make a gentleman outa me, hey?"

"Too late," said Hank rudely, and they collapsed into their usual laughter. But Hank had a lump in his throat as big as the ring. That kid—he'd give you his last nickel, if you wanted to make a phone call. The ring is still Hank's favorite piece of jewelry.

When Frank started the music publishing firm, he felt immediately that here was a spot for Hank. "It's a job that'll take care of your future, boy," Frank told him. "You can put some dough in the bank, and really settle down. We're not kids any more."

This from a guy who looks like a high school sophomore. But he was serious about it, and about wanting Hank's welfare assured. Frank worries about his friends. He spends half his time dreaming up jobs for them. When Skitch Henderson first got out of the service, he wasn't nearly as well-known as he is now. Sure, he was a good piano player, but what the hell, there were a million of them. Anyway, that's what people told him. One day he ran into Frank, whom he had known for some time.

"H'ya, Skitch. Glad to see you're a civilian again. That Spam must have agreed with you—you look swell."

"Thanks," Skitch said, grinning. "There's nothing like three meals a day, I always say, even if they're all Spam."

Frank caught a note in his voice that wasn't all banter, and gave him a quick glance. "Where you playing now, kid?"

"Oh, no place right now." Skitch was very offhand. "I haven't been out long, you know. Gotta catch up on my wine, women and song."

"If you'll settle for just the song part, I can see that you hear plenty of those. How would you and that tired piano of yours like to move into the Waldorf when I open there next month?"

You know what happened. Skitch has been a big hit ever since the Waldorf engagement. Frank took him on his tour of theater appearances, too, and now Skitch appears on various radio programs and is quite a name.

It's funny the way every now and then Frank gets restless and decides to do one of those theater tours. Pictures are fine and so is radio, but he gets a yen to meet an audience face to face again. To really see them and sing to them. In vain does his manager point out that he doesn't make any money by doing it, because it all goes back to the government in extra taxes.

"I'm not doing it to make money," Frank says stubbornly. "Listen, it's good for me gets me out of the rut. That five show

I SAW IT HAPPEN



We were going to have a genuine movie star visit us at Camp Crowder, and our company was chosen to have him as dinner guest. All the GIs had been seated and were anxiously awaiting the star's arrival.

When he came in, he shook hands with all the brass, who tried to seat him at the officers' table. But instead this actor stepped into the kitchen and shook hands with the cooks and all the fellows on KP. Then he came out and addressed the enlisted men: "Will any of you guys give a hungry man a seat?" he asked. Of course we squeezed him in at once. The rule at Crowder mess halls was to keep your plate turned bottom side up until the first sgt. gave the signal, so's everyone would have a fair chance at the heaped platters. But our guest didn't know this, and turned his plate over and started helping himself. All the men laughed and shouted, "Chow Hound!" Our guest stood up, grinned, and apologized—and then dove in like the rest of us as the sarge gave the signal. Since then I've been overseas and seen lots of stars, but my favorite is Cary Grant, the guy who ate with us at Crowder.

Walter L. Baker
Port Angeles, Washington

a day is tough, but it does something for me."

"Yeah. Makes you lose weight that you can't spare."

"I'll eat more on this trip." He grins. "More sandwiches."

Because actually that's about all he has a chance for when he plays a theater. He gets there at nine a. m. and doesn't leave till midnight. He devours chocolate malts and sandwiches between shows, but he always comes back to Hollywood and Nancy's spaghetti several pounds lighter.

This last tour was enormously successful. In Chicago, Frank set up the biggest grosses yet seen at the box office. It was while he was there that the dramatic editor of a Chicago paper wrote a vitriolic article calling bobby-soxers morons. Frank was furious. At every performance, after the piece came out, he walked on the stage and proceeded to read it to the audience, with a few barbed comments of his own directed at the author. It brought the house down, and the editor was reported to be keeping off the streets because of the ridicule. Frank's theory on the incident was simple.

don't label groups . . .

"It's silly to call any group morons," he said. "Some of us are bright and some of us aren't, and that's the way the world is. Personally, I'd stack most of those kids up against a drama editor any day."

While he was in Chicago, he played a huge benefit for the Catholic Youth movement. Not long before that, he had addressed a rally at Madison Square Garden about better housing for the veterans. At the benefit, a guy came up to him and said, "What's the matter with you, Sinatra? I thought you were a smart character, but you pulled a boner, talking at that Communist rally in New York."

Frank surveyed him coolly. "It wasn't a Communist rally. It was a meeting about veterans' housing. You got anything against veterans, bud?"

"They're being exploited by pressure groups," the man blustered. "The Communists are using them, just the way they're using you."

"Oh, nuts!" said Frank wearily. "I spoke at that rally because I wanted to help the guys who have been away fighting for us get a place to live. If that makes me a Communist, call me Pal Joey."

He's used to incidents like these, and they don't bother him much. It's never the things that happen to him that bother Frank—just the trouble other people have. Like when they were in Detroit on tour. The day they got there, the local papers carried an item about some high school boys and girls who had gone on a hay ride over in Canada, which is, of course, right across from Detroit. A car had run into the hay wagon, and several of the kids were badly hurt. They were in a Canadian hospital.

"Gee, that's tough," Frank commented. "Damn it, why do things like that have to happen to kids?"

The rest of the party agreed that it was tough, then promptly forgot about it. Not Frank. He called the hospital and talked to the doctor who was in charge of the kids.

"Hey, doc, how are they today? Could they have visitors?"

"Why, yes, I think so. Are you a friend of theirs?" The doctor had no idea whom he was talking to.

"Sort of," Frank said evasively. "I'll be over tomorrow if it's okay."

He rounded up Skitch Henderson. "Look, pal, we're going over to that hospital tomorrow and put on a little act. Where can we get a small piano?"

They found one finally, and the next day they started for the hospital, in spite of

NEW

The Miracle Girdle with the Magic Inset

Here is one of the greatest girdle miracles of the century—an amazing—revolutionary construction that every woman has dreamed of, yet has never enjoyed until now—but at last "Perma-lift"* accomplishes the almost unbelievable.

"Perma-lift" has created a new—thrilling—youthful—lightweight girdle with all the advantages of boning—but With No Bones—all the restraint and control of boning—but With No Bones. A "Perma-lift" Girdle won't wrinkle, won't roll over, absolutely banishes the annoying discomfort that boning, even in the lightest garment, has caused you— withstands countless washings and wear.

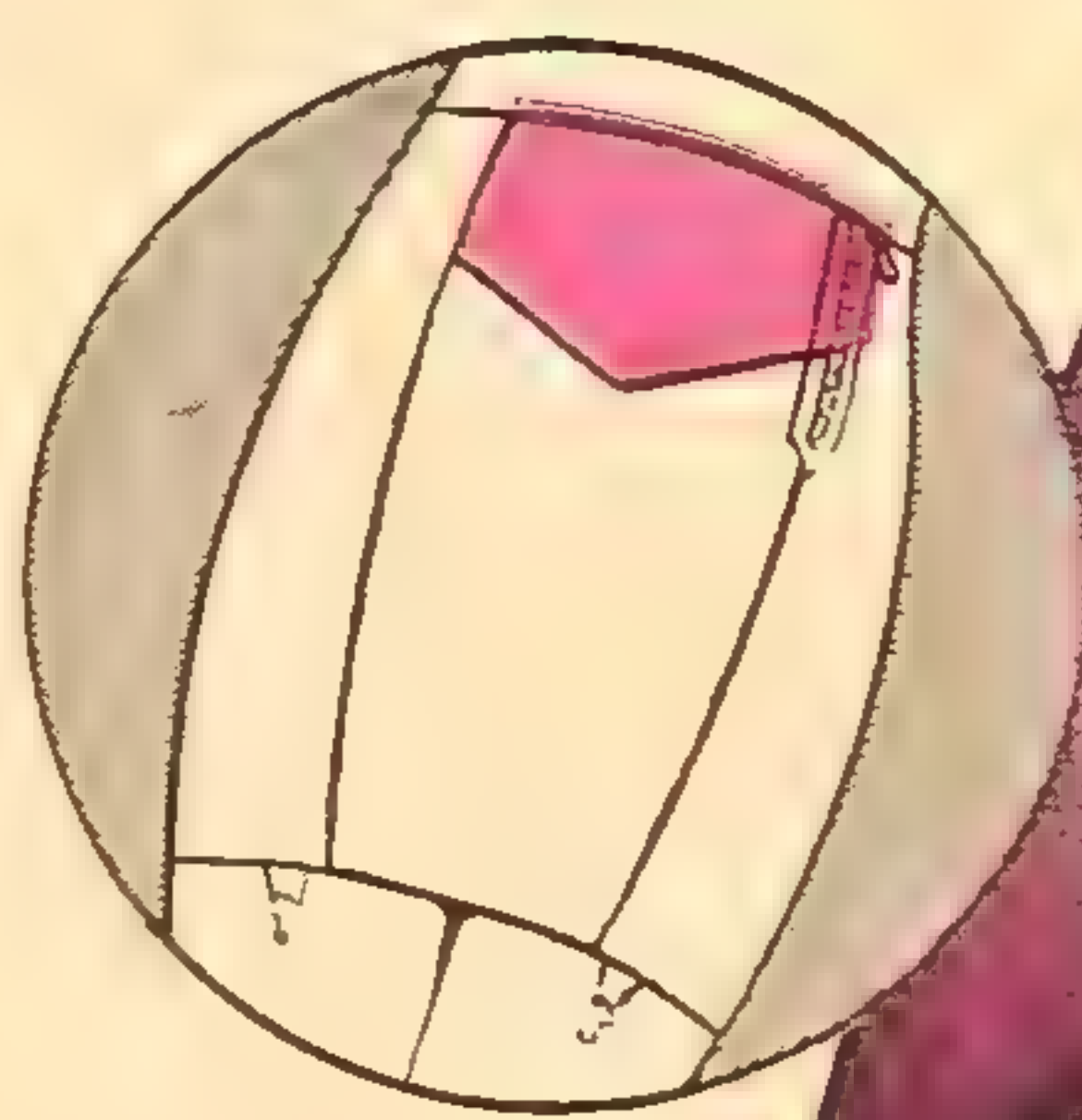
No Bones means new comfort—"Perma-lift" Girdles assure you undreamed-of comfort for the life of your garment. Smartly styled, youthful, lightweight "Perma-lift" Girdles, Panties, Foundations—about \$5 to \$10—at all fine stores. Here is the perfect companion to your "Perma-lift" Brassiere, America's Favorite Bra with "The Lift that never lets you down."

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NO BONES ABOUT IT

STAYS UP WITHOUT STAYS



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GIRDLES
**NO BONES ABOUT IT—
STAYS UP WITHOUT STAYS**

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and at ease in a
free-as-air WISPESE
... and proud
of a figure
so slickly fashionable.

WISPESE, Inc.

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the million and one things Frank had to do. He stopped off at a florist on the way, and came back to the car loaded with plants.

"They'll last longer than cut flowers," he explained. "And they're less trouble for the nurses—no stems to cut."

They found the patients listlessly reading, or staring at the walls. It's no fun to be in a hospital, when you're in your teens, and there are a hundred things you want to do. But the moment word got around that Sinatra was there, they were metamorphosed completely. They beamed with delighted excitement. Frank and Skitch went from room to room. At last they came to one where the nurse put her finger to her lips.

"This girl was hurt worse than the others. She has a broken pelvis and is in terrible pain," she explained.

Frank tiptoed in. The girl's white face was heartbreaking in its defenseless agony. He went over to the bed and took her damp hand in his warm one.

"Hi, honey," he said softly. "How'd you like to hear a little song?"

Her dark-ringed eyes opened and she stared at him in utter disbelief. "Am—am I delirious?" she asked fearfully. "You look just like Frank Sinatra."

"That's who I am. I'll prove it to you."

Skitch struck a couple of notes, and then that familiar voice that she had heard so often on the radio was there in the room with her.

"That old black magic's got me in its spell."

That old black magic that I know so well . . .

The girl lay quiet, hardly daring to breathe. But when he was through she whispered, "Frank, would you sing 'Nancy'? That's my favorite song, just like you're my favorite singer."

"Sure, kid," he said gently. "And I'll send you a record of it, too, when we get back to New York."

You would think a guy as busy as Frank might forget that promise. But he didn't. And there's a girl in Detroit now whose proudest possession is an autographed record of "Nancy."

Frank doesn't forget things—or people. A couple of years ago in Hollywood, he met a tall lad with a British accent. Peter Lawford, his name was, and Frank had seen him in a couple of pictures and liked him. The parts had been small ones, for Peter wasn't well known then. A week or so later, Frank looked over the audience at the "warm-up" before the Hit Parade broadcast, and spotted Peter.

"Listen," he announced, "there's a guy here that I want you to meet. He's going to be a great actor one of these days. Peter Lawford, stand up, will you, boy?"

don't call him "lassie" . . .

Peter stood, a little embarrassed but smiling engagingly, and the audience cheered. Frank's fans adopted Lawford on the spot, and Peter is sure that marked the beginning of his fast rise to popularity. He is devoted to Frank, who has him out to the house a lot. Frank kids him unmercifully about everything from his English mannerisms to the parts he plays. The only time Pete gets mad is when Frank calls him "Lassie!"

In June they came to New York together to do scenes for "It Happened In Brooklyn." They went to the Louis-Conn fight, very pleased with themselves because their tickets were for seats in the fifth row. "Practically within throwing distance," Frank said. "We may get a fighter in our lap any round." Only when they got to the stadium, they found that the twenty-five front rows had been reserved for "the press" or a reasonable facsimile thereof,

so they were really in row thirty!

One night Pete, who was staying at the Waldorf, got hungry at a fast one a.m. and walked up Lexington Avenue beyond the hotel looking for a hamburger joint. He found one, and went in. It was deserted except for the counter man, and an obviously married couple at the far end. The husband, a big guy, looked as if he'd had one too many drinks, and when his wife kept smiling at Pete, the kid got a little nervous. Eventually she went to powder her nose, or telephone or something, and the man stood up and came toward Pete. He looked considerably bigger—and drunker—than he had sitting down, and Peter measured the space between himself and the door with longing eyes.

"Is your name Lawford?" the man demanded. "Are you in the movies?"

Pete admitted it, for once with considerable reluctance. He fully expected a poke in the nose to be the sequel. Instead, the big guy reached into his pocket and brought out a piece of paper. "Sign your autograph for muh wife, willya? She was 'fraid to ask you."

the whole truth . . .

Pete, with a sigh of relief, signed. But the guy wasn't through. "Got somethin' very important on muh mind," he said mysteriously. "Will you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, nuthin' but truth?"

Pete swore.

"Okay. The truth now, remember. What kind of character is this Frank Sinatra?"

Pete reflected. This might be one of those crazy Sinatra-haters he'd heard about. But he was damned if he was going to lie.

"He's a great guy," he said sincerely. "He's one of my best friends."

The man patted him solemnly on the back. "If you'd said anything else," he confided, "I'd have knocked your teeth right out the back of your head. I think Sinatra's wunnerful."

Most people think Sinatra's "wunnerful" these days. The work he has done for racial tolerance, and for other good causes, has made a difference. He isn't just a crooner any more. And the boys who've come back from overseas singing his praises have helped too.

Among those who are currently even more enthusiastic than usual are Mr. and Mrs. Marty Sinatra of Hoboken. Yeah, that's right—mom and pop. It seems that the other day the phone rang. Mrs. Sinatra answered.

"Hi, mom," said a voice at the other end.

"Why, hello, Frank. Is everything all right? How are the children?"

"They're fine. We're all fine. Listen, mom, I hear you're moving."

"Moving? Where would we move to? Of course we're not moving."

"That's a shame," said Frank regretfully. "That house is sure going to look empty without anybody living in it."

"Frank Sinatra, have you lost your mind? What house?"

"That big brick house I always liked when I was a kid. The one you and pop always stop and admire as you go by. I just bought it for you."

When the exclamations were over, and Mrs. Sinatra could be made to realize he wasn't kidding, Frank added, "There's one condition to this, mom. When I used to play around that neighborhood as a kid, they'd never let us play stoop-ball on the front steps of that house. They were always chasing us off. So mom—let the kids play stoop-ball there now, will you?"

You can be sure she will. And that Frank will get as much kick out of it as if he was a boy in Hoboken again himself. Because Frank doesn't forget.

RADIO GOSSIP BY BEN GROSS

(Continued from page 66)

tion a good-looker with a Phi Beta Kappa key. She won it because of her brilliant scholarship at Hunter College, New York.

The only radio celebrity I know who has living "carbon copies" of himself is little Johnny Roventini, whose "Call For Philip Morris!" has made him the world's most famous midget. The "call boy" is so busy with his broadcasting chores that he has to train other tiny men to sub for him on out-of-town non-radio visits. Johnny, who is just 47 inches tall and weighs 59 pounds, holds, as you may already have heard, a lifetime contract calling for a salary of \$20,000 a year. The chances are, however, that you do not know the real story behind his discovery.

Some years ago, Roventini was a bell-hop in Manhattan's Hotel New Yorker. One day, a man, as a gag, directed him to page "Philip Morris." The midget did so with such amazing vim that the prankster was deeply impressed. That good impression was the turning point of Johnny's career, for the man was Milton Biow, head of a great New York advertising agency, who set the youngster on the road to radio fame.

Johnny is certainly the smallest of our broadcasting stars. So as a contrast among the radio regulars, we offer you Howard Petrie, the CBS announcer, who is known as "the biggest man on the air." He is six feet, four inches tall and weighs more than 200 pounds.

What The Stars Say . . . (Johnny Desmond Speaking) . . . "People don't seem to realize that dozens of fan clubs do really constructive work. Clubs provide a healthy social outlet for naturally sociable youngsters who might otherwise be hanging around bars and other places of improper environment."

Fun On The Air . . . (Gags of the Month)

Costello: I bought myself a pole fifteen feet long.

Abbott: What for?

Costello: For girls you can't touch with a ten foot pole.

Aunt: Honesty pays. When George Washington cut down the cherry tree, he

MODERN SCREEN



"Evening, dear—what's new?"

BESTFORM

Girdles

Brassieres

All-in-ones



*no finer fit
at any price*



Betty Garrett, star of
Broadway's smash hit
"CALL ME MISTER".

*Glamour
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THEY'RE WHIMSICAL . . . THEY'RE WONDERFUL . . . THEY'RE
Walt Disney Character Pins

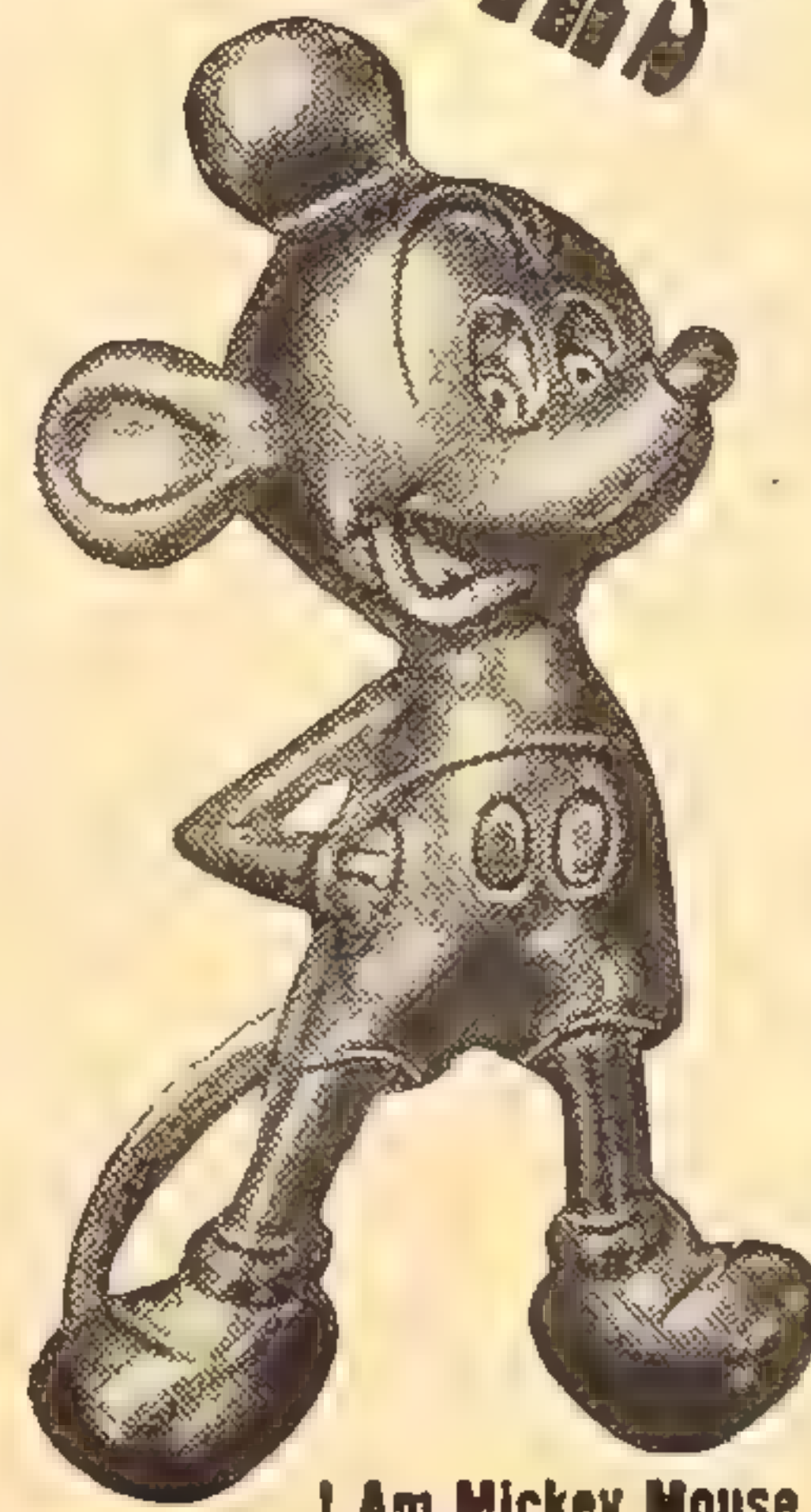
Wear one . . . or two . . . or even
three . . . the more, the merrier you'll be!
Sport them on lapels, hair ribbons, belts
or even pinned on your handbags.
Silver finish or pink or yellow gold-
plated metal.



\$1

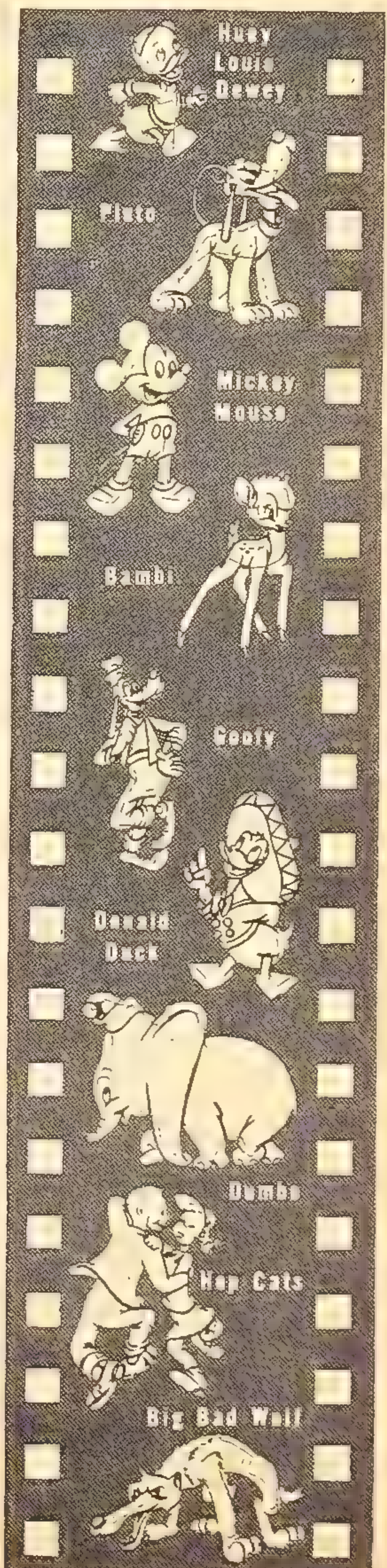
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**\$19.75 to
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AT BETTER JEWELERS EVERYWHERE

confessed to his father and his father didn't even touch him. Do you know why?

Judy Canova: Natch. The kid had the hatchet in his hand.

* * *

Terry: Maisie, ever since Bill met you, he's not the wolf he used to be.

Maisie: You mean when he's walking down the street, he doesn't follow every pretty girl that passes by?

Terry: No, just the ones that happen to be going his way.

* * *

Pinky Lee: I'm all through with my girl, Cecelia.

Rudy Vallee: Why?

Pinky: Last night we went to the movies and all through the picture she was necking in the balcony.

Rudy: What's wrong with that?

Pinky: I was sitting in the orchestra!

* * *

Bob Burns: Do you remember my drinking uncle, Uncle Slug?

Shirley Ross: Yes. Did he go to the mountains?

Burns: He must have. I got a postcard from him and he said he was high all summer.

* * *

Lulu McConnell: I put everything I had on a horse in the Derby.

Harry McNaughton: You couldn't put everything *you* have on a horse!

* * *

Deadline Trouble . . . Bill Stern, whose staccato football broadcasts are a highlight of these crisp Fall days, has probably more difficulty with his guests on the NBC "Sports Newsreel" program than any ten radio men you could name. That's because his visitors, being celebrities, have pretty full schedules to consume their fame-filled hours.

There was the night that Orson Welles was scheduled. The Wonder Boy, who put Mars on the map, starred in a radio broadcast emanating in another New York studio, ten blocks away from Stern's microphone; and this show ended at the moment that Bill's session went on the air. Knowing this, the sportscaster had so written his script that Welles wouldn't appear until six minutes later. Also, he had arranged for a police patrol car to convoy Welles to Radio City. All went well until Orson found himself in one of the RCA Building elevators which became "stuck" between the third and fourth floors. Luckily, the elevator got going again and Orson dashed into the studio exactly two seconds before his cue.

* * *

Could You Have Answered These Questions? . . . Hearing some contestant miff what seemed to you an easy question on a quiz show, how often have you exclaimed: "What a dumb guy! I could have earned some easy money for myself if they had asked me."

Well, here is a chance to determine what *you* could have done if you had been in the contestant's place. For each of these questions was incorrectly answered on "Dr. I.Q.'s" NBC program:

1—"Who is the author of the line, 'It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home?'"

2—"Does a bee hum because he is happy, because he is angry, or because he can't help from humming?"

3—"We speak of a diamond having so many carats; and we also speak of carats in connection with gold. What does carat indicate in each case?"

4—"You heat a house and cool a car with different devices—yet both have the same name. To what am I referring?"

5—"If you represent the distaff side of your family, are you the mother, the father or the son?"

WHERE FORM COUNTS--IT'S

Merry-Go-Round
A PETER PAN BRA

Backstage with
BETTY GARRETT
star of

"CALL ME MISTER."

Here, too,
Peter Pan's
Merry-Go-Round
bra wins
enthusiastic
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Peter Pan
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MERRY-GO-ROUND—
the bra with Circular Bias

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of fur



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2nd color choice..... My size is.....

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Street.....

Town.....

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doray

6—"Does the word 'brisket' of beef indicate the manner in which beef is cooked; the cut; or the approximate size of the portion?"

* * *

Now, that you have already proved yourself smarter than the contestants who failed, I'll give the correct answers, anyway. And in parentheses beside each one is the amount of money you would have won had you told it to Dr. I.Q.:

- 1—Edgar A. Guest. (\$1,700.)
- 2—Because he can't help from humming. The sound is produced by the vibration of the wings. (\$9.00.)
- 3—In diamonds, carats indicate weight; in gold, purity. (\$24.00.)
- 4—The radiator. (\$12.00.)
- 5—The mother. (\$12.00.)
- 6—The cut. It is the breast or lower part of the chest. (\$19.00.)

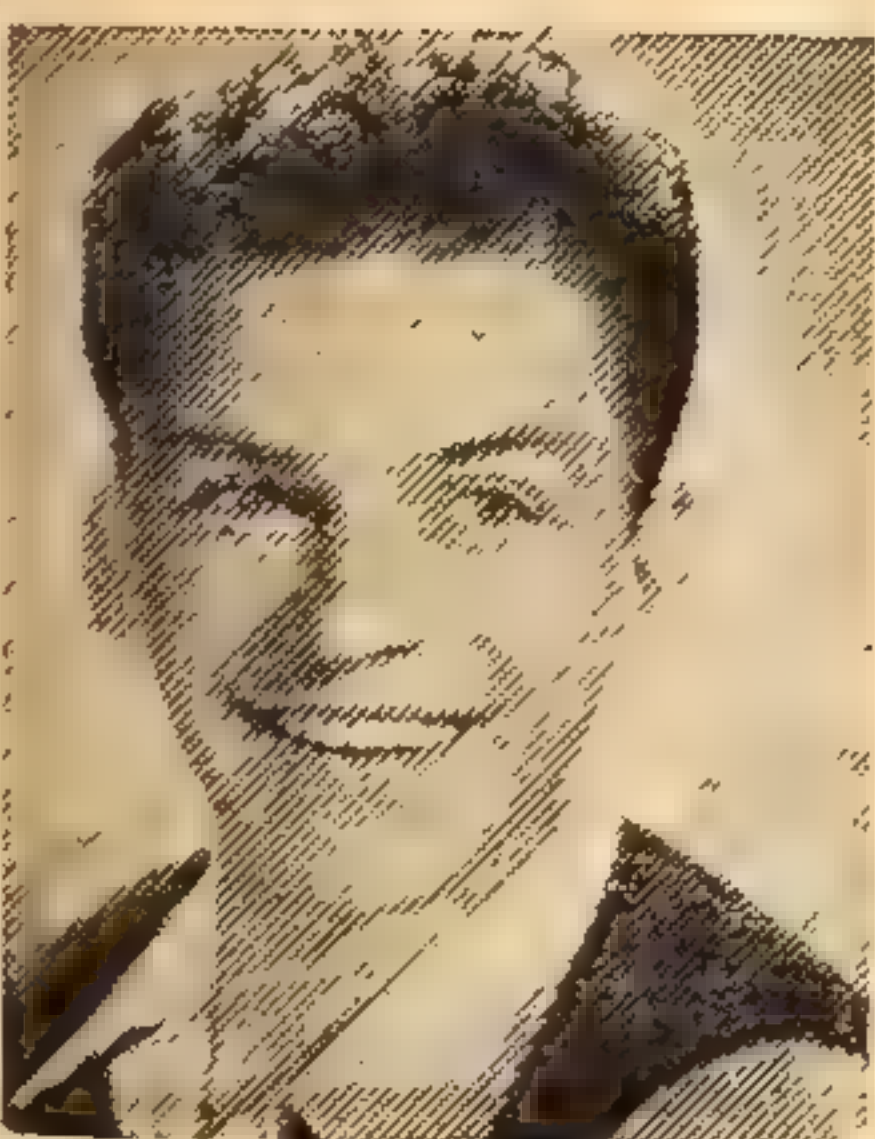
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Letter Of the Month . . . "My sister and I are visiting New York in the Fall and would like to get a first-hand look at radio stars while there. I don't mean in the studios during broadcasts, but in some of their hangouts when they're not putting on an act before the mike."—Harriet Danielson, St. Louis, Mo.

Answer: There are plenty of such places, Harriet. Here, I'll just name a few. Of course, if you have plenty of the stuff turned out by Uncle Sam's mint, you may visit such rendezvous of radio celebrities as the Stork Club, Twenty-One and the Barbary Room.

But let's assume that you have no desire to mortgage your next year's income. Then, drop into Colbee's popular priced eatery in the CBS Building. You will eventually run into all of the Columbia dazzlers there, from Norman Corwin, the dramatist, to Kate Smith. Or you may drop into the restaurant on Broadway in the building that houses Mutual. Any lunchtime you'll see Martha Deane or Bud (Superman) Collyer. And even easier on the pocket book, is the soda fountain of the drug store in the RCA Building in Radio City, the home of NBC and of ABC. Here, for the price of a malted milk or of a cup of coffee, you will rub shoulders (if you want to do such a thing) with more performers, directors, musicians and broadcasting executives than you'll find on the reservation lists of the de luxe planes flying between New York and Hollywood.

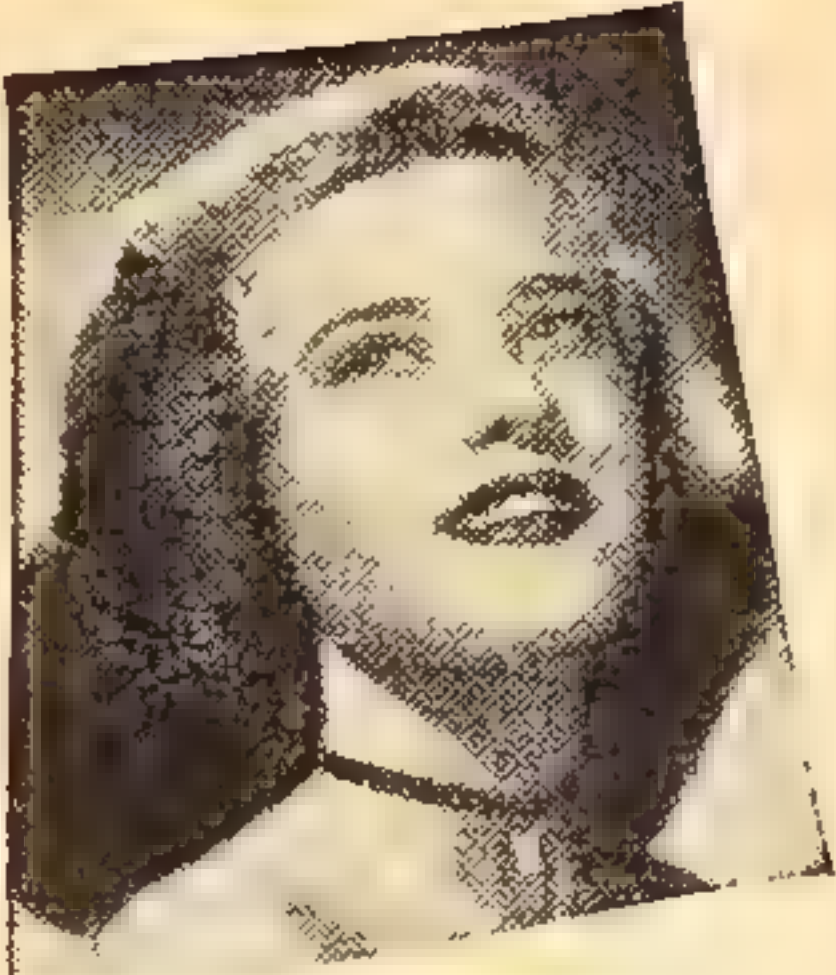
I SAW IT HAPPEN



Frank Sinatra was singing at a theater in Boston, and just about every bobbysoxer for miles around had come to hear the Voice. We went to hear, but soon realized that was impossible.

The second he stepped onto the stage, a steadily rising volume of shrieks filled the house. Finally Frankie, realizing the futility of doing the proposed numbers, sang the numbers his fans requested, among which was "Embraceable You." When he came to the phrase, "Come to papa, come to papa, do," he calmly sang instead, "Please be quiet, please be quiet, do," which made everyone laugh—even if it didn't have the desired effect!

Frieda Gale
Lynn, Massachusetts



LOVELY JOAN SMITH, selected as Miss Stardust of 1946, now a Walter Thornton Pin-Up Girl.

Long Sleeves, \$7.98
Short Sleeves, \$7.39

Flattering Frame for Loveliness... your *Hair*



Your mirror says it's perfect—the picture you can be . . . an image of loveliness made lovelier by hair that's satin-soft, shining, immaculate . . . yet somehow mysteriously fragrant! Flatter your face with beautiful hair . . . kept beautiful by Ogilvie Sisters' famous specialized preparations:

- *Preparation for Oily . . . for Dry Hair: each \$2.00
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- *Creme-Set: for delicately perfumed, lustrous hair . . . \$1.25
- Castile Soap Shampoo: 75c, \$1.25
- *plus tax



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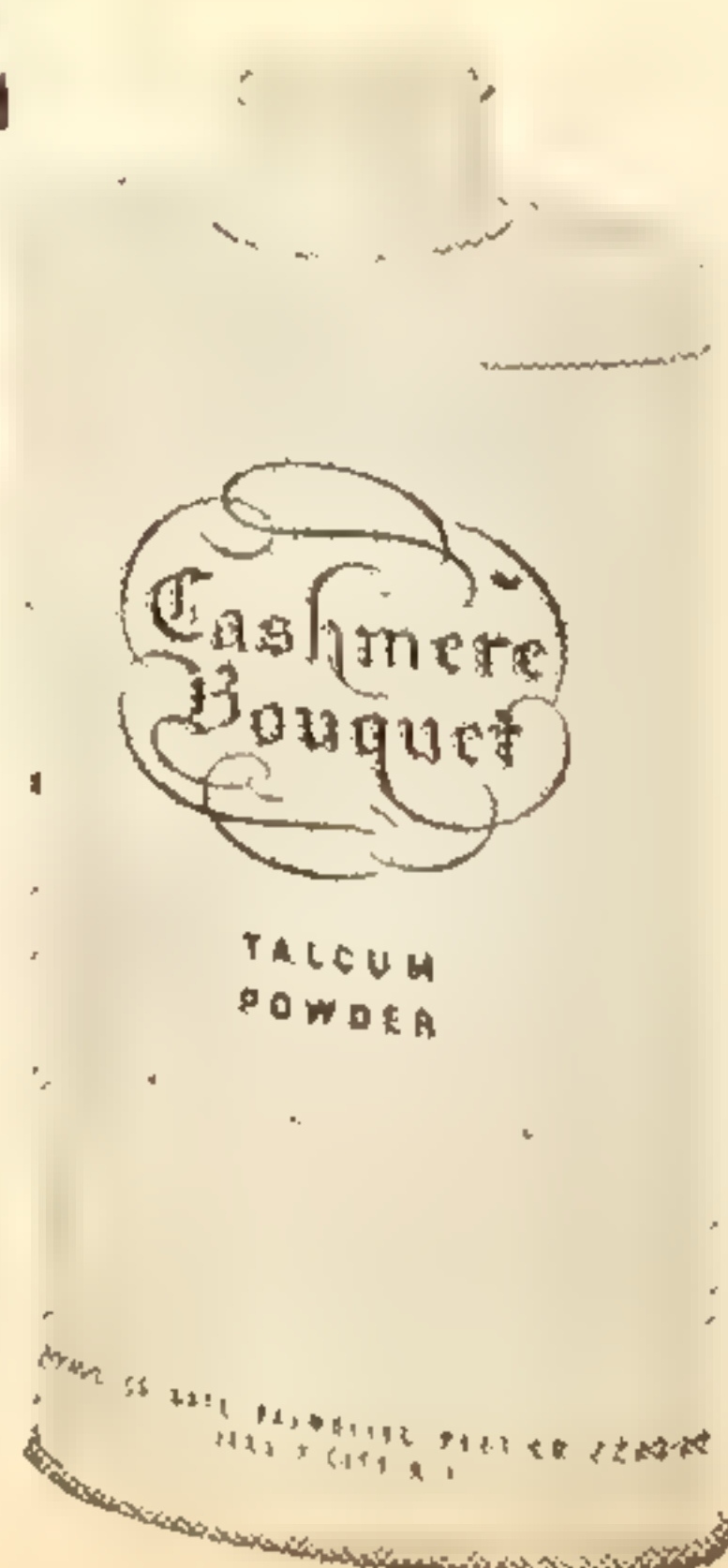
KEEP FRESH: After your bath, shower Cashmere Bouquet Talc all over your body. Pat it into every curve to sweeten your skin. There—you're fresh!

FEEL SMOOTH: Treat chafable places to extra Cashmere Bouquet Talc. It protects trouble spots with a satin-like sheath. Makes you feel s-m-o-o-t-h all over.

STAY DAINTY: Use Cashmere Bouquet Talc often. It imparts to your person a beguiling scent—the fragrance men love.

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In 10¢, 20¢
and 35¢ sizes*
For the luxury size
with velour puff ask for
Cashmere Bouquet
Dusting Powder 65¢*
*plus tax



SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 12)

version of this is my pet for best popular record of the month. It's the wildest, most heretical adaptation of the classics yet. Woody and the boys take Dvorak's "Humoresque," and really make it jump. If you can imagine that worthy old piece with lyrics that go, "Mabel, Mabel, sweet and able, take your elbows off the table, go on out and get yourself a man." I'm not sure whether music teachers in grade schools will leap on it with glee, because it helps Junior remember "Humoresque," or whether music teachers in grade schools will just leap on it.

MY FICKLE EYE—Jerry Colonna (Capitol), Evelyn Knight (Decca)—Fooley. My own fickle eye mirrors nothing but pain when they play this silly thing. I'm stretching a point to put it in at all, and I simply couldn't bring myself to list the Betty Hutton version. At least Jerry Colonna makes fun of it, in his own subtle fashion, which is really the only way to treat it. At one point, he paraphrases Figaro, and goes off on a mad, impassioned "Fickleye, Fickleye, Fickleye" aria.

YOU ARE TOO BEAUTIFUL—Charlie Spivak (Victor)—The title of this number is wonderfully sad and appropriate for the Spivak vocalist, Jimmy Saunders. No, don't be silly, *he's* not too beautiful. It's simply that when he's on the road with the band, all he sees everywhere he goes are enormous billboards and cardboard reproductions and full color pictures of his wife, Rita Daigle, who's back in New York, busy being Miss Rheingold of 1946. Yep, it's only a paper moon for poor old Jimmy.

BEST HOT JAZZ

THE MAJOR AND THE MINOR—Earl Bostic (Majestic)—Earl Bostic, who used to be Louis Prima's arranger, now has a band of his own, but this particular record was done with a pick-up band, and when I called Earl up and asked him to identify the soloists, I had to play the record over the phone, before he could remember! Anyhow, here they are: Don Byas and Foots Thomas, both soloing on tenor sax; Ed Finckel, piano, Tiny Grimes, guitar (incidentally, Tiny's the composer of "Romance Without Finance is a Nuisance"—listed among this month's best popular)

and Eddie Barefield, clarinet. It's a swell record.

SAIPAN—Page Cavanaugh Trio (ARA)—Here's the record I nominated for the best hot jazz this month, done by a new trio with Cavanaugh, the pianist, singing almost exactly like King Cole. This trio met in the Army, when all three men were stationed at Santa Barbara. "Saipan," one side of the record, is a cute song written by Marine Captain Bob Troup while he was stationed at Saipan, and it complains bitterly about the abundance of Spam, and the dearth of ladies, on that island. The other side is an instrumental number called "Air Mail Special." Funny thing—the guitarist's name is Al Viola, which reminds me that I know a pianist named Sammy Fidler. To say nothing of a clarinetist named Aaron Sachs, and another pianist named Al Bass, and of course a guitarist named Tito (sic) Guizar.

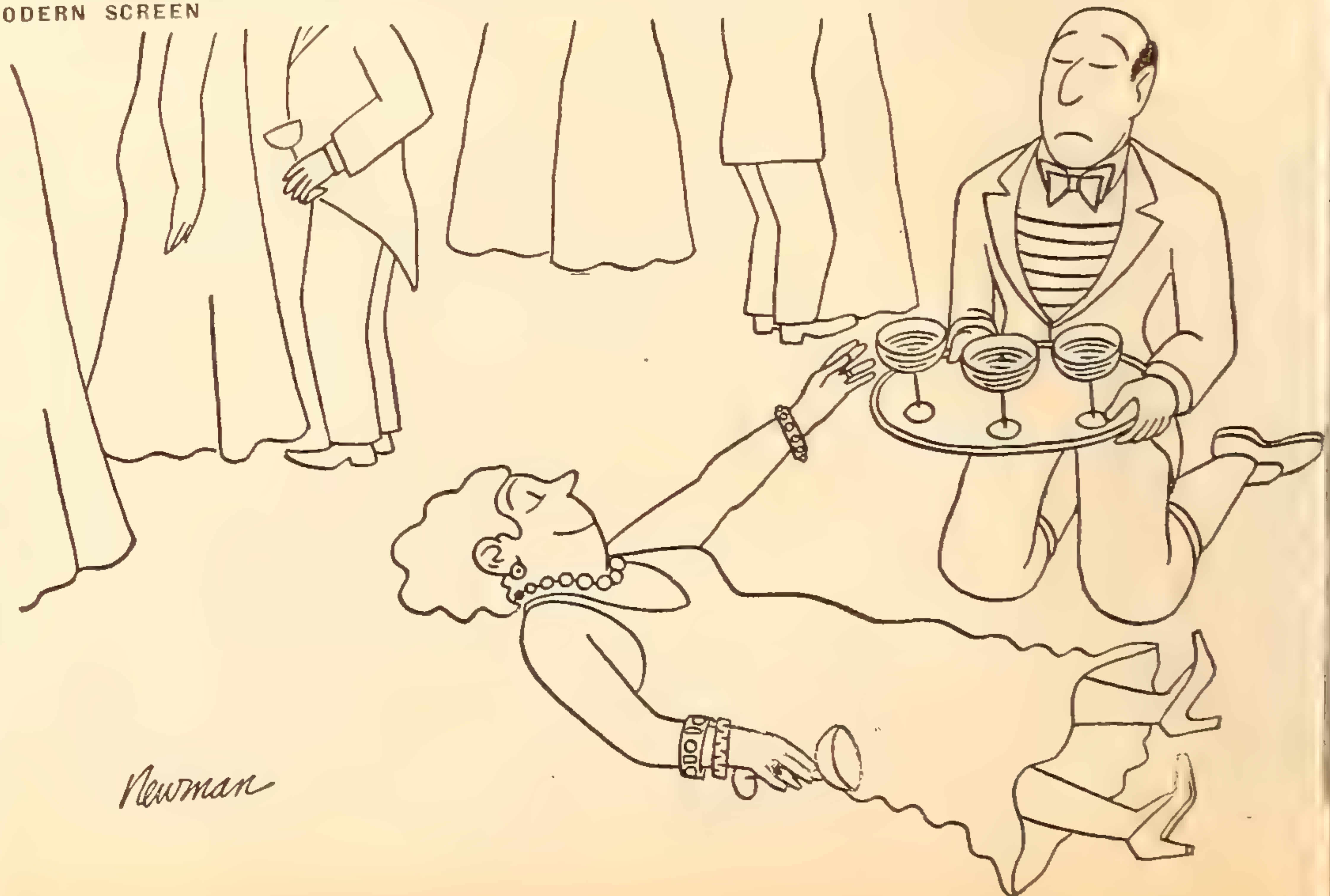
THE LAMPLIGHTER—Lionel Hampton (Decca)—Just as if to amplify my remarks of last month about how everybody's going into the record business, along comes Lionel Hampton. Although he's under contract to Decca, Lionel's started his own label. He calls it Hamp-Tone Records. Not only that, but he has his own music publishing company, which publishes his own tunes, which are recorded by his own musicians. He'll be manufacturing his own shellac for them next, and be careful, don't ask him for a match. Because it looks as though he's got his hands full. To cap it all, "The Lamplighter," is named for this guy, Ted Yerxa, who in turn has his own record company—Lamplighter Records.

THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT—Keynoters (Keynote)—This is played by a quartette featuring Willie Smith (alto sax man from Harry James' band), Red Callender (bass featured in Warner Brothers' "Jammin' The Blues" short), Jackie Mills on drums, and a pianist named Lord Calvert. Lord Calvert turns out to be none other than King Cole, but the title means he's a pianist of distinction.

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

MARCH OF TIME—Improvisation: Eddie Condon (Decca)—Eddie Condon is the man
(Continued on page 104)

MODERN SCREEN





*if it's
terrific
it's*

*Frank
Sinatra*

Yes—more and more and more of the records you rank tops in popularity are being made by Frank Sinatra and these other exclusive Columbia artists . . .

Harry James . . . Benny Goodman

Dinah Shore . . . Frankie Carle . . .

Xavier Cugat . . . Claude Thornhill . .

Gene Krupa . . Les Brown . . Elliot

Lawrence . . Ray Noble . . Tommy Tucker.

Why do these top artists record exclusively on Columbia Records? Simply because Columbia's amazingly life-like laminated process reproduces them at their best . . . the way you like 'em best! Better get Frank Sinatra's new Columbia album today . . . you'll say *it's* terrific too!

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sends cats with his clarinet capers! Listen to Opie on three Coast-to-Coast network shows! Add his hot, exclusive Four Star cuttings to your collection! Trudy Erwin, glamorous songstress, vocalizes top hits exclusively on Four Star!

TRUDY ERWIN



Latest Four Star releases on sale at your favorite record store!



who is supposed to be proud to have put jazz back 25 years, and who spends most of his time making nasty cracks about me, because I'm trying to put jazz forward. In spite of which, when he makes a good record, I'm still going to turn the other cheek and say so. I like the record, but I want to know two things:

1. If it's an improvisation (in the movie, the musicians were supposedly just jazzing along, jamming the blues) how can this record be the same unless it was taken directly off the sound track?

2. If all those guys were improvising on their horns, how come a guitar player named Condon, who can't even be heard on the record, is listed as composer?

SMOKY—Down In The Valley, Cowboy's Lament—Burl Ives (Decca)—Burl Ives is a sort of 20th century troubadour. He wanders around the country, playing his guitar, and picking up folk songs. This "Smoky" is his first movie appearance, and these two numbers come from it.

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

CINDY—Jo Stafford (Capitol)
FIVE MINUTES MORE—Tex Beneke (Victor), Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Bob Crosby (Decca)
HOW CUTE CAN YOU BE—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)
I'LL BE WITH YOU IN APPLE BLOSSOM TIME—Elliot Lawrence (Columbia), Jo Stafford (Capitol), Chris Cross (Coronet)
MABEL, MABEL!—Woody Herman (Columbia), Les Elgart (Musicraft)
MY FICKLE EYE—Jerry Colonna (Capitol), Evelyn Knight (Decca)
ROMANCE WITHOUT FINANCE IS A NUISANCE—Tiny Grimes (Savoy), Phil Moore (Musicraft)
SHOULD I TELL YOU I LOVE YOU?—Dick Haymes (Decca)
YOU CALL IT MADNESS—Billy Eckstine (National), Teddy Walters (Musicraft), King Cole (Capitol)
YOU ARE TOO BEAUTIFUL—Charlie Spivak (Victor)

BEST HOT JAZZ

EARL BOSTIC—The Major and The Minor (Majestic)
PAGE CAVANAUGH TRIO—Saipan (ARA)
KING COLE TRIO—Oh, But I do (Capitol)
ERROL GARNER ALBUM—Piano Solos (Mercury)
LIONEL HAMPTON—The Lamplighter (Decca)
STAN KENTON—Artistry In Boogie (Capitol)
KEYNOTERS—The Way You Look Tonight (Keynote)
SLAM STEWART TRIO—Sherry Lynn Flip (Manor)
DINAH WASHINGTON—When a Woman Loves a Man (Mercury)
BEN WEBSTER—I Got It Bad (Haven)

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

BORN TO DANCE—I've Got You Under My Skin: Betty Rhodes (Victor)
CANYON PASSAGE—Ole Buttermilk Sky: Hoagy Carmichael (ARA)
EARL CARROLL'S SKETCHBOOK—I've Never Forgotten: Bob Crosby (Decca)
FAITHFUL IN MY FASHION—I Don't Know Why: Charlie Ventura (Lamplighter)
KID FROM BROOKLYN—You're The Cause of it All: Kay Kyser (Columbia)
MARCH OF TIME—Improvisation: Eddie Condon (Decca)
NIGHT AND DAY—Cole Porter Album: Dave Rose (Victor), Fred Waring (Decca), What Is This Thing Called Love? Billie Holiday (Decca), Betty Rhodes (Victor), Begin The Beguine: Bing Crosby (Decca)
SMOKY—Down In The Valley, Cowboy's Lament—Burl Ives (Decca)
THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE—This Is Always: Harry James (Columbia), Louanne Hogan (Musicraft), Ginny Simms (ARA), Betty Rhodes (Victor), Somewhere In The Night: Martha Tilton (Capitol), Hogan, Simms, Rhodes
TO EACH HIS OWN—Title Song: Modernaires (Columbia), Freddy Martin (Victor)



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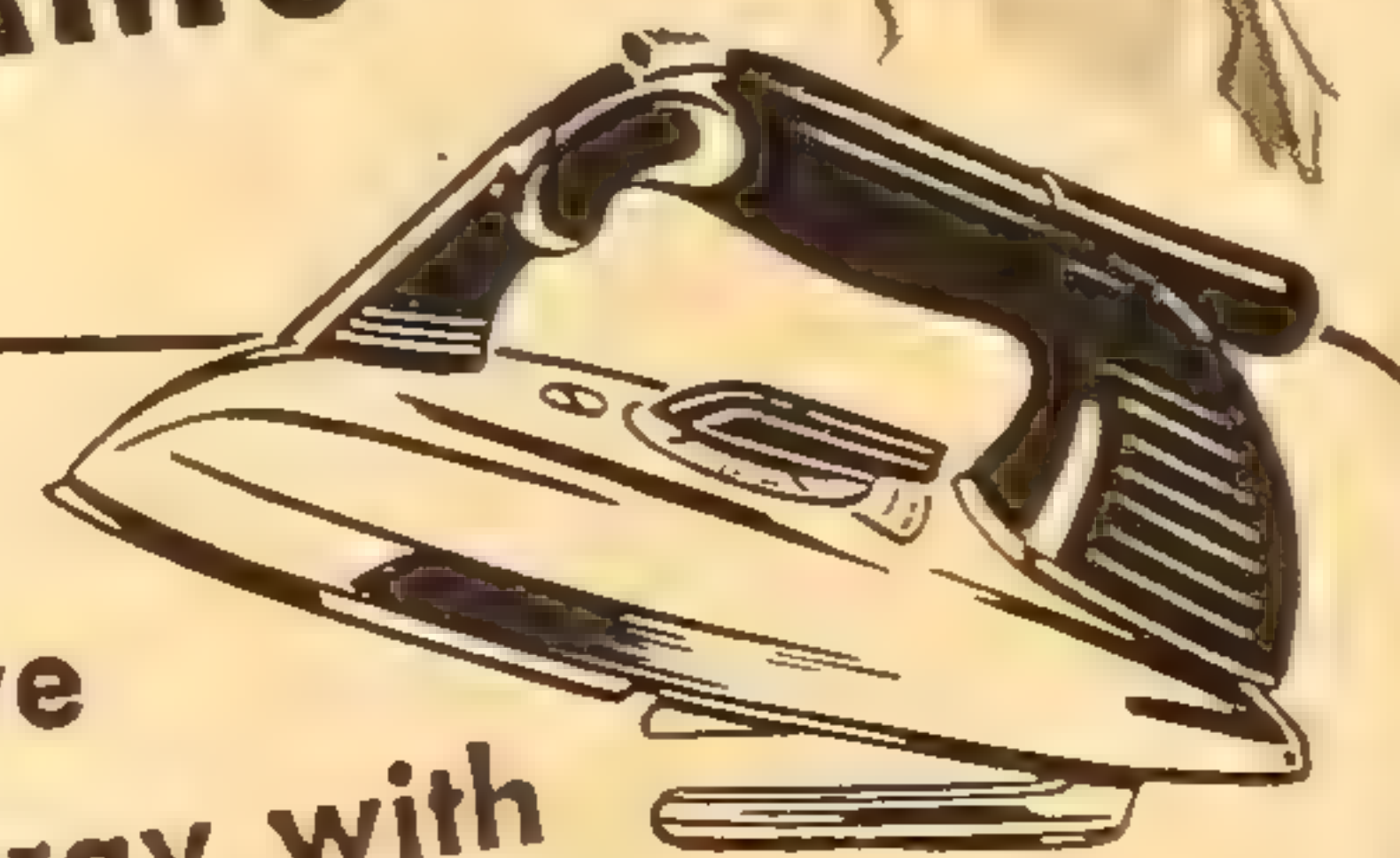
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GUY MADISON LIFE STORY

(Continued from page 41)

themselves some punkins back in Po-dunkus, but in reality they were related to the lowest species of animal life, smelled strongly, looked ugly and were worth, on the hoof, about three cents worth of glue. This chief had a talented vocabulary of swear words that made even these Bakersfield huskies blush to their hair roots. Guy's fists curled; but he relaxed as quick and grinned. He was in the Navy now, and no fooling.

But the chow was good. Guy could circle the mess line twice any day in the week, in spite of the cookie's dirty looks. One Thanksgiving he came around for three helpings of turkey and the galley boss blew up.

Guy and Dan had a hard time making up their minds what to aim at after boot camp ended. What to do—strike for a coxswain or a gunner's mate? Both were boat happy and both liked guns. Luckily, they drew a detail that combined the two—on a picket boat patrolling Los Angeles harbor, standing gun watches at night.

So Seaman Mosely's first Navy duty was as a gunner roaring back and forth between the boats in the L.A. harbor, boring the black night with a spotlight and hailing suspicious characters.

They operated on a port-and-starboard liberty system at the Small Craft Training Center, where Guy and Dan were stationed. That meant you got off in alternate gangs and Hollywood was just a few minutes' hitch up the Coast highway. Guy had sold his dolled-up Ford when he joined up, but Si Santiago usually rolled up from Los Alamitos and hauled the Big Four, en masse, up to the bright lights. And even if Si was stuck you could hitch a ride with one jerk of the thumb. It was pretty hard to pass up good looking sailors like Guy Madison and his clean-cut pals.

a sailor's paradise . . .

And Hollywood was a sailor's paradise. They could head for the Hollywood Canteen, where real live stars ladled out chow and soft drinks and big name bands played all night and the glammer gals you've seen on the screen smiled and said, "Let's dance." There was Ann Lehr's Guild, and there were shows, football games, baseball and bowling and, if you were on the razzma-tazz side, a flock of night spots and jive bands and even colorful tough joints on Main Street. It was a case of name your poison—but what Guy always named was the Hollywood Canteen. And that's where he got his first bid from a studio.

The Big Four had invaded the Canteen one night and worked a deal to corner the Glamor. The object was Betty Grable.

Until he started chasing up to Hollywood on liberties, Guy didn't know one movie star from another. All his childhood, he'd ducked sticky screen romances and, outside of a western shoot-'em-up now and then, he never saw a flicker a year. He was always outdoors. He actually had never heard of Greta Garbo—no joke. So Betty Grable meant nothing in his young life that night, except that—well, anyone who wasn't blind could tell she was leaches and cream and a dream to dance with. Si and Eldon and Dan and Guy were on the sidelines when they spotted her. It looked like the gold rush. "GIs and gobs and leathernecks were playing slaptag very second and poor Betty was bouncing from uniform to uniform like a tennis ball. "Look," said Si. "Let's organize on this. I'll cut in, then Dan cuts me, then Eldon cuts Dan and Mose cuts him. By that time,

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I'm fighting my way back and I cut in—and we repeat. See? That way we get maybe a step each time but we're right back for more and it all adds up to a real dance with Grable. How's that?"

It sounded swell, yet that was the Big Four's first major defeat. It just didn't work. There wasn't enough moxie even in that squad to work a deal like that, not with practically the whole West Coast armed forces bent on the same idea.

But even if Guy messed up his mission, he was in the spotlight long enough for his handsome face to register. There was a lady writer at the Canteen that night who worked at Paramount. Her daughter was dancing with the sailors and when Guy picked her for his partner next, mama took one look and gasped. In a minute, the daughter caught the signal and brought Madison over. The movie writer didn't waste any time. "Look," she asked, "when's your next liberty?"

"Next Friday."

"How'd you like to come over to Paramount and see the studio?" asked the lady. "Come to lunch with me and let me introduce you around. I think you'll like it and I've got a hunch they'll like you. You're a great bet for pictures."

"Why not?" grinned Guy. "That ought to be fun."

"It's a date," said the lady. And she gave him her name.

Guy mentioned it to the gang on the ride back to the Harbor. They called him "Gable" then and razed him until he had to beat them around the ears. But they thought it was a swell idea. "You guys come along," said Guy, "and protect me."

"I want Dorothy Lamour," cracked Si. "I'll settle for Betty Hutton," grinned Eldon. But the kidding was on the cuff. Guy had never featured himself as an actor and the idea was crazy, but what could he lose? Besides, he'd never seen a studio and he could have himself a swell time. He looked forward to it.

But back at the base, the Navy was cooking up different ideas. Or rather, a certain chief bo'sun who didn't approve of ambitious gobs, was. And everyone knows that it's the chiefs who run the Navy. Guy found that out, quick.

He'd put in for a transfer from the boat patrol detail to Recreation Training in the naval athletic department. There was more of a future there, Guy figured, what with his gymnastic talent. He went to the athletic officer and got approval for his transfer request. Then he took it to his chief to get it signed.

chief nuisance . . .

The chief gave him a wicked grin, as he signed the transfer slowly. "Lots of guys seem to want to change the scenery these days," he drawled. "And you know what seems to happen?"

"No," said Guy.

"Well," sighed the bo'sun, "for instance, the last guy came in here asking for a transfer. You know what happened to him?"

Guy shook his head.

"Why, the next day he was shipped out. And right now," mused the chief, ominously, "he's out to sea. Yeah, w-a-a-y out to sea!"

Guy caught the threat; so he wasn't too surprised when the very day he was due up in Hollywood to take in Paramount Studios the fatal orders came through. "Seaman Mosely will report to the Carrier Aircraft Service Unit Number Five at San Diego immediately."

Guy took his orders to Dan and grinned ruefully. "The party's off," he said. "No Hollywood. I'm shipped out to Diego."

Dan and Si and Eldon yelped like coyotes. "What a break! Aren't you sore?" Bob shrugged. "Nah. I'm shipped out. So okay—I'm shipped out. That's all there is

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to it. Let it go at that. We're in the Navy."
 "Are you kidding?" they groaned. "Yeah, I'm kidding," he admitted grimly.

Guy took a pretty dim view of life at that point in his Navy career, because he was assigned to handing out tools in the central stores, with all the Big Four scattered soon after. So he started thinking fast to get out.

The best deal to Guy seemed to be to sign up for officer's school. Luckily, his two years in Bakersfield J. C. entitled him to consideration; he got his commanding officer's signature on the application, his credits down from school, and he was busting with the idea of earning a gold stripe. In fact, he was well on his way to enrollment when Fate handed him another body punch—and this one was low.

It was an outrageous stroke of luck, and to make it more ironic, it happened up in Hollywood where Guy Madison was to get the break of his life later on.

Guy was up there on liberty again. The L.A. Harbor berth had spoiled him for weekend fun spots. Hollywood was the service man's tops. In Diego—well—the competition was terrific. Guy didn't compete. He just put his toothbrush in a beach bag and set out on the highway, thumbing North. Like as not he'd find Si or Dan in from their posts. They had a favorite meeting corner in Hollywood and they seldom missed joining up. Then they headed for the canteen like homing pigeons.

But this night they would stumble right into an S.P. busting with law and order. He stopped Guy.

"Where's your liberty card?"

Guy said he didn't have one. They didn't issue them in San Diego, which was true. "Okay," said the naval cop. "Let's see your I.D."

Guy hauled it out. The sea air had fogged up the card under the celluloid cover. It was blurred and tarnished. That was enough for the watchdog. "Been altering your I.D. card, eh?"

"No," said Guy. He explained. But it was to deaf ears of the tough S. P.

"How come you keep lying to me?" he asked nastily. Again Guy's fists curled but something said, "Easy."

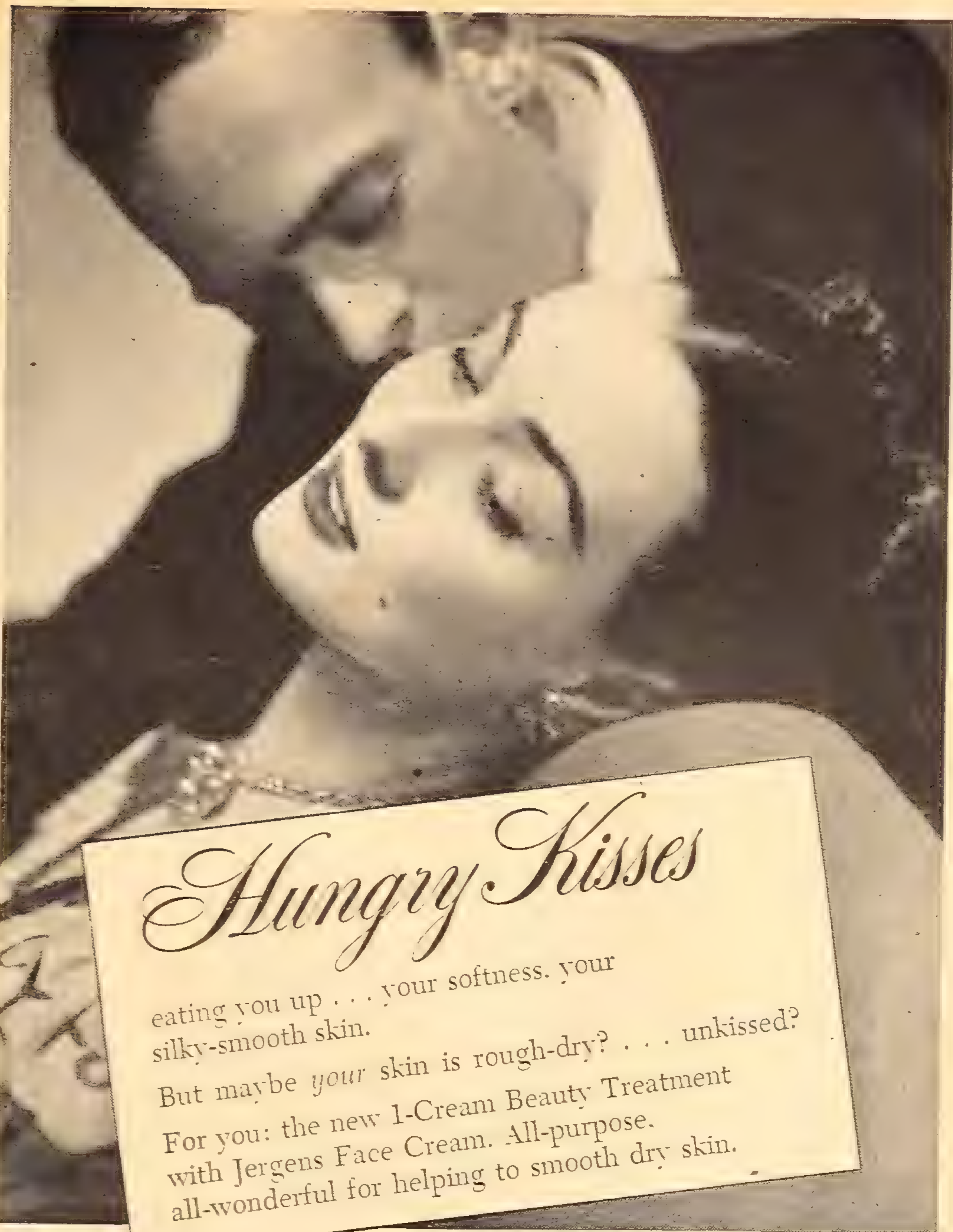
He was turned in, of course. It was a rap he had nothing to do with. But just the same, getting on report cost him his chance at officer's training. His application was cancelled. He never tried it again.

beachcomber . . .

But he did get a chance to spring himself from the inside job that was making him unhappy. At least, now that it was obvious he wasn't being shipped to sea or to the OTC, Guy thought he could promote some kind of berth that would keep him happy. He had his eye on the kind of spot Eldon had—lifeguard at a pool. He wangled a tryout when a berth came up on the Navy lifeguard squad at South Beach and made a flying color record in all the exams. The okay came through.

There were five guards at North Island, because it was a big beach, 1100 yards long and the most dangerous in the area, cursed with rip tides that carried swimmers out to sea before they knew it. It was strictly for Navy personnel, but Guy was surprised how many sailors were sloppy swimmers. It was good duty for him, because he spent his days in the sun, but it wasn't easy—nor safe, for a guy who didn't know his stuff in that tricky surf. When you saved people they were big men and they were in plenty of trouble or they wouldn't need saving. And Guy did all right.

The only time he got hurt was when a wooden lifeboat he was cresting in on a wave capsized and tossed him into a rolling comb. Guy knew when and how to grab the rollers. But this accident gave



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him no choice, tossing him into the breaking wave like a stick of wood. It boiled him to the bottom and smacked his head on the sand and for a while he thought he'd snapped his neck in two. Instead, a vertebra disk was ruptured, and all the ligaments of his shoulder torn out of place. It meant three months in hospitals and a tricky neck Guy still packs around which gives him trouble whenever he gets tired.

Outside of the constant dangers of his job, Guy Madison couldn't have asked for a dreamier assignment than his lifeguard's spot at North Island. A perfectly swell admiral commanded the base. He was an old Navy man who loved the sea and loved sailors. He'd come down to the surf at North Island for a swim and forget his brass and buddy with the gobs and lifeguards. And there was another top-notch officer, a Lieutenant-Commander who was strictly all right too. But the law of the Navy is pretty much like that of life in general. Things are too good sometimes to last and Guy got the bitter right after the sweet, which changed his mind considerably. The bitter was One-Way Charlie brass hats, officers who used their authority to gain special privilege at the expense of GIs.

Guy could take a ragging. The brass bosses who succeeded the swell admiral and the commander who was regular, were the ragging type. They shouted every time they saw a sailor resting his arches for a second. They barked like beagles if a tie knot was a quarter-inch out of place. When Guy took Eldon's place at the North Island Pool, he ran into a rummy like that. What burned up this joe was Guy's hair. It was curly and it wouldn't stay combed, for one thing. For another, the sun on the beach had striped it six or seven different shades of yellow and when Guy went on duty at the pool the chlorine in the water added a few pastel hues.

Guy got used to the lieutenant snapping at him. "Mosely, clean out these gutters! ... Mosely—scrub off the diving board! ... Mosely, straighten up that cap!" Mosely, do this and do that. Guy kept his trap shut. But he was always pretty sensitive when anybody took a crack at his masculinity and when "Skintop" (that's what the GIs called this officer, because he was getting bald and his hair line was retreating like an army of Krauts) sounded off about his hair, he didn't like it a bit.

"Jeez, Mosely, what beauty shop have you been to? Your hair's got every color in the rainbow. You look like a strawberry blond!"

He pulled it once too often. Guy raised himself up out of the pool where he was steel-wooling the gutters.

"Yeah," he said slowly. "But at least I've got some hair!"

The crack did his soul good, but it was no formula for a popularity prize with the commanding gold braid, and Bob knew it.

baby-sitter sailor...

Maybe the most galling experience Guy ever had was being forced into the ignominious role of a "sitter"—taking care of officers' babies while they went and partied. That was almost the payoff that made Seaman Mosely strike out over the hill.

The brassy lieutenant came up one day with a big smile. "Hello, Mosely. How'd you like to work tonight?" Guy thought he meant work in athletics, because that was his department. He knew some guys were landing soft touches refereeing Navy basketball games at five dollars a night. He said, "Sure." He got the startling instruction, "The older girl will take care of the baby. You watch the kids. Be there at seven." So he was hooked.

Bob didn't actually mind the job. He liked kids and the little girl was cute. He

caught on right away that he was being suckered for a "coolie" but what the heck. But he had his pride, and when the officer came barging home with his party pals that night Guy started to dust out quick. "Hey, Mosely," shouted the cheekie chappy. "Wait a minute—I want to pay you."

Guy's face turned crimson. Pay him, like a servant, in front of all these people! "Oh, I don't want any money. Glad to do it," he lied. The officer was insistent. He practically crammed a couple of bills down Bob's midddy. He had to take them; if he tossed them back in the looney's face he'd be in trouble. But all the way home Guy gritted his teeth. He figured a way to show him that Seaman Mosely was no coolie and didn't want his "sitter" money. Guy went downtown and spent every cent on a present for the officer's little girl, took it over and gave it to her. He also took along a Hollywood magazine, being careful to pick one with a picture of a certain sailor who had had a break in Hollywood. The little girl spotted his face at once and cried, "Why, it's you!" The navy officer's wife couldn't believe it. She stuttered and giggled, "Oh, I'll have to get your autograph!"

"With pleasure," said Guy grimly. That brassy lieutenant never called him again.

sweet revenge . . .

Of course, telling that on Guy Madison is getting ahead of our story, because obviously the reason he could get sweet revenge in that fashion with his printed picture was because by then the fantastic Cinderella-man sequence had happened in Hollywood and he was leading a double life. Guy's Hollywood break that clicked happened his second season on the North Island Beach.

Seaman Mosely had about as much plans for a Hollywood postwar future when his Navy days were through as a mackerel. Matter of fact, what Guy and Si and Dan and Eldon considered in those days was turning commercial fishermen.

One of his regular 24-hour liberty trips to his favorite holiday town changed all that for Guy. As Guy himself tells it, this is what happened: "I was at CBS, standing in the lobby to see Janet Gaynor do her radio show. Then this Hollywood agent, Helen Ainsworth, came up and asked me if I'd like a ticket to the show, which was a swell idea. Just then Henry Willson came by, and she introduced me to him. Mr. Willson asked me if I'd be interested in pictures, and I said I didn't know—that I'd never given it any thought, which was the truth! So, a few weeks later, he drove me out to the studio, and I met Mr. Selznick, Dan O'Shea, and then came weeks of dramatic lessons. Four months later nobody was more surprised than I was when I got the part of the sailor in 'Since You Went Away,' which Mr. Selznick had written for me."

Actually, it wasn't as simple as he tells it. There were difficulties, like trying to tie in his Navy duties with this new "picture deal." But Selznick wasn't discouraged.

"You can make the scenes on your next leave," explained Selznick. "It won't be hard. And if you like it we can sign a contract for later on. Tell him what we have in mind, Henry."

So Guy Madison got the Word from Henry Willson. It was all decided on if he'd say "yes." They knew he was in the Navy, of course, but if Bob wanted to devote his liberty weekends to learning to be an actor, Selznick's would be his school for free. And to start off, he'd go right into "Since You Went Away," playing himself, just plain being a sailor. After that, he could find out what it was all about, this Hollywood acting business. Guy shook hands. "Okay," he grinned. "I like



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the idea, but if you think I'm an actor, you're crazy."

"We won't worry about that. See you next week."

That was a long week for Guy to sweat out. He was pretty cagey. He didn't say anything to any of his mates about what was going on. He didn't write his family in Bakersfield. He didn't even let any of the Big Four know.

Guy Madison made his screen debut on a 7-day leave from his Navy duty. From the start, he wasn't nervous "on the outside" as he says, even on the same set with such out-of-his-world figures as Shirley Temple, Claudette Colbert, Joe Cotten, Bob Walker, Jennifer Jones. Guy had no trouble in his brief three-minute sailor scene—except to puff a cigarette without coughing; he still didn't smoke—but he was impressed. And what impressed him was the care, the preparation, the deep background of skill and talent, the big business of movie making. After the first day he walked away with Henry Willson. Guy didn't say a thing all the way to Henry's house. Just sat in the car and twisted his white sailor cap. Not until they sat down to dinner did he utter a word. Then he whistled a low sigh. "Boy," said Guy, "have I got a lot to learn!"

a friend in need . . .

Luckily, the man who discovered star stuff in Guy Madison turned into his best Hollywood friend. Henry Willson, proud of his discovery, took pains to guide Guy along the Hollywood tight ropes.

Most of the week he was just a lifeguard gob, but on the weekends he was a Selznick star-to-be—dining, dating, dancing around Hollywood with the glittering set of young movie starlets.

After "Since You Went Away," Guy didn't make another picture, even in the face of his snowballing popularity, the rest of his Navy days. His duty came first. It was only after he was finally discharged that he had his chance to prove that all the Madison madness was no freak. He made the test for "Till the End of Time" on a liberty from a Navy hospital.

That old injury he suffered when the lifeboat capsized and churned him in a breaker refused to heal, and Sailor Guy started his hospital circuit from North Island Beach. He was shifted around through five different infirmaries in three months and they did everything except make him a new neck. It wasn't the pain that bothered Guy, but the inactivity. The war was on its way out and all he had on his mind was the Hollywood career that was begging him to come and take it. At last, with his discharge in the works, David Selznick sent him the script of "Till the End of Time." Guy propped himself up on the pillows and learned his lines. He finally pestered the doc for a leave, climbed out of bed and into his car and drove from Banning to Hollywood to make a test.

But by the time the picture was set to roll, Guy Madison was a civilian, although that didn't mean his worries were over. For one thing, he couldn't find a civvie wardrobe to play the part of the discharged Marine—no suits, no shirts. And he couldn't find a place to live. And then to top it off, right after he'd finally got going on the picture that was to prove him—well, one night before going to bed, Guy stepped into the shower and—slip—crash—he went right through the glass door, all 180 pounds of him! That sliced his body in five different places. Dripping blood like a stuck pig, Guy calmly called Henry Willson. "Come over and bring a doctor," he said. "I just dove through a pane of glass." When Henry got there, Guy was sitting grinning weakly in crimson soaked towels. "I guess I crashed

through in my first picture, all right," he cracked. They took a couple dozen stitches without anaesthetic and put him to bed. It was eight days before the doctor let Guy limp back to the set.

When "Honeymoon" was finished the other day, Guy was booked for a trip to New York. Interviews and appearances were all lined up and at that stage of his career—with his first star job about to break—it was important for him to go. He was packing his bags for the plane when the call came from Laguna Beach.

It was Dan Shull on the wire. "Hey, Mose," he said. "Guess who's down here. Si Santiago and Eldon Setterholm and your brother, Wayne. We've got a shack and there's room for you. How about rolling down when you're free? We'll surf and dive for 'bugs' and get burnt black."

"Save a place on the beach for me, Danny Boy," Guy shouted. "I'm leaving in ten minutes." He called the studio and cancelled the N. Y. trip. He said it was an important family matter, and in a way it was. Then Guy hopped in his car and rolled down the coast. He spent a week with the old gang doing the things they used to do and it was Heaven on earth—even after Hollywood. Then the pressure got terrific and Guy had to hop off on his Eastern trip after all. But before he left Laguna, his Dad came down from Bakersfield and he had an idea. "Now that you boys are all together," he said, "Let's get up a hunting trip in the mountains! You'll like that, won't you, R.O.?"

Guy grinned. "I'll say I will. I've got to make that trip to New York first, but I'll be back in a week. That's a promise."

So Guy Madison flew East and then he flew back. Photographers and press agents and studio big shots tugged at his coat-tails as he left Manhattan for the plane.

"What's the rush?" they kept tossing at him. "You're not making a picture in California."

"No," said Guy, "but I'm going hunting."

Going hunting? The baffled characters looked at each other and crinkled their brows. What was the angle? Why was an up and coming young movie star who could do himself plenty of good in New York, so itchy to go hunting? They didn't get it. It didn't make sense to them.

But to Guy Madison it did. It made all the sense in the world.

MODERN SCREEN



"Bumpy road, isn't it?"

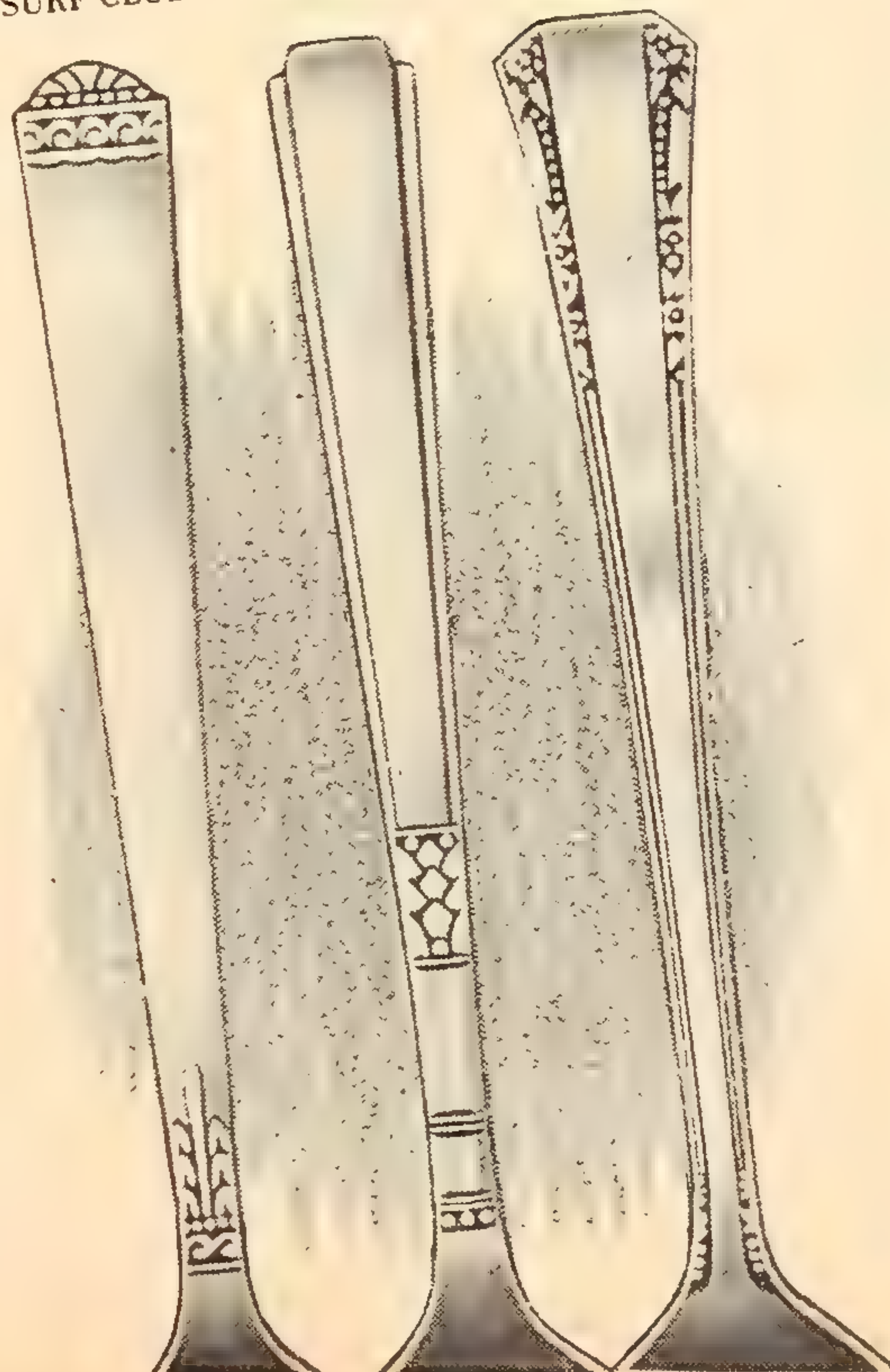
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OH, TO BE IN ENGLAND...!

(Continued from page 54)

They had said, "Miss Scott, you're very popular back home; you know, even after just one picture. And your studio tells us you get as much mail from England as you do from the States. Would you like to come over some time?"

She had said, "I'd love to! I'd love to!" in her deep, eager voice, meaning every accentuated syllable. And now here she was, on her way. The only reason she had this lost feeling was because she didn't know a soul in England.

In the seat next to her, a small, middle-aged Irishman with bright, observing eyes reached behind him and produced, mysteriously, an accordion. He winked at her, not impertinently, but in a friendly way.

"Would you be mindin' a bit of music, miss?" he inquired sociably.

"I think it would be wonderful. Unless the others..." Lizabeth glanced around and noticed for the first time that most of the faces were as Irish as the one beside her. Well, of course. The plane landed in Ireland before it went to England. The faces, smiling, all glanced expectantly at the accordion. The Irishman swelled like a small, triumphant rooster, and began to play.

What with sweet accordion music, and everyone on the plane being so friendly, Lizabeth never got a single page of the script read. The eleven hours vanished like soap bubbles in the sun, and before it seemed remotely possible, Lizabeth was stepping from the plane at Heathrow airport, twenty miles from London. For the first few minutes it was very much like LaGuardia Field all over again. The photographers and the swarms of reporters. Only here there were no requests from the photographers to "Pull that skirt an inch higher, won't you, please?" as there had been at home. That was fine with Lizabeth, who is not keen on cheesecake pictures. Everyone was very polite and, naturally, very British. The dialects were confusing, though. Everything from Cockney to the purest Oxford seemed to be represented in the press.

Lizabeth carried a small hatbox, and one of the girl reporters spotted it immediately. "I say, Miss Scott, I thought someone told me you never wore hats."

"I haven't for eight years," Lizabeth told her. "But I modeled this one for John-Frederick the other day, and I just had to have it."

"Could we have a look at it? I mean, any hat that could win you over after eight years must be a bit of all right."

"I'd love to show it off." So Lizabeth opened the hatbox and got out the black velvet jockey cap that had caught her fancy. It was incredibly becoming, and when she pulled it on over her light, silky hair, there were approving whistles from the crowd.

england in technicolor...

The ride into London was fascinating. At first the countryside and suburbs looked to Lizabeth very much like Connecticut or Westchester. Then she noticed the intensity of the colors. The grass was the greenest green she had ever seen. The roses which climbed the walls of the little cottages were redder than any roses in America. The cottages themselves looked very old and very quaint—and very inconvenient. There were, of course, lots of modern houses too, as they approached London. Soon they were in the city itself, which teemed with traffic.

"It's like the five o'clock rush hour in

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New York!" Lizabeth exclaimed. "Is it always like this?"

"Right you are," said her chauffeur. "But the bobbies keep it in hand. They do a fine bit of work, they do."

They did, indeed. Imperturbable as gods, they were always polite, never ruffled. They were tall, all of them, and imposing in their helmets and white gloves.

They drove along beside the Thames, and its beauty caught at her heart. That dusty, creamy green water reflecting the lights and shadows of the ancient city seemed to represent all that she had ever read of England. As they drove through the narrow, crowded streets another thing attracted her attention. The shop windows weren't like the ones in New York. Take that dress shop back there, for instance, and the hat store across the street. There was only a small square of glass in the window, through which you saw one object—a beautifully cut gray tweed suit, or a blue hat. The rest of the window was of wood, painted in some vivid, eye-catching shade.

"What a clever idea!" Lizabeth enthused. "Of course I adore color so, anyway. And just showing one thing through the glass that way is *very smart*."

making the best of it . . .

The gentleman beside her who represented the majesty of the British Empire said drily, "That's a pleasant way to look at it, Miss Scott. Actually, the reason for it is that all these shops were bombed out during the blitz. They've rebuilt them, but it's very hard to get glass. So they use what they can, as best they can."

The car drove up to the Savoy Hotel, where Lizabeth was to stay, and as soon as she entered the lobby, it was rather like being back in New York again. There was an air of expensive sophistication about it, and the faces she saw might equally well have been seen in New York or Hollywood. There were still a few men in uniform about, but no American ones, whereas a year ago the place would have been swarming with American officers. Lizabeth went up to her room to change her clothes, and frowned to herself as she realized she had exactly one dollar in her handbag. You were only allowed to bring in eighteen dollars in American money. She had had to pay duty on the three pair of nylons, the two cartons of cigarettes and the two jars of instant coffee she had brought with her. That had come to seventeen dollars, leaving her one lone buck. But of course she had letters of credit and things. Still, she had again that momentary lost feeling.

There was a timid knock on the door, and a little maid entered. She was a shy, mousy creature, in a dust cap and an immaculate white apron.

"I wonder, miss," she said diffidently, "if you wouldn't care for a cup of tea? You could order it, you know, and you must be tired after that great, long trip."

"It's sweet of you to think of it," Lizabeth said, feeling better immediately because of this friendly word. "But I brought some instant coffee along. I'm a tremendous coffee drinker. I suppose I could order some hot water to fix it with."

"Certainly, miss."

But Lizabeth's vivid imagination had conjured up a look of disappointment on the little maid's face. "I think I'll have tea after all," she said impulsively.

The tea when it came was delicious, and as refreshing in its way as coffee. It was accompanied by wafer-thin slices of dark bread, very lightly buttered.

"They used to have lovely teas for the guests 'ere at the 'otel," the maid said regretfully, lapsing into cockney. "Cakes they 'ad, and cucumber sandwiches, and



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cherry tarts. Before the war, you know."
"This suits me fine," Elizabeth assured her. "I practically never eat starch or pastries. Just lots of fruit and vegetables."
"Ow, you will 'ave a 'ard toime of it 'ere, miss. You see, we don't 'ave no fruit at hall, and 'ardly any vegetables."
She soon found out how right the maid was about all this. Fruit was practically non-existent, except for prunes and dried apricots. Asking for orange juice would get you clapped right into a strait jacket. The vegetables available were cabbage and brussels sprouts and cabbage and brussels sprouts—and cabbage—and brussels sprouts. The slices of meat served, even at the Savoy, looked as if they had been sliced with a razor blade. Yet Elizabeth realized how much better she was faring, at a luxury hotel like the Savoy, than most people in England.

another language . . .

Lizabeth's first press conference led to an experience with the different meanings given some words by the English. A reporter sitting next to her had been watching her rather closely.

"You're a nervy girl, aren't you?" he said casually.

Lizabeth stared at him in blank surprise. "Nervy?" He was the nervy one, she thought indignantly. Here she was being nice as pie, answering all the questions they asked, and thinking they were such pleasant people.

But he went on to explain. "You move your hands all the while and your eyes. I can always tell a nervy person that way."

"Oh, you mean 'nervous'!" Lizabeth giggled hysterically. She was sure wars had been started by this kind of international misunderstanding.

On another day, she was driven out to Eton, and later to Windsor Castle. Eton was fun. The beautiful old buildings, and the throngs of boys looking so much alike at a little distance, and yet so different when you came close to them.

"We aren't supposed to take pictures on the grounds here," the photographer who accompanied her said cheerfully. "But we might get by with a few. We'll give it a try, shall we?"

They found it was quite easy. Lizabeth would stroll over to some ancient stone arch, and pose, as if accidentally, in front of it. The photographer would snap the picture, and they would grin at each other conspiratorially. Soon a group of students gathered near. They didn't come right up, as American boys would have done, but stood back a little, talking quietly.

"Would two of you lads like to pose with Miss Scott?" the photographer asked.

"Oh, maybe it would get them into trouble," Lizabeth said quickly. "I wouldn't do that for anything."

But two of the boys came forward. "We'll do it, Miss Scott. The headmaster isn't such a bad sort, actually, and even if we do get a bit of a lecture, it will be worth it!" one of them told her. He had a shy smile, and a thin, English face. That was one of the things Lizabeth noticed—all the faces were thin, compared to the round rosiness of American children.

So the three of them posed for the photographer, and somehow there was a warm little feeling of happiness in Lizabeth's heart because these boys liked her. Not because it was Eton, and they were England's upper class at its best. But because behind their diffidence was a real friendliness such as she might have found from boys in any small American town. Later, as Lizabeth was about to get into the car to leave, the two boys came up to her.

"I say, Miss Scott, we wondered if you would care to see our room. It's the one the Duke of Wellington had when he was at school here."

"I'd like to," she told them, smiling, "if it can be a flying visit. I must get on to Windsor Castle."

The room was dark and panelled, and fascinating in its antiquity. The boys asked her to have tea, but she had to get along.

What amused her most was the Irish guards at the palace. They were all such tall, fine looking men, and they held themselves in rigid parade ground posture all the while. Nothing short of world destruction would cause them to change either position or expression. But somehow, without moving a facial muscle, they managed to ask Lizabeth for her autograph. Impishly, she propped the paper against each manly chest in turn and signed.

The premiere of "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers" was the big event of Lizabeth's visit. It took place at London's Carleton Theater, and her escort for the occasion was the handsome English star, Stewart Granger. Remember him in "The Man In Grey?" Lizabeth's dress came from Hattie Carnegie in New York, and she had selected it with the greatest care. She knew that the English people disliked any form of ostentation, and with their clothing rationed so rigidly, what would be a comparatively simple dress in America might look too dressy over here. Yet it ought to be formal enough to do justice to the occasion. She had finally found a gown that was just right. It was white crepe, floor length, with long sleeves and a low, round neckline trimmed with a discreet touch of gold.

Lizabeth had requested a complimentary ticket for just one person . . . her little maid at the hotel.

"Would you like to go to the premiere?" she had asked her a few days before.

The girl stared at her unbelievably. "Me, miss? To see your picture?"

"Yes, of course. I'd be glad to get you a ticket if you would care about it."

"Oh, you're too good, miss. But it wouldn't be proper." Her eyes were wide.

It took some time to convince the maid that the heavens wouldn't fall, or, more to the point, that she wouldn't lose her job, if she accepted Lizabeth's invitation. But at last she attended delightedly, and no one in the crowd was more thrilled.

meeting mr. mason . . .

Lizabeth met James Mason, (see page 36) your favorite English star, and his attractive wife. In fact, she was invited to their cottage home thirty miles outside London for dinner. It was something of a distinction, for English people do not readily invite new acquaintances into their homes. Lizabeth found the Masons completely charming and natural. They have only four Persian cats, instead of the nineteen she had heard rumored. They live quietly and happily in the country, but go down to London often enough to keep from being bored. They were as curious as magpies about Hollywood.

"How long does it usually take to make a picture there?" Mason asked.

"Oh, eight to ten weeks," said Lizabeth.

He was amazed. "Is that all, actually? Rather surprising, when it takes us three or four months over here."

Well, of course the whole tempo of life in the United States is fast, compared to England. It's strange that Lizabeth, who lives, moves and has her being at approximately the speed of light, should have loved that leisurely tranquility. But she did. The night before she left London she had exactly the same lost little feeling she'd had at leaving America.

"You make no sense," she told herself severely. "And anyway, you'll be coming back some day. If they still want you."

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WATCH JAMES MASON!

(Continued from page 36)

but he was definitely lost. We had a map—a pen and ink affair which James Mason had drawn himself, but we must have taken a wrong turn somewhere. However, we had finally stopped a workman, with the above result. We were now entering the village of King's Langley, and I saw a cute teen-age girl walking alone.

"Let's try her," I said, and leaned out of the window again.

"James Mason?" Her face lighted up like the Fourth of July. "Oh yes, miss, he lives right nearby, he does."

"Have you ever been to his house?" I asked curiously.

"Well, not inside, miss. But my girl chum and I were outside the other day, and we looked in a window."

"What happened?"

"He came out straightaway and told us off for fair." She giggled reminiscently. "Gave us a bit of a start, he did. I thought he might hit us, the way he did Ann Todd in 'The Seventh Veil.'"

"But you like him anyway?"

"Oh, we're mad for him. All of us are. He's so—so cruel, like."

the tough guys have it . . .

I gave her a shilling, and we drove on while I meditated the peculiarities of womankind. Soon we turned into a lane that led up to one of the loveliest houses I'd ever seen. It had slim, graceful pillars, and at one side I could see a garden that was a blue blaze of delphinium. I walked up the stone steps and knocked. The door swung open, and there was the man who has stood most of English and American femininity right on their pretty little heads. If you think Mason on the screen is terrific, you should be exposed to him in person—and wouldn't you like to! He's tall, of course, with that shock of dark hair, and a pair of brown eyes that have a startling effect on a gal.

He led me through a vestibule piled with (a) unopened fan mail, (b) rubbers and umbrellas, which are stock equipment every day in England, like sunglasses in California, and (c) a large traveling basket for the Mason cats.

"I hear you have dozens of cats," I said. "Isn't it a little confusing?"

"You've been reading press agents' stories," he said good humoredly. "We only have four, actually."

He opened the door to the living room, and there were the four around our feet immediately. One Siamese, one black Persian, one white Persian, one alley. Fortunately, I like cats. If I didn't, he'd have probably thrown me out on my ear, there and then. Instead he sat me down on a small, very comfortable sofa and brought me some sherry.

"My wife will be down in a minute," he confided. "She's Pamela Kellino, you know. The novelist."

The way he said it, you'd think there wasn't another novelist in the world, and I liked that.

"She's an actress, too, isn't she?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes, and quite good, too, you know. The picture in which she played opposite me—"I Met a Murderer"—was, I think, the best I've ever done."

"We're looking forward to having you do things like that in Hollywood," I said invitingly.

"It will be quite exciting to me," he said. "There are so many things about your pic-



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tures that are better than ours. Your technicians are so much more skilled than any we have here. I've made myself highly unpopular in England by saying that, but it's true and I always say what I think."

The door from the hall opened and a slim girl with reddish brown hair stood framed in the doorway. I got a quick impression of a bright analytical gaze which took me in from head to toe in half a second. Having met half the titles in England, mountains of important Government officials and virtually the whole British film colony, I was used to this.

Mrs. Mason isn't beautiful in the American sense, but her face has a fascinating "will o' the wisp" look which is, I think, rather misleading. There's nothing will o' the wispish about Pamela. I'm sure she knows exactly what she wants out of life and sees to it in her quiet way that she gets it. She combines practicality with a brilliant creative sense, and she forms a polite but firm barrier which protects James from inconvenience of any kind. She was wearing a beautifully cut tweed suit with huge patch pockets. No jewelry except an antique clip in her lapel. It was a jeweled turtle and by some strange process, it moved about as if it were in an aquarium. I exclaimed over it immediately and she seemed pleased at my interest.

"James gave it to me," she said. "His taste is rather good." That's English for super-super, I've found.

The door opened again, and a big six footer strode in. I did a double take because he was obviously as American as a hot dog.

"This is Captain Monaghan," James said. "One of your fellow countrymen."

Monaghan grinned at me, and stuck out a big paw. "Awfully glad to see you, Miss Hopper."

He was, it seemed, from Potstown, Pennsylvania, and the Masons had met him quite casually in Salisbury one weekend. They found that he was a writer, and when they began to discuss ideas with him, they decided that he really had something. The next thing anyone knew, he was living with the Masons and writing a mystery with Pamela called "The Upturned Glass," which James will star in.

"The three of us will make the trip to America together," James told me.

"You'll fly over, of course?"

Let the birds fly . . .

"Of course *not*," Pamela said firmly.

Seems queer, doesn't it, when you think of the way our Hollywood stars practically commute from coast to coast by plane. But there are a great many things which are different about the Mason family and Hollywood might as well get set for it. They are non-conformists, and James has a philosophy of life which suits him very well. And planes aren't part of it.

He went to a good public school, (which doesn't mean public at all in England, of course), and then to Cambridge. He took a Bachelor of Arts degree in architecture. But designing houses sounded dull, and he thought of being nice to a lot of rich people so they would give him commissions made him ill. It would be much more exciting and—he thought—profitable, to be an actor.

His only experience so far had been with the college dramatic society. His first play there was a Greek drama, with James playing a member of the chorus. The next play at college was something called "The White Devil."

"It was written up in the London papers," James told me. "I got better press reviews on that than I've ever done on anything since!" Which bothers him about as much as it would bother me to be told that Hirohito didn't like my hats.

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E-Z HAIR REMOVING GLOVE

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After he left college and kissed architecture goodbye, he found an ad in a stage trade paper. "Actor wanted to play in 'Rasputin' on tour. Good salary." Mason got the part, and the salary. It was forty-eight dollars the first week, six dollars the second week, and four dollars and a ticket home the third week.

"I wasn't bothered by the play being a failure," James said thoughtfully. "Of course I could have used a bit more money, for I was being very strong-minded and living on my salary. Independence, and all that, you know. But what bothered me was feeling I wasn't a very good actor at that point. I needed experience."

He got it, in the next few years. When he came back to London with the tour behind him, he managed to stroll into producers' offices with a convincing air of assurance. He had that look about him, even then, of not giving a damn, and that's always attractive to producers. He got small parts at first, then larger ones. They were mostly on tour, but eventually came a season with the Old Vic in London.

sign here, please . . .

Charles Laughton was with them then, and James had a tremendous admiration for the big, burly man who was such an accomplished actor. The first day James joined the company, he was standing by the door when Laughton bustled out.

"I say, Mr. Laughton," he began. He had intended to say a few graceful words about what a great actor he thought Laughton was, but he didn't get a chance.

"Yes, yes, my lad, where's your autograph book?" Laughton, in a tremendous hurry to keep an appointment, had given only a vague glance at the young man.

Mason always did, and still does, consider autograph hunters the lowest form of life. He stared at Laughton, outraged. "Autograph book? I don't have one."

Laughton dug an impatient hand in his pocket. "Here's a shilling," he said kindly. "Buy one, and come back another day."

The next week, Mason was cast in a play with Laughton, who stared at him for some time and finally said, "Where have I seen you before, old boy?"

"Here. You gave me a shilling to buy an autograph book. I loathe autographs, so you may have the shilling back."

For a moment, Laughton looked apoplectic. Then he roared with laughter, and said "Sorry. I'd better take a real gander at the next lad who steps up to me." They have been great friends ever since.

The next year Mason went to Dublin to the Gate Theater. That was in 1934. After his engagement there, he had some very lean months, and spent most of his time on park benches biting his nails. He began to wonder if architects didn't have a pretty good racket after all.

It was during this period of depression that he ran into an old friend of his. The friend invited him to a party.

"Wear your best clothes, James," he said cheerily. "There will be some film people there and I want you to do me credit."

James eyed him sourly. "If you want clothes horse, you have the wrong man. I not only haven't any 'best clothes' but wouldn't wear them if I had."

The funny part was, he meant it. Even now, with the money rolling merrily in James is no tailor's dream. He just isn't interested in clothes. Around the house he wears slacks and beach shirts or sweater. For public occasions he favors a brown sack suit, a white shirt with stiff cuffs, floppy collar, and a tie that would put you eye out at twelve paces. So, at this party he showed up in a well cut but equally well worn tweed number, a scarlet tie, and his usual air of "Go hang yourself if you don't like it."

Three minutes after he arrived, a director named Al Parker tapped the host on the shoulder. "Is that dark chap over there an actor?"

"That's James Mason. He's a rather fine actor, as a matter of fact."

"I think," said the director moodily, "that he ought to be in pictures."

He confided this belief to James, who raised a polite eyebrow but was induced without too much trouble to have a couple of tests made. Then all of a sudden Mason was in pictures. To be sure, the "quickies" he made that first couple of years, while they kept him off park benches, didn't bounce him right into the Savoy. He did manage to save some money, however, and by then he had become friendly with a top photographer, Roy Kellino, and his wife, Pamela. In 1938, they decided to pool their savings and talents and make the kind of picture they wanted. Pamela had been a child star and was well known to the British public as both an actress and writer. She and James concocted the script of "I Met A Murderer." They acted in it, and Roy photographed it.

When they finished it, they all went out and drank champagne together. They had good critical judgment and they were sure the picture would be a smash hit. They toasted its success gaily. But what they didn't know was that on the day of its release—September 3, 1939—England would declare war.

Mason went back to the stage for awhile, and did tours now and then for the Red Cross. In between he made pictures. Roy Kellino and Pamela eventually got a divorce, and in 1940 she and James were married. They're an ideal combination, and know it, and are satisfied. The way they look at each other across the room is enough to tell you how happily married they are. Pamela "manages" James, and he likes to have her do it. His painting is an example. He was working in oils and they smelled up the living room.

"You could paint in the attic," Pamela said.

"In the attic! But it's cold up there."

"Then I think you should switch to pastels. You could do those in the living room with me."

James switched obediently. But neither Pamela nor anyone else in the house would pose for him, so he was reduced to gazing into the mirror and drawing the rugged, handsome Mason feature.

little white lies . . .

Pamela's talent for protecting her husband from the unjust onslaughts of a cruel world was exemplified in the case of the producer, the doctor and the measles. For several days the Masons had been kept waiting around the studio for work to be started. Finally they rebelled and played hookey one day. That night, when they got home from a lovely drive through the cool green countryside, they found frantic messages from the studio. "Where was Mason? Why wasn't he on the set?"

Pamela got on the phone to the producer. "James is ill," she said in carefully worried tones. "I think he's got the measles." This was the first thing that came into her head, and she hadn't stopped to remember that they had had dinner with the producer and his family two nights before.

There were sounds of mingled anger and anxiety from the other end of the phone. The producer was having visions of his three children coming down with measles. "Let me talk to his doctor at once," he said.

"There's no doctor here," Pamela lied. "It was too late to get one tonight. Anyway,

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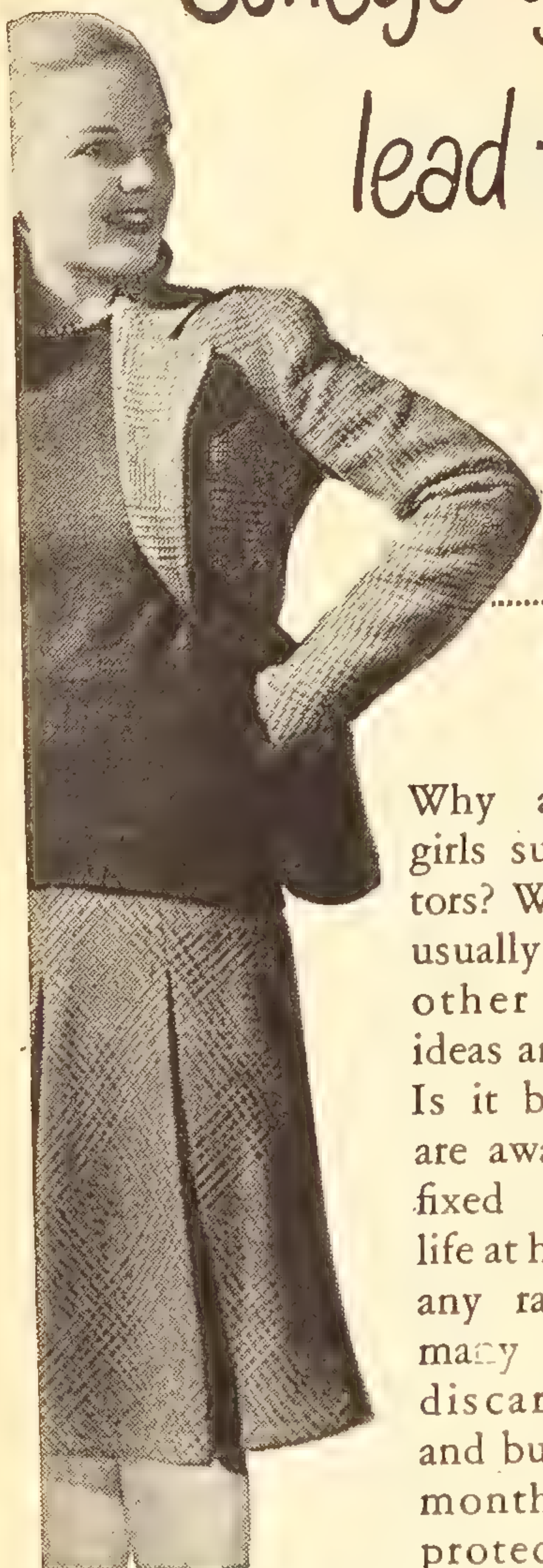
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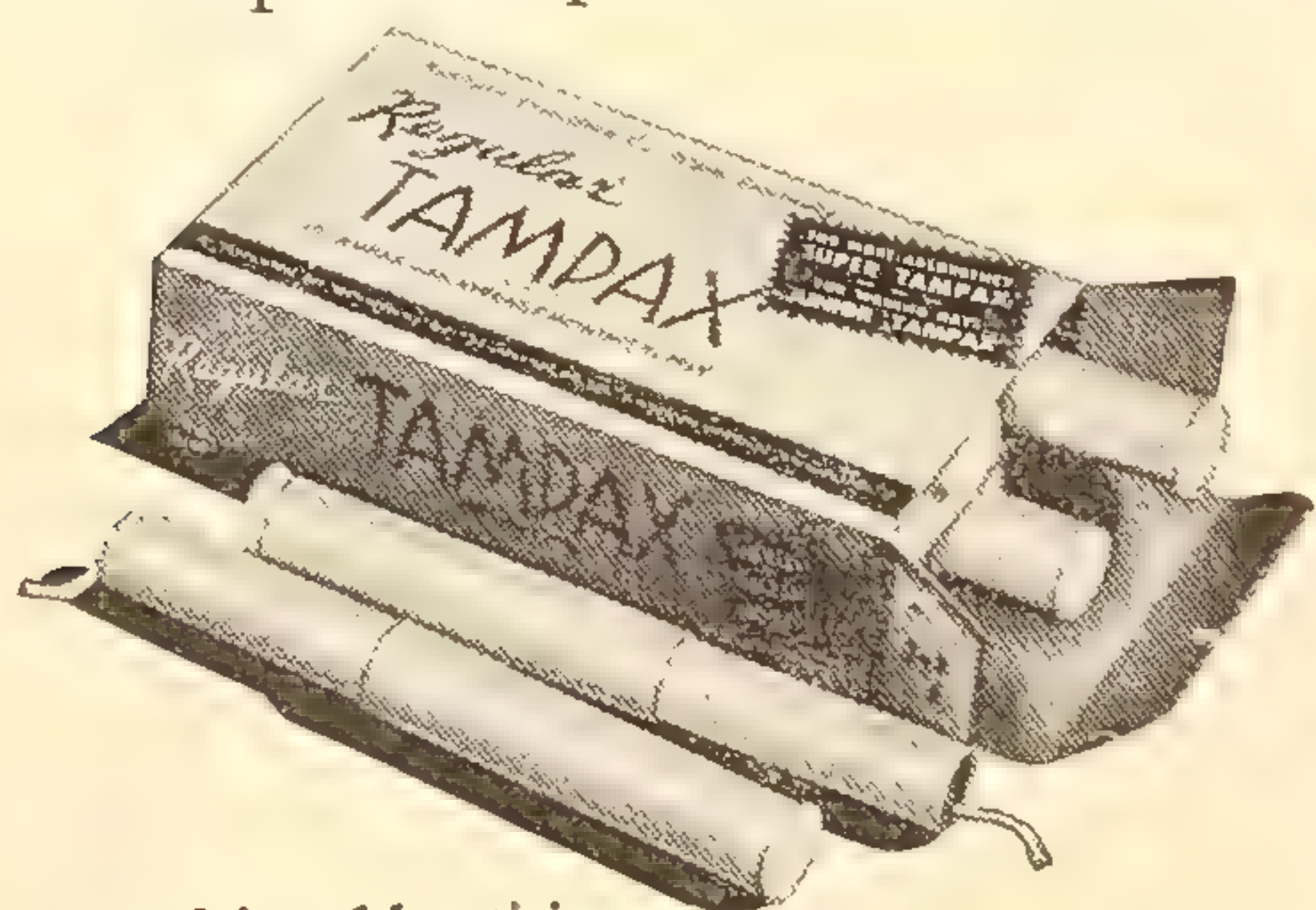
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he may be better in the morning."

"Listen," said the producer, "I'll have my doctor out there in half an hour. This is serious!"

It was, at that. "Go to bed, James," said Pamela quickly.

"But I'm not sick."

"You will be," Pamela said grimly. "Here, swallow this." "This" was a drug which raised James' temperature two degrees in fifteen minutes. Then Pamela took a hairbrush and beat her husband's body till she produced a convincing red rash.

In 1943, came the picture that changed James Mason from just a competent, reasonably popular actor into a sensation. The placid British public went to see "The Man In Grey," and lightning struck. The moment when Mason turns on Margaret Lockwood with his riding crop launched him on a sea of sadism—and success. Women screamed happily, and went home to tell their neighbors, "Dearie, you ought to go see that 'Man in Grey'. When he hit her with that riding crop I went all over faint-like. A fair brute, he is."

"It was then that we began hearing about you in Hollywood," I told him. "American girls went for that riding crop scene, too. And then 'The Seventh Veil' came along."

James smiled. He doesn't do it often, but when he does, his whole face lights up. "I was a brute in 'The Seventh Veil' again, you know. Strange how cruelty pays off. One exhibition bout between Mason and Calvert or Lockwood makes me more famous than years of conscientious acting."

"Women like sadists," Pamela announced. "That's why perfectly nice girls are forever marrying men who beat them, or are unfaithful to them."

"Not this woman," I said. "There must be other reasons why I go for James on the screen."

"He's a damned fine actor, for one," Captain Monaghan offered. This was at lunch, and he hadn't said much. Hadn't had a chance, with me putting James through a third degree about his career.

"I know James is a good actor," I said, getting serious for once. "And I know he won first place on the Daily Mail's popularity contest."

love—from a distance ...

"You should have seen the state he was in when he had to go up to London for that award," Pamela said mischievously. "You know he hates crowds. We went up to Dorchester House where the award was to be given and checked in in the morning. So when the mob of fans arrived that evening, we were safely inside and they never got a glimpse of him."

"Wasn't that a little hard on the fans?" I asked doubtfully. I had a momentary vision of Frank Sinatra and Van Johnson as I had seen them a couple of times up to their eyebrows in fans who were practically tearing them limb from limb.

"Crowds have a strange effect on me," James explained. "I'm delighted that the fans like me. But if I'm exposed to large quantities of them at once, I get a sort of claustrophobia, you know."

Thinking about it on the way home that evening, I had an idea that that was something James might have to get over in Hollywood. Because in the United States one of the many things democracy stands for is the right of kids to say "Hi" to their screen heroes. It may not be as impressive a right as some mentioned in the Constitution, but I think it's pretty indicative of the way we run our country, and I'm all for it. Probably the Masons will be, too, when they get acclimated. So let's give them a royal welcome, kids, and let the autographs fall where they may.

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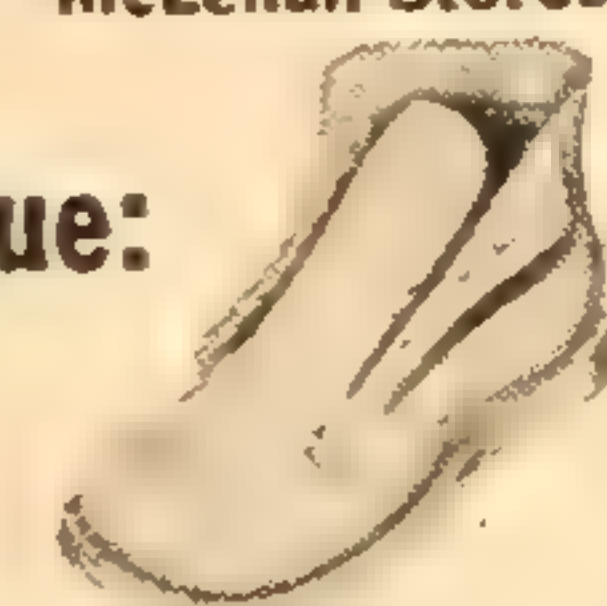
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I KNEW HIM WHEN —

(Continued from page 48)

probably can't dance, Alton thought dismally, and held out his hand.

"You remember me, don't you?" the boy said. "Gene Kelly, of Pittsburgh?"

"Of course, of course," Alton told him, frantically searching his mind. Pittsburgh? Good heavens, when had he ever been in Pittsburgh? Certainly not since the time they'd dragged him down there to direct that amateur thing for kids, "Pittsburgh on Parade" or some such name.

Then something clicked in his mind. "But you were only thirteen . . ."

" . . . and how I've grown!" Gene finished.

"Not too much, fortunately." Alton eyed him speculatively. "You were pretty good in the chorus, I remember. What are you doing now?"

school teacher . . .

It took Gene half an hour to tell him what he was doing now. The dancing school for children he had opened back in Pittsburgh was going great guns and actually netting as much as \$300 a month. At this information Alton shuddered; he had once run a dancing school himself before he had become New York's most famous and sought-after dance director. "Why don't you dance for me?" Alton said.

"I haven't the right shoes, but—okay."

Then, without music, on the empty, bare stage, young Gene Kelly of Pittsburgh danced a little Spanish tap number with such style and imagination as Alton had not seen since Astaire. As he watched, his head cleared and he forgot about dinner. He said, "What on earth are you doing in a dancing school? Close it up at once and come here to New York. I'll hire you myself, right now, for this show."

Gene cocked a wary eye. "How much?"

The figures of his budget ran rapidly through Alton's mind. "Seventy-five a week. That's as much as you're netting from the school and this is the big time."

"Wait a minute." Gene took his mother's arm and they withdrew into a huddle. "It's not enough," Gene said later.

"It's the best I can do."

"Then—drop in, the next time you're in Pittsburgh."

"The next time I'm there I certainly will," Alton told him grimly. Likely, he thought. He was extremely annoyed. But he did not really enjoy his capon that night; he kept seeing the grace of movement, the subtle technique, the dreaming intelligence of that little dance Kelly had improvised for him. . . .

You saw that dance in your neighborhood theater when "Anchors Aweigh" played there last year. You saw it because Alton could not get it out of his mind, and finally one afternoon picked up his phone, and said, "All right, all right. Eighty-five. And I'll let you try a bit part."

"Wait a minute," Gene answered.

"If you're going into one of those hud-

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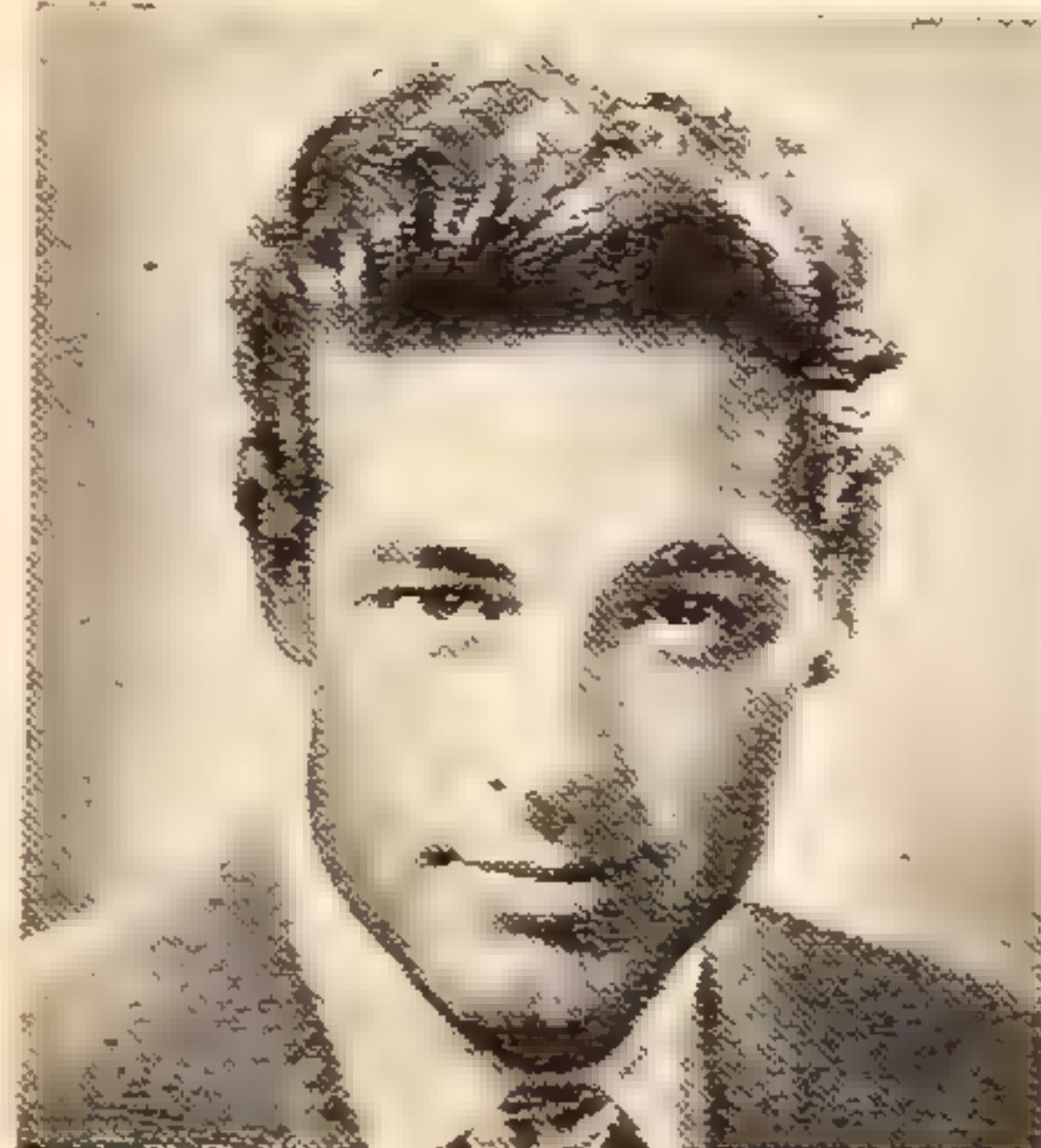
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"I'll take it."

Gene was not sensational in "Leave It To Me," but he was good. Solidly good. What so astonished Alton was that besides being able to dance the boy could act, as well. Thus when the matter of casting "One For the Money" came up, Alton thought of Gene.

During the first tryout, and later in rehearsals, Alton began to recognize in his new find a shrewd, natural showman. There was no labor connected with their onstage relationship. He could give Gene the barest idea of what he wanted so far as "characterization was concerned, and without more ado Gene filled in the blank spaces and perfected the part on his own. But when it came to dancing it was a different story—

"Now at this point," Alton explained one afternoon, "you do a gliding soft-shoe number here in this clear space."

"Why?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Why do I do the dance?"

"Because the action's slow, the dialogue's too wordy but can't be cut, and I want to brighten things up. Get a little pathetic humor into it if you can. Go ahead, see what you can work up."

there's gotta be a reason . . .

Just then Alton was called over to the other side of the stage and didn't come back for twenty minutes. He found Gene pacing the floor, all but wringing his hands. "I can't do it," Gene said. "Nothing comes. There's no reason for the dance, no motive. A dance is supposed to say something, and here there's nothing to say."

Alton thought fast. "But there is," he said. "Plenty. You're lonely, d'y see? And the girl over at that table, with the man she doesn't love, is lonely too—right here in the midst of this big noisy crowd. You want her to know that you have a kinship of spirit, that you understand how she feels, that you think she is beautiful."

The trouble went out of Gene's eyes. "Oh. Why didn't you say that before?" In ten minutes he had created a dance that said all those things, and more.

Alton decided to send him to his own agent, Johnny Darrow. After all, Johnny had done some nice things for him, and it was time he returned the favor.

It was Darrow who wangled Gene the part of the corny hoofer in Saroyan's "Time of Your Life," which ran for 22 weeks and established the name of Gene Kelly on Broadway. Then Alton was sent the script of a play called "Pal Joey" and asked if he thought it could be made into a musical. He came to the conclusion that it could, but there was again the difficult matter of casting it.

He sat one midnight with Darrow in a Sixth Avenue delicatessen, running his fingers through his hair and muttering to himself; the agent looked up suddenly and said, "You don't suppose Gene Kelly . . . ?"

Alton banged his hands together, upsetting a glass of water in the process. "I must be out of my mind," he told Darrow. "Of course! He is Pal Joey."

And he was, and that was the real beginning for Gene because, humble at this fantastic break and imbued with a fierce resolve to justify Alton's faith in him, he slaved night and day on that part. He danced better than he knew how. And after the opening there was no longer any doubt: Broadway had a great new star.

One night, after the final curtain, Alton ran into Gene in front of the theater. "Off to bed?" he asked, and Gene said, "I never felt more wide awake in my life. Did you read Winchell today?"

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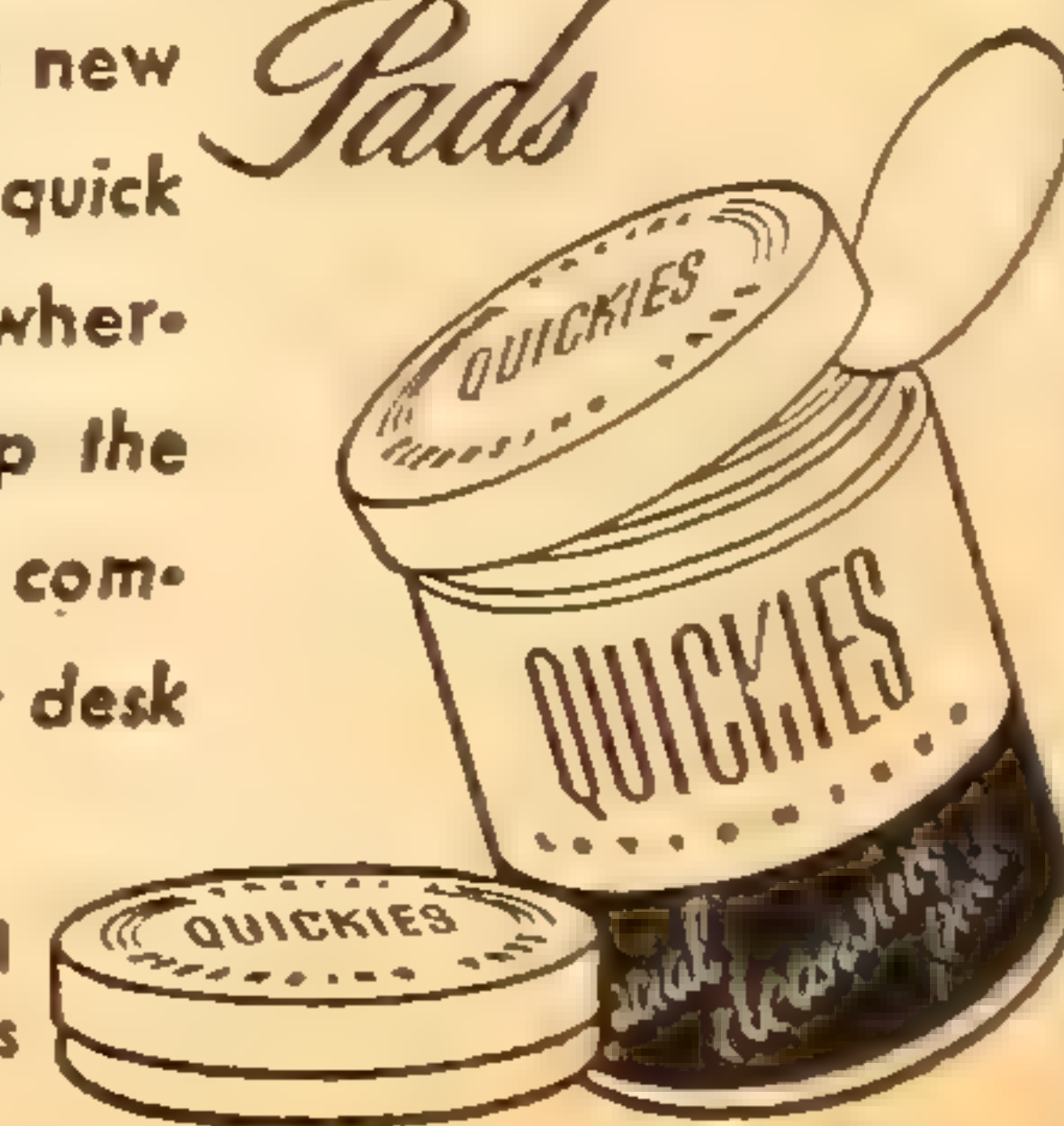
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"He was very nice to you. Let's go to a late grog shop and talk a little."

"I've got some beer at my apartment," Gene said, "and the girl always leaves enough sandwiches for a regiment. How about that?"

In the living room of the little apartment Gene set the record changer, poured beer into oversized steins, and uncovered the sandwiches. Then he began to talk. Alton, sunk in a deep chair, his feet up on an enormous puff, was in a mood for listening rather than for talking.

It hadn't occurred to Alton that Gene was a little lonely, that the theater and success and the disenchanted, hard-bitten, sophisticated society of Broadway were not enough to fill his life. Listening, Alton learned about Joan and Louise, Gene's sisters, and James Jr. and Frederic, his brothers; he heard about the difficult financial time when Gene was at Penn State, studying law, and had to spend his first summer vacation as an apprentice bricklayer in order to make the next semester's tuition. That was the summer that Gene had mixed cement in the daytime and sodas in a drug store at night. . . .

But he had kept up his dancing lessons, and had done a few turns in Pittsburgh night clubs for some extra cash, and in the end the law course had begun to look too expensive and too long, before there would be any return on the investment. The family had always operated as a tightly knit clan, a unit; now, when he had the idea of opening a dancing school, they'd rallied around in the same fashion.

Both Louise and Joan came in to work as instructors, as well as Frederic; and when amateur shows to display the talents of the pupils and thus attract more trade were necessary, it was Harriet Kelly, their mother, who designed the costumes.

Sipping his beer and listening, Alton caught the need in his young friend for all the things that are genuine and secure and lasting—the warmth of knowing someone else is in the house, of hearing voices in the next room, of children's laughter, of a fire already burning in the fireplace, of companionship and affection.

just plain lonesome . . .

"What you need," Alton told him suddenly, with conviction, "is a girl."

"I've got a girl."

"I meant a wife."

"All," said Gene, "in good time." And the subject was changed.

Alton did not remember that evening again until he was deep in rehearsals for "Panama Hattie." Among the cast was a lovely little girl named Betsy Blair, whom Alton had noticed particularly for the indefinable quality of innocence which she seemed to wear like a garment. She was also a competent actress, which set her up in Alton's books; and after he had talked with her a few times, and watched her out of the corner of his eye for a number of days, he went around to the cast with what—coming from a dance director on a great Broadway show—was an astonishing request.

"Strictly as a favor to me," he told them, "will you please watch your language when Betsy Blair's around? She's no infant, but Betsy's a phenomenon on this street, an old-fashioned girl, and I don't want her spoiled."

Strangely enough, none of the other girls took offense. They knew what he meant. They also knew something about Betsy that he did not. He found it out one afternoon, though, when, emerging from the stage entrance, he ran into Gene.

"This," said Alton, "is at least the tenth time I've caught you hanging around here. You've got a perfectly good job of your own. What's up?"

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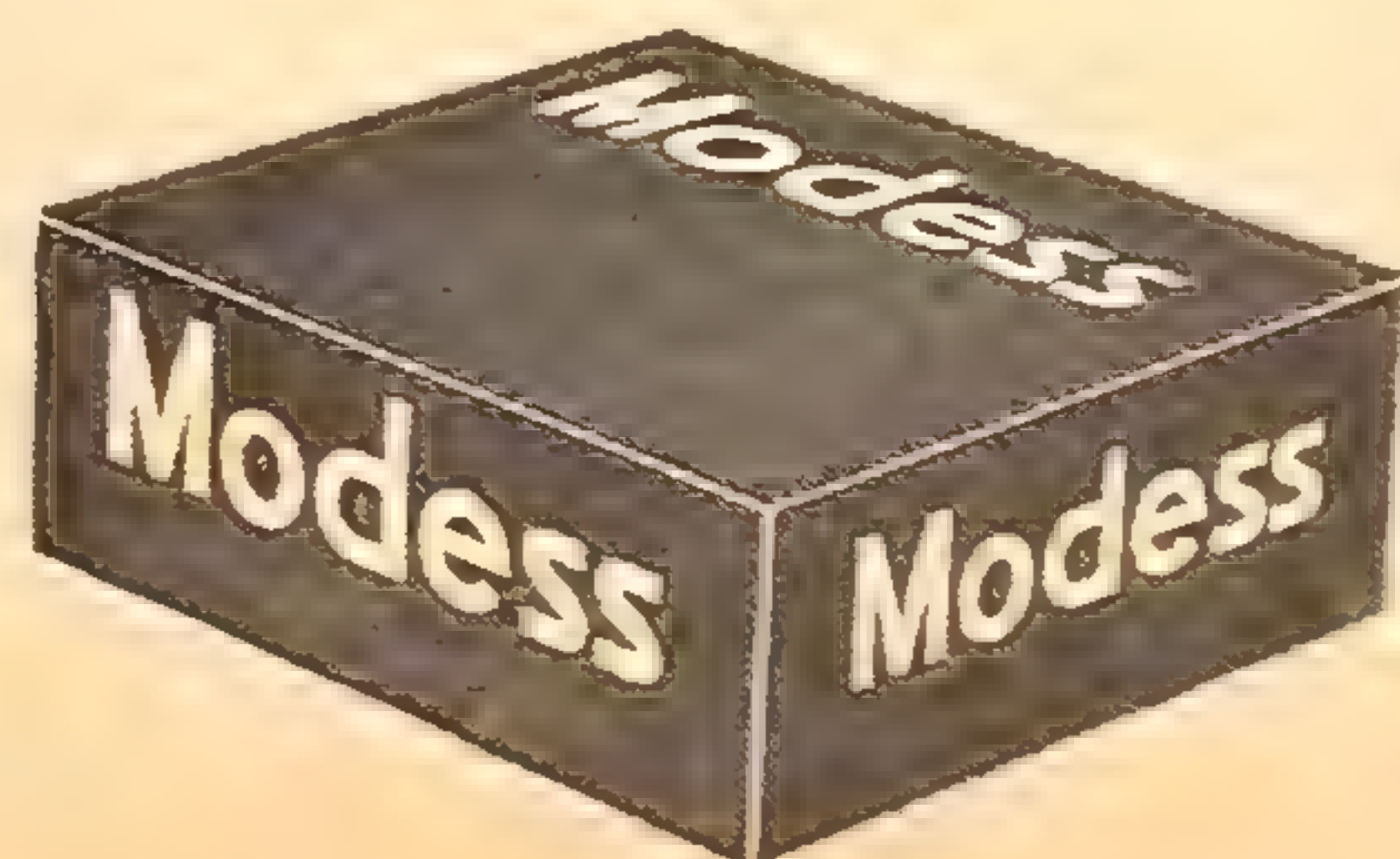
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Left: Dorothy Gebhardt when she started the Success Course two years ago. Center: 5 months later. Right: Dorothy today, slender, lovely, vital.

	Before	After
Weight	160	132
Bust	36"	33½"
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Gene did not answer. Alton discovered he was looking past him, smiling with his brown Irish eyes; turning, the director saw Betsy coming through the door.

"I don't believe it," he said.

"Start believing it now, then," Gene said. "Remember what you told me that night at my apartment?"

Alton remembered.

"All right, I've followed your advice before and I can't say I regret it."

After Hollywood had taken Gene, as it had taken so many of Alton's former dancers—Mary Martin, Van Johnson, Lucille Bremer, June Allyson, Betty Hutton—he lost track of the Kellys for a while. He saw Gene's pictures: "DuBarry Was a Lady," "Thousands Cheer," "The Cross of Lorraine," "Anchors Aweigh," and noticed Gene's inimitable talent grow and mature.

Then the war years had somehow gone by, at long last, and Gene was out of the Navy and Alton had already come to Hollywood under contract to Gene's own studio, M-G-M. A reunion was in order.

It happened, typically, at a party in Gene's English provincial house; typically, because both Gene and Betsy love parties.

Gene, Alton discovered, had grown up and was about as thoroughly happy in his marriage and his work as any man Alton had ever met.

Before he left, that evening, Alton found himself seated alone with Betsy on a small sofa so that, while the party swirled about them, they could chat. He said, "You know, I believe Gene can do almost anything he wants to, and do it better than anyone else. He could be a great ballet dancer, a fine dramatic actor, a comedian, or you name it."

"It's that ambition of his," said Betsy.

"It's that brain of his. I have the feeling, whenever I see him, that I'm with someone who's smarter than I am, more hep. I say to myself, 'Be careful, he'll outwit me and in a moment he'll counter a crack of mine with one so devastating, so superbly unanswerable that I'll have to creep out of the room on my knees.'"

Betsy smiled at him, her eyes untroubled. She knew her man. She said, confidently, "But he never has."

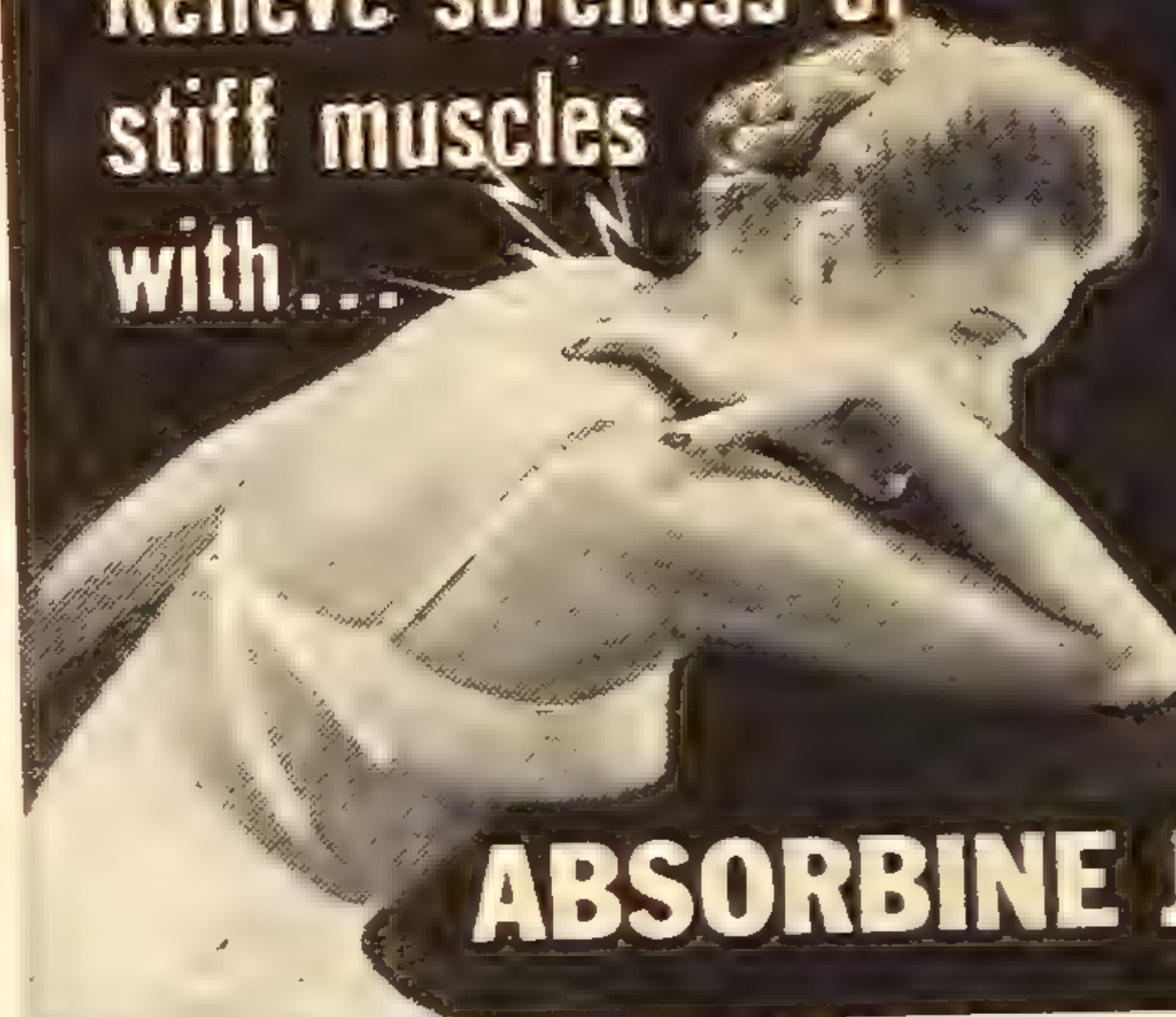
Alton rose to go. "No, God bless him, he never has—"

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THE BRIDE WORE WHITE

(Continued from page 60)

"Good heavens. Michigan is where you were born. I was born in Indiana." So she had to cross out "Mich . . ." and begin again.

When it was John's turn to fill in the questionnaire, he swallowed hard, then muttered to Anne, "I don't think I'm going to be able to write at all." Grasping the pen as if it were the last solid substance in a whirling world, he guided it deliberately to form the slow words.

Said Anne, as they left the license bureau, "I think that's the first time—in the two years I've known you—that I've seen you flustered."

As a matter of fact, the first thing Anne had noticed about John was his self-possession. They met, that is, they were introduced, when John was working in "Lifeboat" and Anne was working in "The Sullivans." Each morning, they would see one another in the makeup department. John told Anne afterward that he listened to her chirping conversation and thought, "That girl has the most wonderful disposition of anyone I've ever seen. Imagine being bright and gay at this hour!" Personally, he still felt carnivorous until he had had his coffee.

Anne, not knowing that John admired her personality, thought that Mr. Hodiak was the most aloof, reserved man she had ever seen. His manners were those of a visiting diplomat. He always said, "Good morning, Miss Baxter." Anne always said, "Good morning," but she couldn't quite bring herself to say, "Mr. Hodiak." It seemed so sort of receiving line-ish.

John and Anne didn't see one another after finishing their respective pictures, until Easter.

Anne had been invited to a dawn Easter egg hunt, and visited with friends at the home of Alfred Hitchcock afterward. John happened to be there, spending the day with the Hitchcocks. "Hello, Anne," said John, breaking a precedent.

"Hello, John," said Anne, amazed to realize that they had finally reached first name friendship. However, that was the grand total of conversation between them. Everyone else was talking at once and having a gay time, and Anne couldn't stay long, so that ended *that*. Upon thinking it over later, Anne wasn't certain that steps had been taken to "Shake that unshakeable Hodiak calm," but she remembered the way in which his voice had uttered her name . . . and that was pleasant.

studio plays cupid . . .

It is difficult to imagine the might and prestige of 20th Century-Fox garbed in a wide pink ribbon, equipped with wings, quiver and arrow, but it is true that the studio actually played cupid in the next sequence of events.

Anne and John were cast in the same picture, "Sunday Dinner For A Soldier."

The men working on the film were highly congenial: John, Lloyd Bacon (the director), Charles Winninger, as the incorrigible grandfather, and several other members of the crew made it a practice to have luncheon in the Commissary each noon. Theirs was the noisiest and obviously most-fun-eating table in the room.

Anne, being the only girl in the cast (Connie Marshall was carted off to her dressing room by the teacher at noon), and not wanting to be a feminine damper on a masculine gabfest, had lunch elsewhere.

After two weeks of this, John rebelled. One noon he said, "Anne, we want you to join us at our table. We don't like to see



"I might as well have hugged a statue!"

It's true—a statue couldn't be any more unresponsive than Ben was, to my caresses. Yet he'd been such an affectionate husband! How was I to blame? You see, I thought I understood about feminine hygiene. But

I'd foolishly trusted to *now-and-then* care. My doctor brought home to me the truth that such neglect can kill married happiness. And he stressed using "Lysol" brand disinfectant always, for douching.



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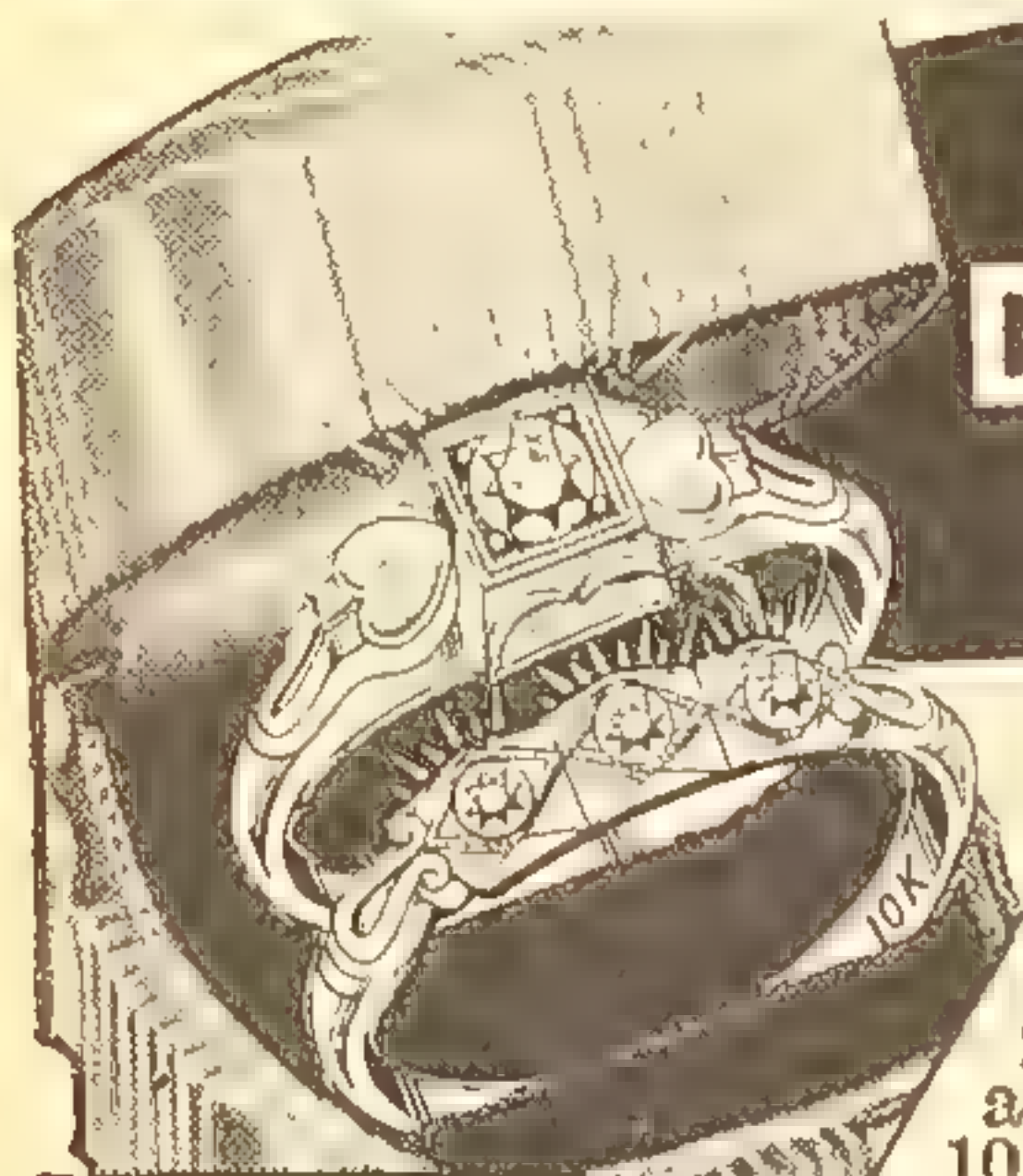
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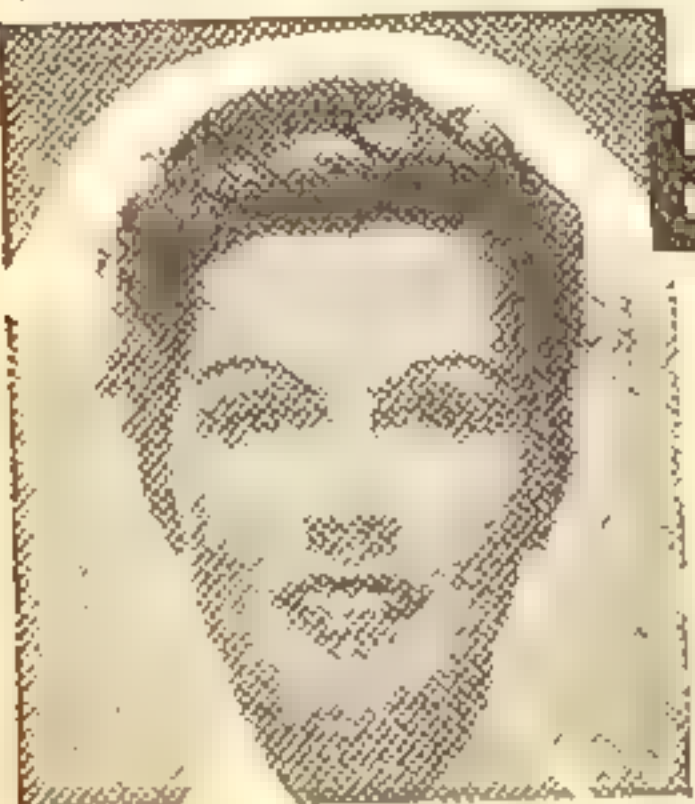
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you sitting in another corner when we're having so much fun."

She realized that not every member of the happy family agreed with John's decision to include her, but they were willing to cooperate. When, over a year later, they finally discussed the situation, John said, "Some of the boys weren't keen on having you join us—that's true. The presence of a girl sometimes inhibits a group of fellows, but it didn't seem courteous, and besides, I wanted you!"

Then one night John called to ask Anne if she'd dine with him and go to a party at Hoagy Carmichael's afterward. His voice didn't seem aloof at all.

They had a wonderful time—as everyone did—at Hoagy's party, and their long talk afterward was highly satisfactory. They gabbed about politics—without getting excited, although one is a liberal Republican and the other a Democrat.

In addition to their mutual interest in world affairs, John and Anne have dozens of other kindred enthusiasms. One evening, John arrived at Anne's house to take her to a preview and noticed a copy of The New Yorker lying on the table, its cover neatly severed. Almost unable to believe the testimony of his eyes, John asked, "Why did you do that?"

"I've collected New Yorker covers for years," Anne said. "After I've read each week's issue, I save the cover, pass the book on to some of my friends."

John shook his head, grinning. "I've saved New Yorker covers for the past twelve years," he admitted. "I'd planned to paper a playroom some day."

"Me, too," said Anne. At the time they didn't go into the problem more completely, because they weren't yet sure they were in love. More recently they have checked up on one another's collections and issued a positive statement: When they are able to build, they will paper either the den or the rumpus room with ex-New Yorker covers.

boogie woogie and bach . . .

Music is another of their hobbies, but Anne was strictly longhair, whereas John could describe the rise of jazz from Basin Street to The Bronx. Because John wanted to get acquainted with some of the classics which, though obscure, Anne knew well, and because Anne was exactly as curious about Dixieland and gut bucket, they spent hours listening to recordings that illustrated different musical convictions.

Came Anne's birthday, and in marched John with two albums of recordings. As Anne has almost every classic recorded, she presumed that John had secured some new hot discs. Stripping off the wrappings, she studied the titles, then uttered a shriek of pure ecstasy.

John had spent months searching out albums of Frederick Delius' works, and an excellent waxing of "Pictures At An Exhibition" by Moussorgsky, neither of which Anne owned.

There were misunderstandings during their two years of courtship, of course. For instance, there was the really funny (not at the time, though) incident best described as *l'affaire Romanoff*. Both John and Anne were between pictures, so John telephoned to ask her to have luncheon at Romanoff's. "At one o'clock," he said.

"Love to, love to," agreed Anne. "I have to make a social call on some friends in Pasadena in the morning, but I'll be able to keep a one o'clock appointment."

At twelve-forty-five, John arrived at Anne's house, marched up the walk and rang the doorbell. No answer. John, who is something of a martinet about promptness, withdrew to his car and waited until one o'clock. Then he telephoned Romanoff's, and apologized. He said that he would

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like to move his reservation up thirty minutes, if it wouldn't inconvenience the restaurant. The maitre d'hotel was very nice about it. He said it could be done.

John waited. One-ten. One-twenty. One-thirty. Seething slightly, he went to the telephone again, and asked to have the reservation moved to two o'clock. "Gladly," they said. "And Mr. Hodiak, I've been asked to tell you that Miss Baxter is here, waiting for you!"

The drive from Anne's house to Romanoff's allowed John's temper to reach the boiling point. If he had been wearing a thermometer in a cap on top of his head, he would have blown a gasket. Controlling his wrath, he strode into the restaurant.

"Well," queried Miss Baxter blithely, "where have you been?"

Pay tribute to John's restraint. He swallowed twice before answering in a low voice, "I was waiting for you at your home. I was waiting for you to return from Pasadena."

stand in the corner . . .

Anne began to feel like a small girl who has broken her father's best pipe. "I thought that you meant for me to meet you here at one o'clock," she explained in a thin voice.

"When have I ever asked you to meet me ANYWHERE," hissed the volcano that looked like a man. "That is one thing in which I do not believe, and that's positive. When I ask a girl to go anywhere with me, I intend to go to her home, drive her to wherever we are going, then drive her home again. Hereafter, when I ask you for a date, remember that I do not intend to MEET you anywhere except in your own home."

"Yes, sir," said Anne meekly. "I'm—er—awfully sorry."

"Well, all right," said John. "So I'll buy you a champagne cocktail."

As soon as John's family had moved into the house John had bought in San Fernando Valley, and they were settled (father, mother, John's sister, her husband, and their three-year-old nephew, Dickie), John took Anne out to meet them.

Afterward, Mrs. Hodiak said of Anne, "There is a fine girl—sincere and real. Not in the least artificial." As far as John was concerned, that was the final seal of approval. However, there was another member of the family who had developed a sub-cub passion for Miss Baxter: Dickie. All he could talk about for days was Anne. When he looked through his picture books, he pointed to every girl, small or tall, and announced with approval, "Anne."

Although John keeps no scrapbooks, his mother does, so he sends the stills from his motion pictures home to her, and she pastes them in a large album which is a constant source of delight to Dickie. When he was studying the shots of John and Nancy Guild from "Somewhere in the Night" he would rest a tiny forefinger on Nancy Guild's face and observe, "Anne." Turning the pages to the stills of John and Lucille Ball in "Two Smart People," Dickie would squeal, "Anne." Clearly, his conviction matches that of his uncle: That all the charms of all the girls in the world are encompassed in one: Anne.

However, Dickie is not to be mislead entirely. When he actually saw some kodak pictures that John had taken one Sunday, Mr. Dickie diagnosed in a clear treble, "Oh, REALLY-Anne."

Another inter-family friendship was that which sprung up between John and Mr. Baxter, Anne's father, who is one of the vice-presidents in a nationally-known manufacturing company.

Because John asked intelligent questions and evinced genuine interest, Mr. Baxter mentioned his approval to Anne. "A steady man, dependable," he said.

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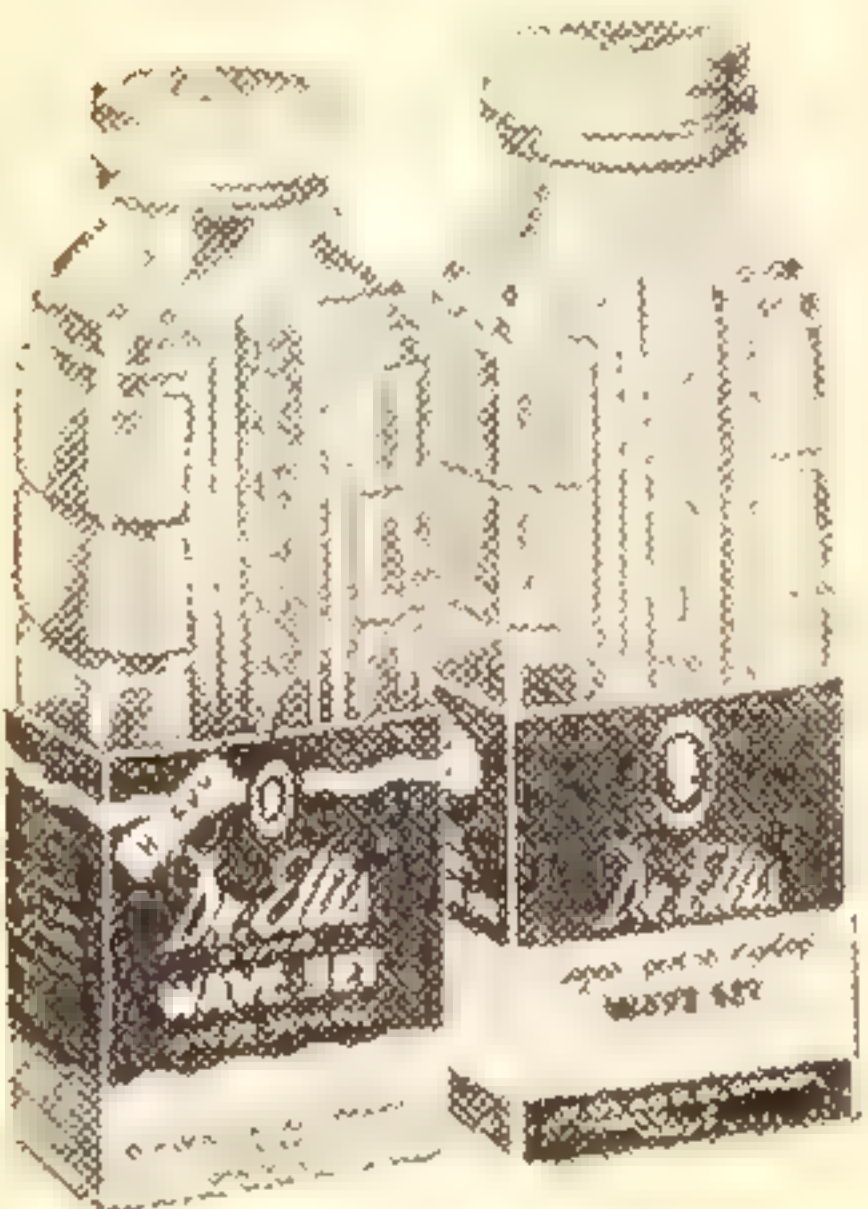
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This dependability, coupled with a rigid sense of a man's responsibility, explains one of the arrangements John and Anne have made about their dwelling. They will live in Anne's house, which is comfortable and cosy, and by far the most sensible plan in view of the housing shortage. But John has investigated the normal rentals charged for such a house, and he will pay Anne rent each month exactly as if she were a strange landlady, and he the head of the house of Hodiak.

They don't plan to build a larger place for three or four years—until labor and good material are available in abundance.

Just before he and Anne were married, John was discussing their courtship with a friend. "I suppose there is such a thing as love at first sight," he said, "but that sort of thing would seem to me to spoil the fun of getting acquainted. Anne and I have had a wonderful two years' courtship. We have learned how each of us thinks. I know her viewpoints, and she knows mine. I know her tastes, and she has learned mine. Finding out these things about one another has been thrilling and wonderful, and I'm glad we didn't hurry it."

Just a few weeks before the ceremony in Burlingame, John and Anne were invited out to the home of friends to spend Sunday. Anne decided to take sour cream for salad dressing and ice cream as a treat for the children of the friends.

Along the way, John began to have trouble with the car's brakes so he drove into the first garage and asked a mechanic to repair the difficulty. While this was being done, Anne and John sat on the running board of another car and talked. Not until much later did they remember the ice cream, which had melted, or the sour cream, which had tripled in velocity.

"We forget everything when we get started on a conversation," laughed Anne. Said John, smiling down into his fiancée's eyes, "That's the beginning of a happy marriage."

EASY ACE

(Continued from page 52)

Bing was an excellent angler.

"What time did you get in last night?" he wanted to know.

"Three this morning," said Bing.

"Oh," said the mayor. "Then you'd better sleep a little longer."

"Not me," said Bing. "Fishing is my racket. Sleeping is corny." He told the mayor he'd be right over, then turned to Barney, who had opened one annoyed eye.

"Want to go along?" said Bing.

"Sleeping is my racket," said Barney. "Fishing is corny."

At four that afternoon, Bing was back at the hotel, looking quite smug. He had bagged a fifteen-pound trout, thereby justifying the faith of the mayor, who had the catch stuffed and later sent to Bing in Hollywood. At five, Bing was behind the wheel again, headed north toward Jasper National Park. He told Barney they'd stop for the night in the first town north of the Canadian border.

"I'm glad you intend to sleep tonight," said Barney. "It might be of some help to your constitution."

The news of Bing's presence had flown from the border to the first Canadian town, faster than Bing's convertible. When they stopped for dinner, they looked up to see the restaurant window framing hundreds of curious, staring faces.

Dawn of the next morning revealed that the townspeople had given Bing something to remember them by. The canvas top of his automobile was completely covered

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with autographs in pencil, in ink, and in lipstick. Barney was dumbfounded.

"How can you get all that off?" he said. "I love it," said Bing. He grinned. "I may have it varnished."

They planned on reaching Lake Louise for lunch. It was a lovely morning, and Bing was in high good humor. He sang along with the car radio, harmonizing with recordings of Frank Sinatra and Dick Haymes. Then the disc jockey dropped a Crosby record on the turntable. Bing stopped singing.

"Turn that down, will you, Barney?"

"But it's you!"

Bing grinned. "I can't stand that guy. Turn it down, huh?"

While Barney was still reflecting on what manner of man was this Crosby character, Bing pulled the car to the side of the road.

"What's the matter?" said Barney.

"Nothing," said Bing. "I want to walk for a while. Take over, will you?"

He slid out of the seat and started off the road at a brisk pace. Barney shook his head. Getting up at five a.m. was enough to test any man's energy, but walking when you had a perfectly good car was beyond him.

cross-country crosby . . .

Had Barney been with Bing at the Crosby ranch in Nevada for the preceding few weeks, he would have been acquainted with this obsession for ambling. Not only for ambling, but for anything that comes under the general heading of exercise. At the ranch, Charlie, the Chinese cook, rings the bell at five in the morning. This serves the purpose of waking the ranch hands for a six o'clock breakfast. But when the bell rings, the master of the 8700 acres is usually a few miles away (having walked, of course), pitching hay or tinkering with a tractor. Bing often walks ten miles a day, an indulgence with which few of his friends sympathize.

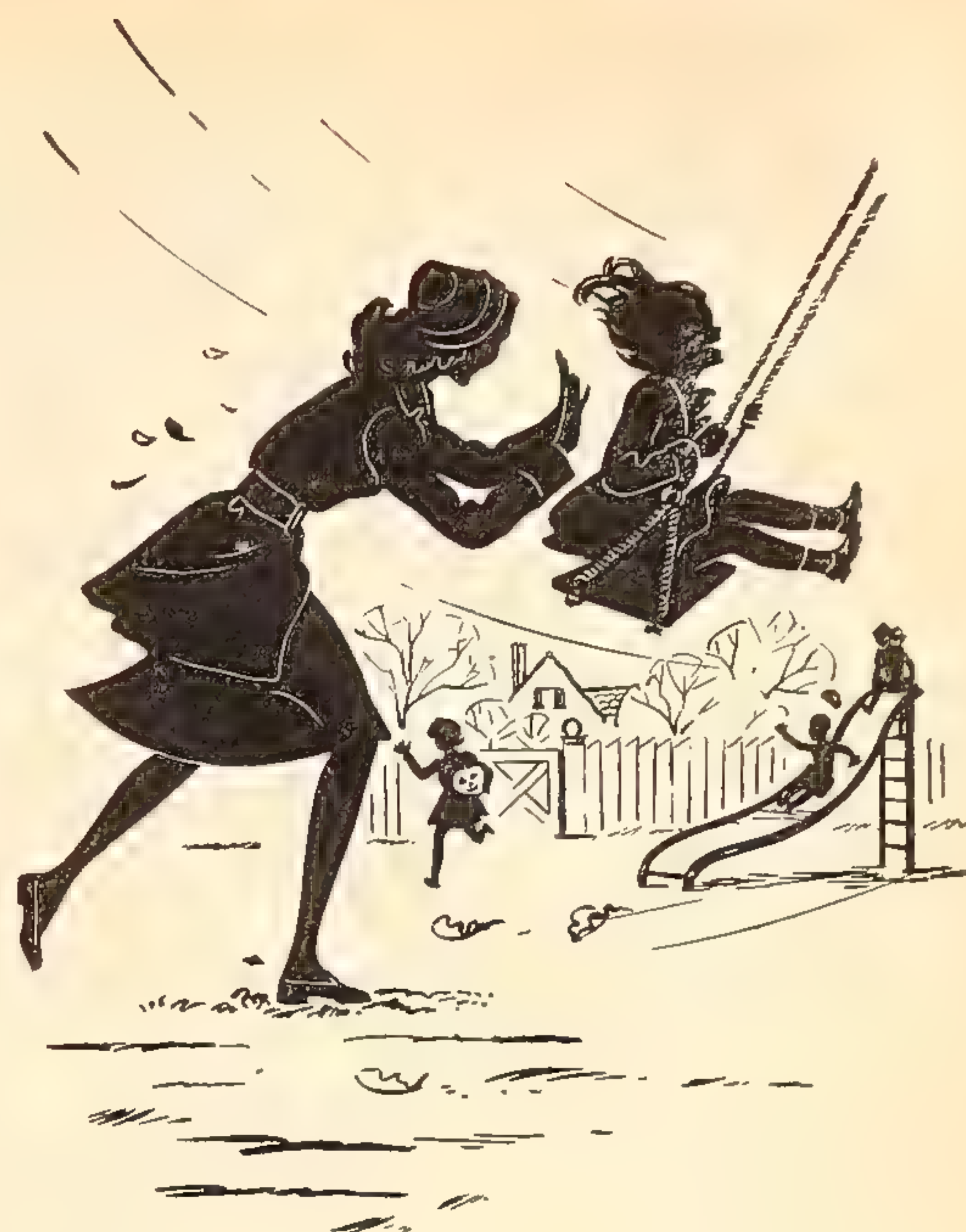
So Barney Dean wheezed along in the car for an hour, until finally Bing decided to take to wheels once more. Hours later, they arrived at Jasper and pulled up in front of the Lodge. A bellboy approached just as Bing was extricating his golf clubs from the back seat.

"Do the best you can with the luggage," said Bing, and walked off in the direction of the golf course. He played eighteen holes of golf, and when he discovered that darkness doesn't come until ten o'clock in that country, he took on Wally Westmore for two sets of tennis.

It was Bing's first trip to that part of Canada, and he fell in love with it. Each day, when shooting was finished, he whipped off to the golf course, the tennis courts, or went fishing. When anyone asked him how his golf game had been, he replied, "Awful. Just awful," but reports came slipping back that he had played the difficult course in one to three over par.

At night, the guests gathered in a ballroom, where music for dancing was supplied by an orchestra. People were startled when Bing made his appearance there regularly. He has a faculty for making people feel at home with him, and soon women were dancing with him without even thinking of asking for his autograph. His feminine interest while at Jasper centered on his sister-in-law and twin nieces, whom he had invited up to the Lodge from Spokane. All of twelve years old, Dixie and Catherine were in a spasm of glory when their Uncle Bing waltzed them around the dance floor.

Into the lobby one Sunday walked Linda. Linda was eight years old, the daughter of Jasper's baker. She had heard that Bing Crosby was staying at the Lodge and had walked from town to see him.



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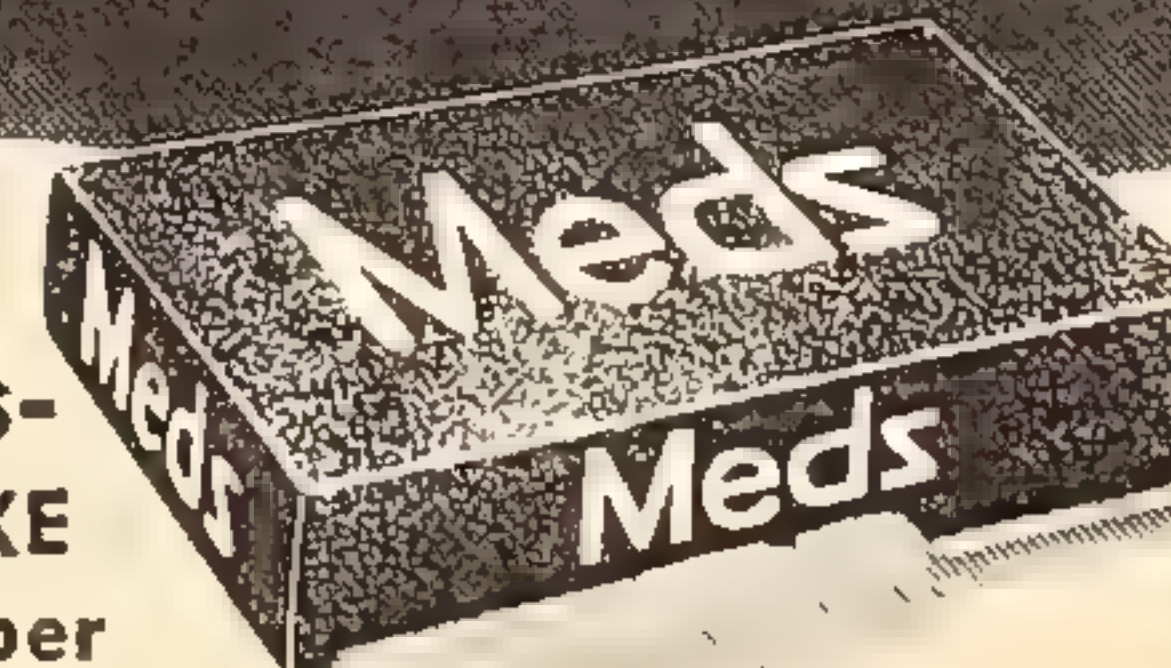
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A hotel clerk led her up to Bing, who was talking with a group of people.

"This is Linda, Mr. Crosby. She wanted to meet you."

Bing looked down and smiled, and suddenly panic took over in Linda's heart. She tried to smile back, then turned and bolted from the room. Bing ran after her and caught her half way down the steps. Considering that he is the father of four boys, he has a definite technique with small girls, because whatever it was he said to her, after that, Linda worshipped him. Several times he took her with him to the scene of the day's shooting. Driving along between the lanes of fans who collected every morning at six o'clock, Linda felt quite proud.

Director Billy Wilder celebrated his birthday at the lodge and the cast gave him a party. Bing sent money to the baker for a birthday cake. The baker refused it, and Bing went to see him.

"You've made my Linda so happy," said the baker, "that I'd give you my whole bakery if you asked for it."

The first thing Bing did that evening was to arrange for two quarts of champagne to be sent to his friend, the baker.

One morning a young boy visiting the set, along with hundreds of others, was doing his best to make himself a general nuisance. He had collected several autographs from Joan Fontaine and Bing and other members of the cast, and had posed for many pictures of himself with the stars. The company had just broken for lunch and Bing was walking toward his car when the boy stopped him.

"I want," said the kid, "the studio photographer to take a picture of me with you."

Considering that the entire company was leaning toward mayhem where the young gent was concerned, Bing's reply was comparatively mild.

"No more film," he said, and got into his car.

proud father . . .

Even though he played golf when it rained, Bing found time to write letters. Never business letters. That was taboo, and conducted strictly by phone. But an hour a day was devoted to writing postcards to his family and friends back in Hollywood. He received several letters from his sons while in Canada, but the most important item to reach him by mail arrived on Father's Day. It was a recording made by the four boys, a parody of "Pop Goes the Weasel," written for them by Burke and Van Heusen especially for Bing. He took it up to his room, carefully unwrapped it, and played it on his portable victrola. Barney sat and watched from his bed, and marveled at the way Bing's face lighted up when he heard the record. Bing played it several times for members of the company, and when he left the lodge told the bellboy, "I don't care what you do with my luggage—but be careful of that record."

Jasper Lodge has a recreation hall where its staff holds forth nightly. On the day before the company was to leave Jasper, a bellboy was walking down one of the carpeted halls. A door opened, and Bing looked after the bellboy.

"Psst," he said, "Come here."

The boy obediently backed up.

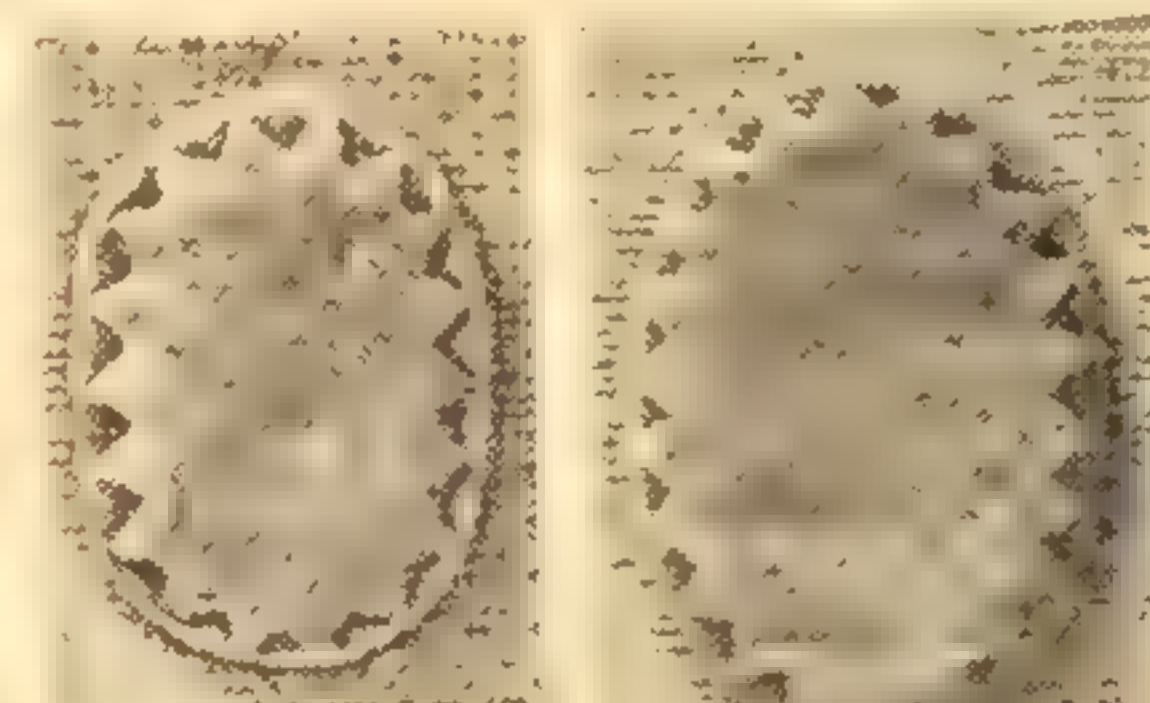
"I wouldn't want this to get around," said Bing, "but tonight there just might be some doings in your recreation hall. Not a word of this, son, not a word. Unless you might have some special pals around the lodge."

The word spread to the "special pals," and the hall that night was jammed with lodge employees. With Skins Miller, an ex-vaudeville headliner working in the film, Bing whipped up a comedy routine

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that wowed the staff and sent them off to bed with their faith in humanity restored.

The last scene to be shot at Jasper was set up for the next day. The cameras were set in a shady lane and two French poodles were placed in the distance. Bing was to run from the camera to the dogs, and that was to be that. Billy Wilder called for action, and Bing toed in and raced for the dogs. When he heard Wilder call, "Print it!" he disappeared behind a clump of bushes. In a moment there was the purr of an engine, and Bing's convertible came down the lane, its radiator cap pointed toward Spokane. As the car passed the astounded company, Bing, in full makeup, stuck his head out of the window.

"See you in the studio!" he yelled, and was gone in a flash.

gone with the wind . . .

In the car with Bing were two men who had been primed for the act, and who had taken the car, replete with luggage, to the appointed spot. They were Jimmy Cottrell, a prop man who planned to visit his mother in Spokane, on the way back, and Bill Carney. Bill Carney was a young native of Spokane, a kid with an ambition to be a singer. When he heard that Bing was in Jasper, he had left his job singing with a local band and hitched hiked north into Canada. At the lodge, he had managed to meet Bing, who asked him to sing. Bill did, a little nervously, but Bing smiled and told him that he had a good voice, to practice and develop his style, and that perhaps some day he'd make the big time.

"Gee, thanks," said Bill.

"And incidentally," added Bing, "I'll drive you back to Spokane."

At the border, they were mobbed. After inspection, when Bing tried to get back into his car, the doors were blocked by a wall of people. He had to promise to sing for them before he could squeeze behind the wheel and drive off.

In Spokane, Bing dropped the grateful young singer at his home, then Jimmy Cottrell at his mother's front door, with a promise to pick him up in a few days. For three days, Bing disappeared into the various homes of his old friends in Spokane, appearing in public only long enough to visit his alma mater, Gonzaga University. Then he picked up Jimmy and was off.

"We have a couple of days to spare," he said. "Want to stop off at the ranch with me?"

"Let's go," said Jimmy.

They reached the ranch the next day, and Bing immediately went into a violent routine of working and eating. He rode twenty miles a day inspecting the ranch, then consumed stupendous meals.

On July 4th, when they were preparing to leave for Hollywood, a neighboring cattleman invited them for a holiday feast and fireworks.

"Got to stay for this," said Bing, and ceased packing.

That night, up by Jack Creek, half the cattlemen in the county joined each other in eating a meal that put several inches on each individual waistline. Bing eyed the plateful of chocolate pie set before him.

"If you fell into that face downward," he observed to Jimmy, "with one short vamp, you'd come up singing 'Mammy'."

After dinner, the guests staggered out into the open, where an old-fashioned display of fireworks made everyone feel ten years old again. As a finale, they stood in a circle and sang "Farewell to Thee." Bing sang the loudest.

They like Bing up in those parts. They like him everywhere. As Jimmy Cottrell says, "Bing Crosby is one of the most popular guys in the world today." That's a large order, but Bing fills it, simply by being Bing.

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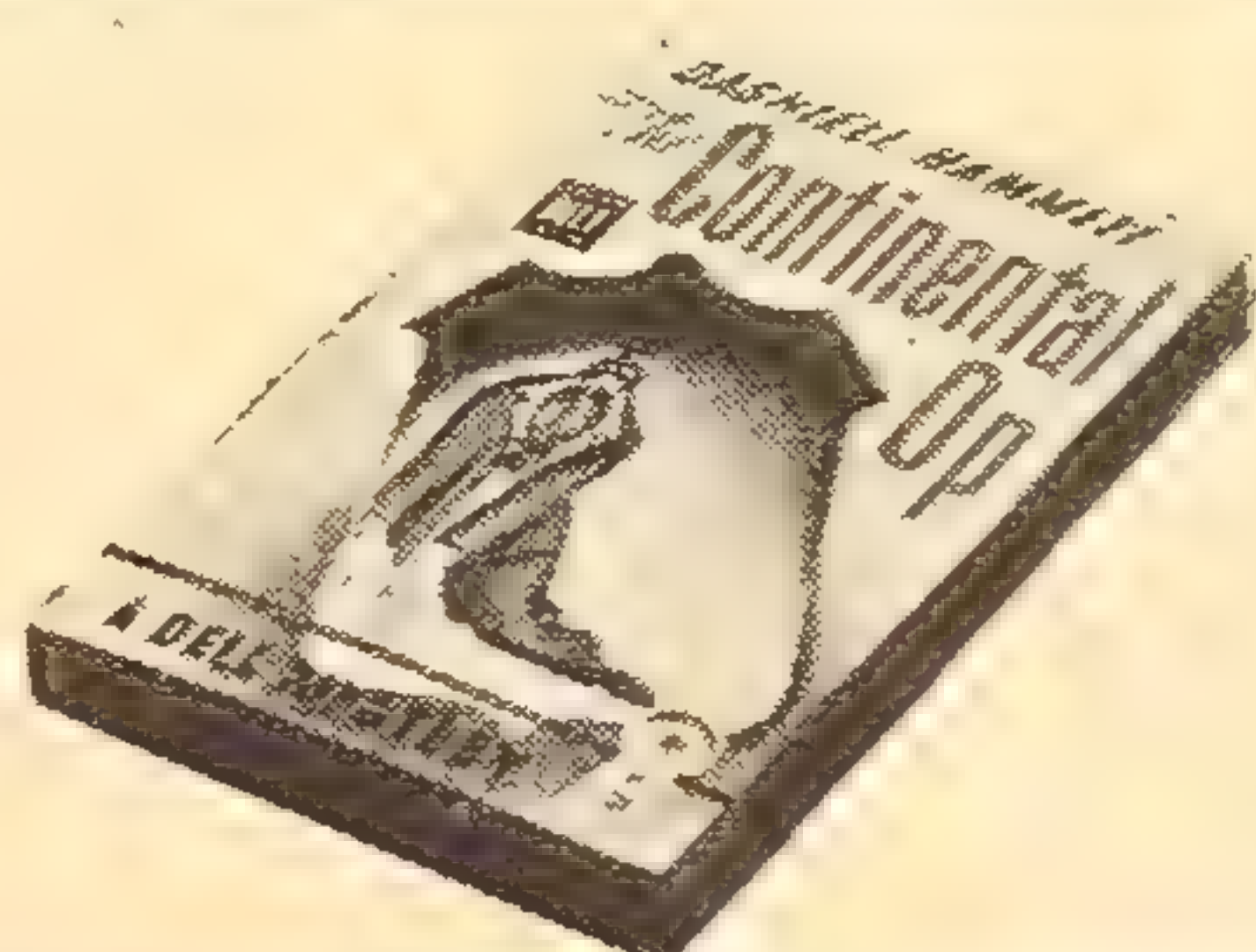
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HONEY BALL

(Continued from page 56).

Mrs. Ball just stopped apologizing for the lack of chairs and lamps and portieres around the house, for an occasional abstinence from powder and lipstick. "They're doing a play," she'd announce, and everyone—knowing Lucy—understood. In their spare moments, Lucille, her sister Cleo, and their brother Fred converted the chicken house into a little theater. They considered it quite plush, but it was still pretty chickeny on a hot night.

"Why don't you charge pins?" Mrs. Ball had suggested on the eve of their gala opening.

"Pins!" Lucille gasped, looking at her mother wild-eyed. "What in the world would we do with pins?" They charged ten cents admission, and with the proceeds they sent to Samuel French's in New York for more plays, and they bought great big exciting jars of rouge and cold cream and large supplies of dead white powder.

junior genius . . .

Lucille was sort of the Orson Welles of the group. She directed, produced and starred in all the plays, and frequently wrote the scripts. These invariably included two unsavory female characters, Sassafrassa and Consuelo; the former a flirt, patterned after Clara Bow, and the latter a lady bandit. The role of Sassafrassa was the plum, and no one but Lucille had a prayer of ever getting it.

Lucy grew from a round-faced little kid to a tall, slim, glamorous gal, and everyone in her home town of Jamestown, N. Y., just knew she'd be a famous actress some day. So to hasten things up, she went to New York City and enrolled in John Murray Anderson's Dramatic School. And that was a soul-searing experience.

Most of the girls were smooth New York numbers. They all seemed to know each other. And Lucille, who had bounce and fire and honesty, but not one whit of sophistication, felt ill at ease for the first time in her life. Lucille took eccentric dancing, diction, piano and makeup, and she knew she should have been reveling in it, but she wasn't at all. "Maybe I've gotten the whole thing out of my system," she used to think, and after a few miserable months she went home and got a job in a hamburger hut.

She was pretty and gay and quick on the comebacks, and she sold hamburgers like crazy. "At this I'm good," she told herself, trying to be happy about it, trying to push her little-girl dreams back where they belonged. She was doing all right, until one day she ran into Bernard Drake, her old high school principal.

"What's the big idea—letting Jamestown down?" he said. "Lucy, you're our star—don't you remember?"

"Why, sure I do," Lucille told him, wanting to cry. "I'd almost forgotten."

After that she worked in little theater groups a while, then she went back to New York and got a job as a show girl in "Rio Rita." Then she sold coats and dresses at Stern's. And after that she became a model. She modelled clothes at Hattie Carnegie's, she was a cover girl, and once she was a Chesterfield girl. Columbia Pictures saw the ad and hired her for "Roman Scandals." She called the family and they were ecstatic.

"I'll send for you all," she promised. "Maybe next week."

That wasn't exactly how it worked out. She was washed up at Columbia quite promptly, and then there was nothing for her to do and no money to get her home.

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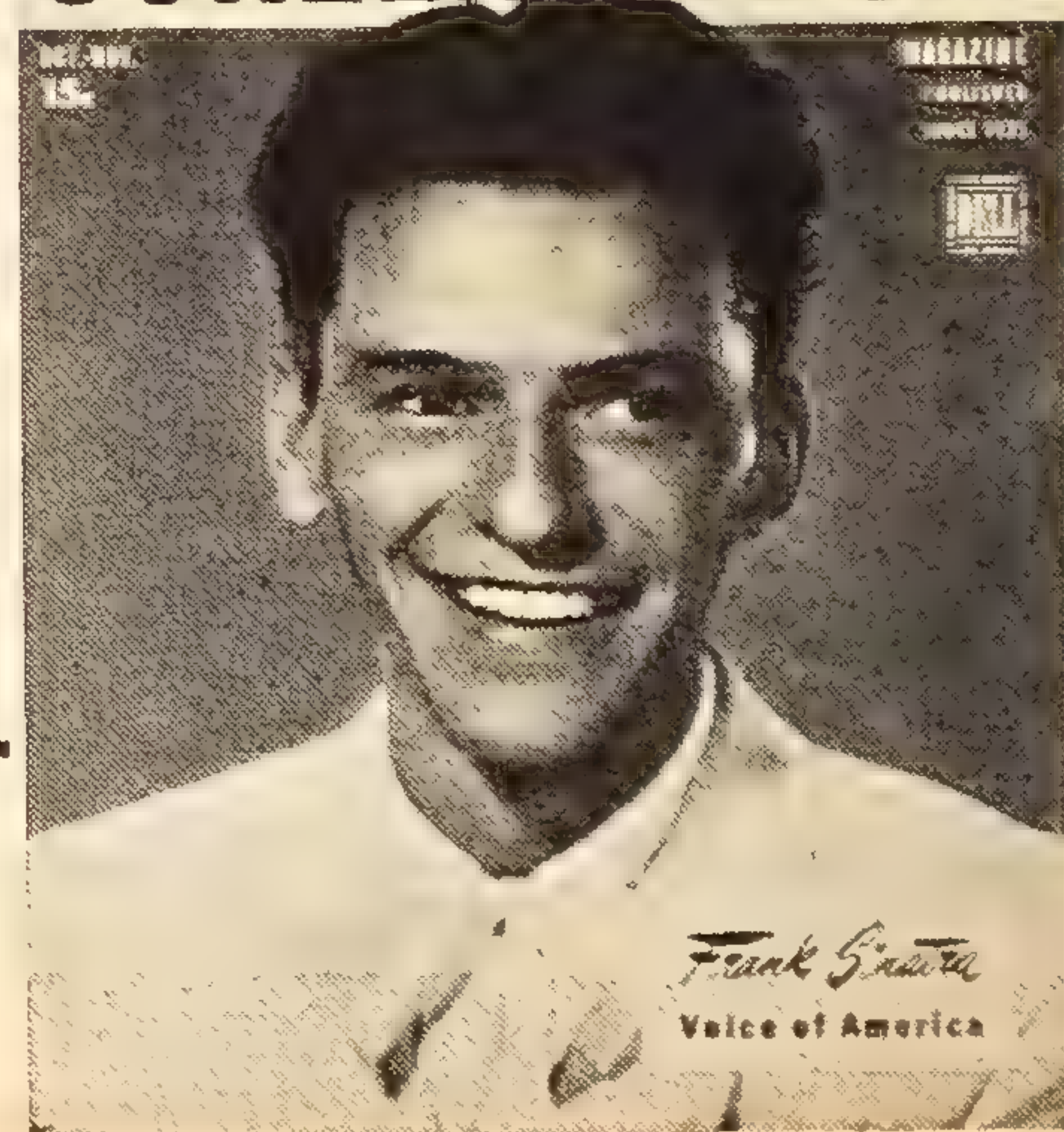
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By some miracle, she met Ginger Rogers,
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good fairy-ginger . . .

"Mother has a Little Theater group," she
told her, "and she's always looking for
really ambitious, hard-working kids. Why
don't you go over to the RKO lot and see
her?" Lucille did, and when RKO gave
Lucy a contract, it was hard to tell who
was more pleased, Leila Rogers or Lucille.
Lucy called home and informed the fam-
ily. "Come on out," she told her mom. "I'm
no Crawford or Shearer, but I've got a job,
and we'll be together again."

They came, by bus, and the reunion was
wonderful, and for at least an hour every-
one was awfully polite to each other. "You
look perfectly fine, dear," and all that
business. Then at last Desiree looked at
Lucille sharply. "Why are you sitting on
the edge of your chair? Relax."

Lucille eased back gingerly. "You still
look as if you were sitting in a hornet's
nest," her mother said. "What's the mat-
ter?" So Lucille told the grim story of
her first day before the cameras.

The script called for her to walk across
a floor which Lily Pons (in the movie, of
course) had maliciously waxed. She was
to do a split, then pick herself up and keep
walking. Someone fouled everything up by
actually waxing the floor, and when Lu-
cille did the split, she threw her hip out.
She told it lightly, but when she was fin-
ished no one was laughing.

"Why, you poor little kid," mom said,
and Lucille, who through many lonely
months had taught herself to be tough and
independent, felt warm and cherished in-
side. The hip wasn't right for six long
months, and even today, when she's tired,
it acts up.

She did twenty-five pictures in seven
years for RKO, thus earning her the by
now famous title, "The Queen of the B's."
She was getting better and better. You
could almost see the improvement from
picture to picture.

When she'd been with RKO five years,
two world-shaking things happened to Lu-
cille. The first was her meeting with Har-
riet, her treasured personal maid without
whom she simply couldn't operate. Harriet
applied for a maid's job over the "Help
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each other, and Harriet's loyalty to Lucille
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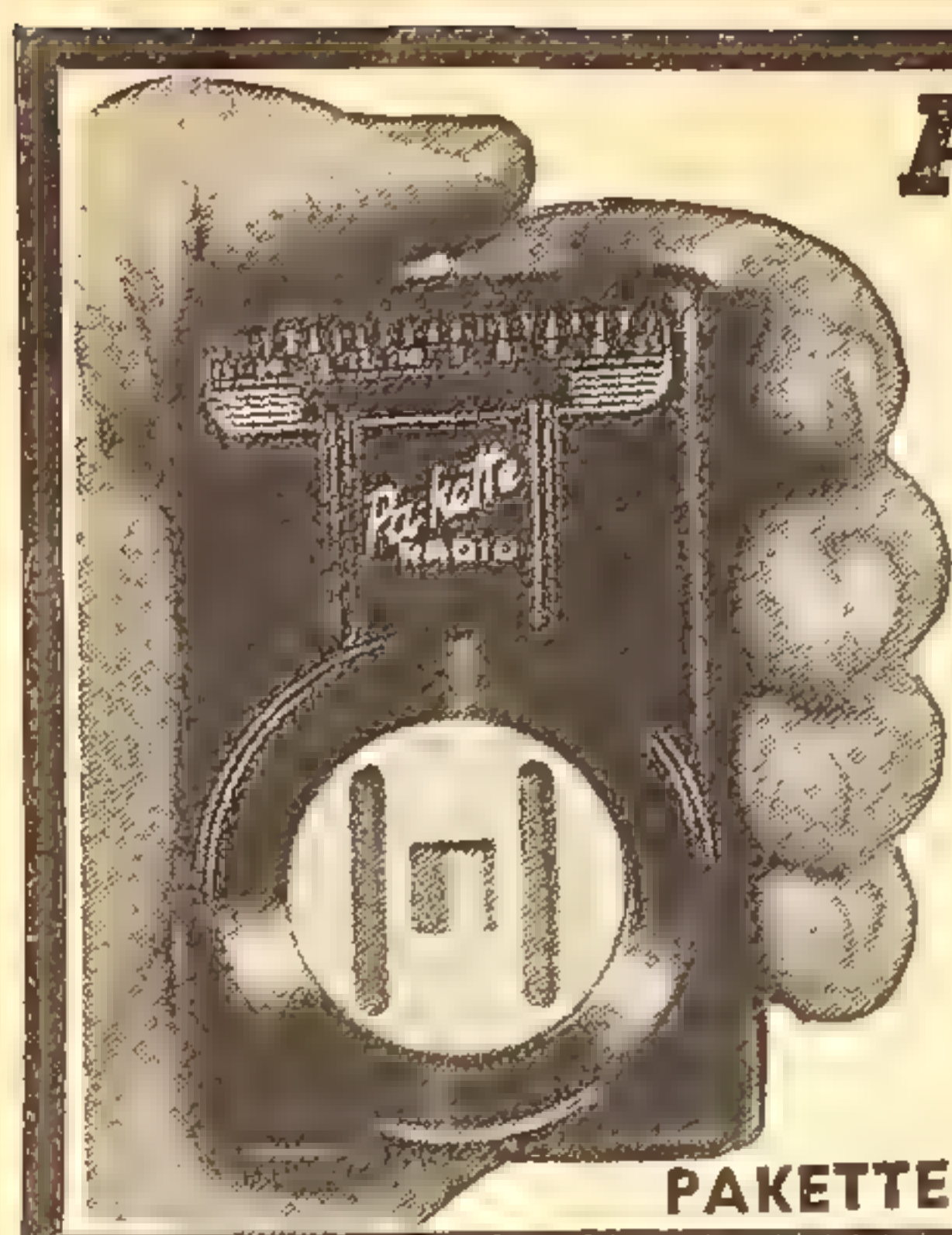
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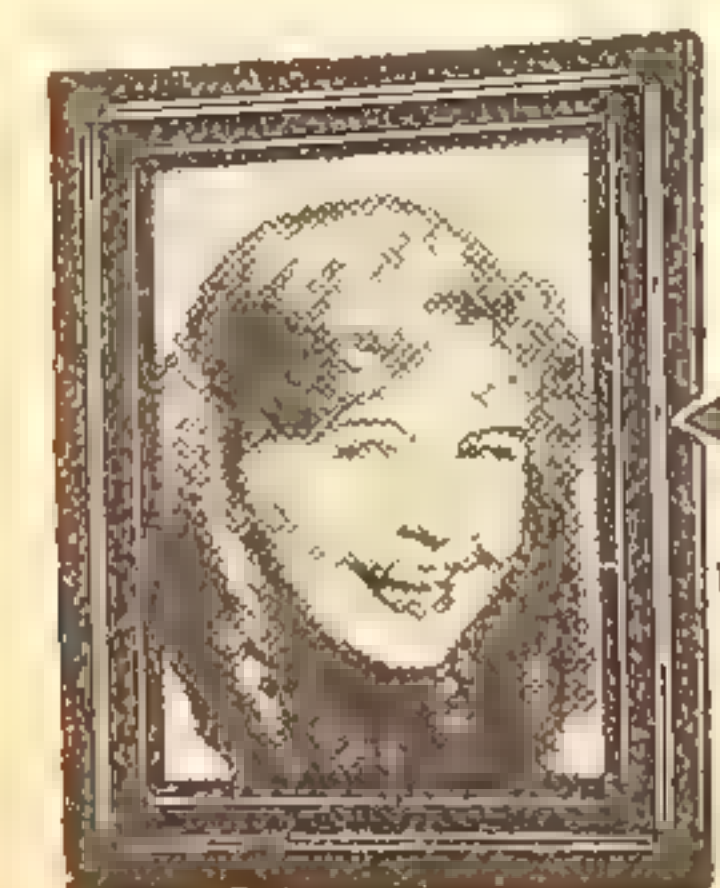
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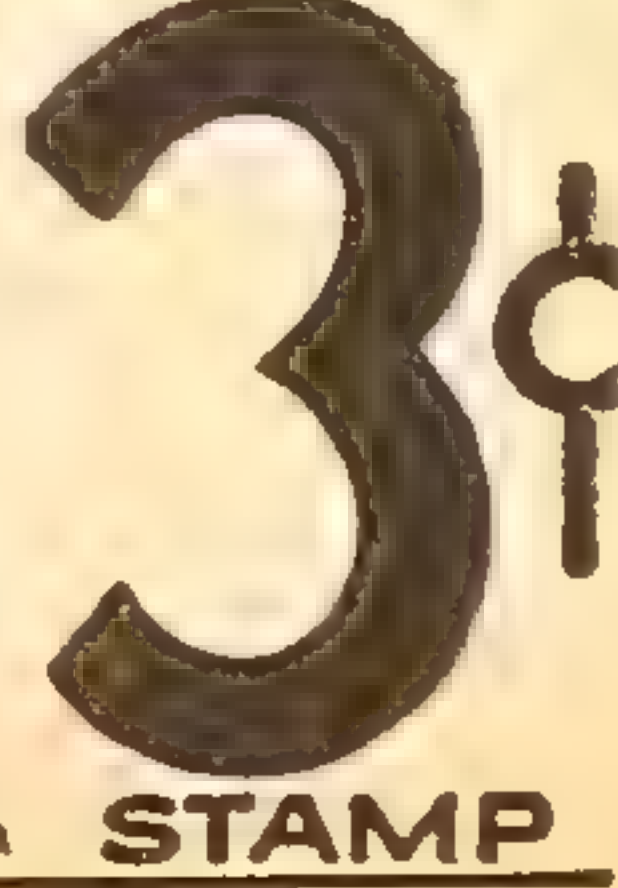
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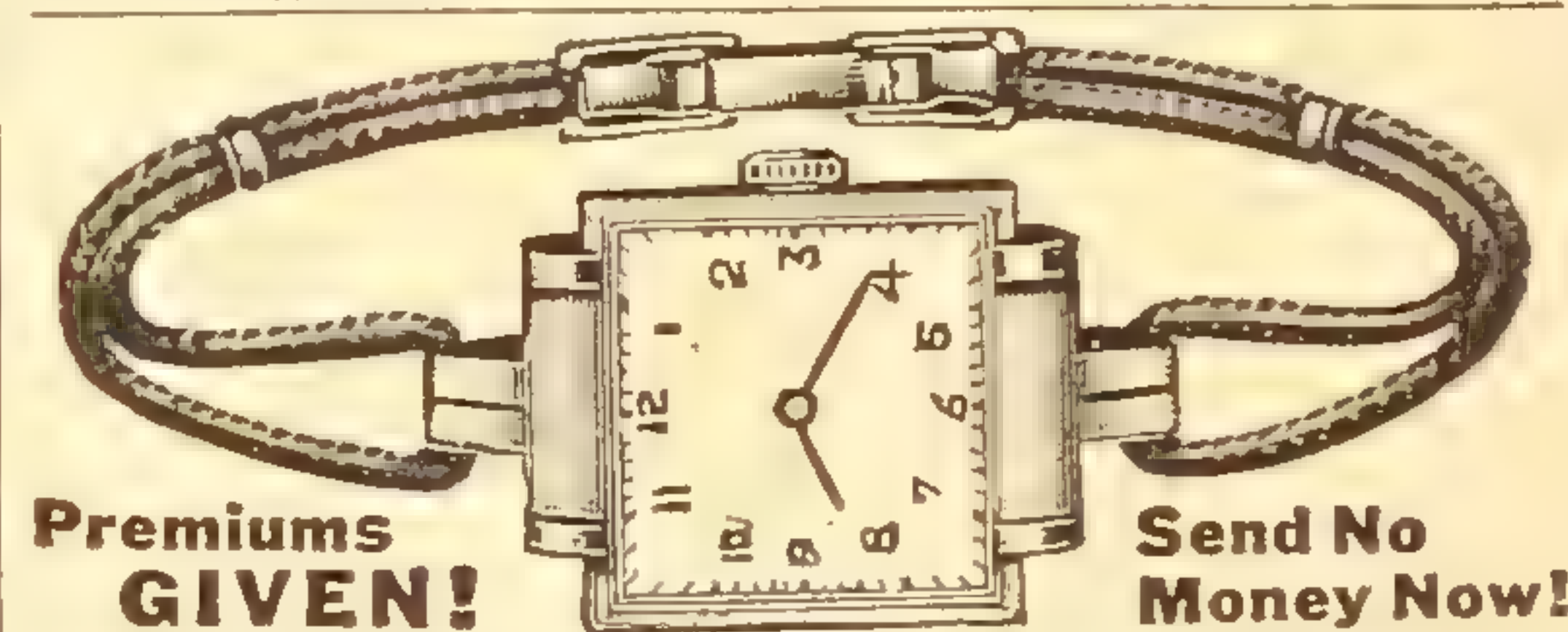
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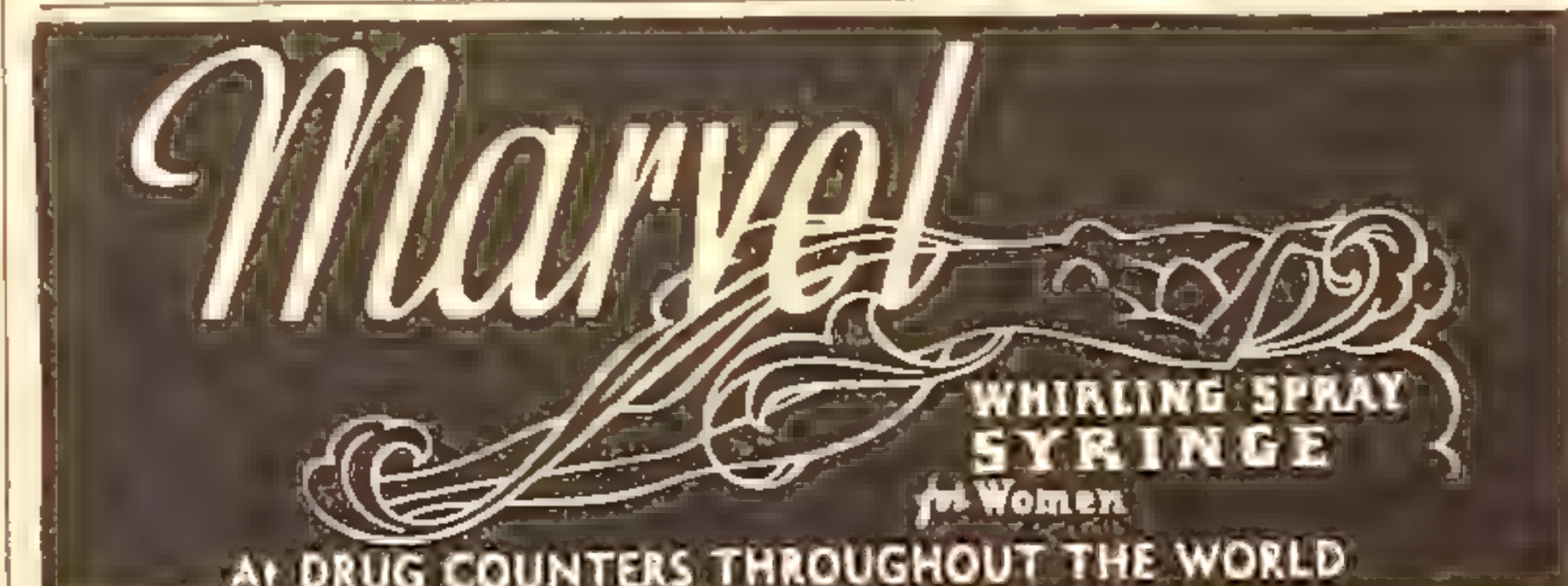
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"She's not a character or anything," Lucille explains to people earnestly. "She's, well, she's my friend."

strictly sentimental . . .

The second big thing that year was her meeting with Desi Arnaz, the very first day they both started work in "Too Many Girls." She came home and told her mother, "He's terribly cute, but you can't understand a word he says." Which was not necessarily so. They went around together for four months and when—on a personal appearance tour East—Desi asked her that sixty-four dollar question, she understood him perfectly. They dashed up to Greenwich, Conn., to be married, in their excitement forgetting all about a ring. Desi got one at the five-and-ten ("Just for now, baby; we'll get a good one tomorrow") and it turns her finger Kelly green, but she wouldn't take it off for one million dollars. Not Lucy, who's as sentimental as a Stephen Foster ballad, but in a strictly hard-boiled way. Desi has since gotten her a lovely wedding ring, but it plays second fiddle to the dime store job. She wears the fancy one as a guard. They had a three-week honeymoon at the Pierre in New York, then they went home and lived in Lucille's apartment for three days. After that they went house hunting, and on the first morning, they found their house. And it was so obviously theirs that they could hardly believe it.

"I want a snug low house," Lucille had said.

"So do I," Desi had agreed. "Set on a piece of land that's bald and new, so that all the grass and trees and flowers we plant will be ours."

"I want that too," Lucille had told him. "Exactly that." And this was it. They looked at each other—one of those deep, eloquent looks—and the house was sold. They still live there, surrounded by fruit trees and field flowers, by vegetables, chickens and dogs. You wouldn't think it to look at them, that tall, glamorous redhead and her good looking Latin guy, but they're as home-loving as a couple of tabbies. Their ranch is their kingdom, and when they're away from it, they pine.

"I think I'll call up George," Lucille will say, "and see how the dogs are." (George Barker is half of the wonderful couple they have to look after the place.) In a few minutes she'll have him on the line, and he'll give her the local headlines, which Lucy in turn relays to Desi. "Tommy, Pinto and Dandy are fine." (Those are the cockers.) "But dopey Toy has indigestion. He ate a can of sardines." Toy is the fox terrier. No current blights on the garden. The pigs on the next farm got loose, but they've all been recovered. Big news, all of this, for the Arnaz's.

home is the heart . . .

Their house is just exactly the way they are, informal, comfortable, unpretentious. Out in the garden they have built a one-room, Cuban-style house called the "bohio" which has a fieldstone foundation and lattice sides. It's decorated with fishnets and shells, and it's where they give their better-than-Elsa parties. Practically anything is an excuse for a party with those two, but birthday parties—those are the killer-dillers. They are supposed to be surprises, and the first few really were.

When they were still practically bride-and-groom, Desi planned one for Lucille. He even dreamed up a place for her to go the evening of the party, while he got everything in shape and the guests assembled. What he did not anticipate was that Lucy would get involved in a shopping-tour, and that she'd have to stop off for a leisurely malted. When she finally appeared around ten, the guests were on the

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verge of going home. Now they've both learned that a birthday almost surely means a party, and the one who's supposed to be surprised is just as excited beforehand as the one who's planning it.

They adore costume parties, especially old-fashioned bathing suit and baby ones, and *everyone* comes. Even Lionel Barrymore, who hates parties, and sweet Susan Peters, who doesn't go many places since her accident. Probably the best parties of all are the spur-of-the-moment ones of a Sunday morning. With the Barkers out and Harriet visiting, Lucille takes over the kitchen, dishes up ham and eggs country style, french fries and biscuits and honey. Desi, the handsome waiter in a loud shirt and slacks, waggles a thumb in the direction of the kitchen. "She looks good, she sings good—and she can cook, too," he brags. They all dry the dishes afterwards, Lucille having the washing concession all sewn up.

Desi will never forget the day she had a holiday from the studio. He left her that morning propped up on pillows in their mammoth six-by-eight bed, with a big bowl of fruit on one side of her and a biography of Bach on the other. She promised him she was going to do nothing all day. And when he came home he found her in slacks and a shirt doing something she refers to as "tearing up the house."

"You were going to rest," he said. "What's the deal?"

"Oh, I did a little dusting and one thing led to another. Your drawers are all straight, and your closets and books."

"Why do you do things like this? You're just not quite bright, I guess."

"I had fun." She turned her cute smudged face his way, and he grinned.

The columnists refer to their marriage as tempestuous, but the Arnaz's learned long ago to ignore the columns. They know what they have, and they like it. Desi's so proud of the fact that Lucy's an M-G-M star now, he could pop. Lucille, on her recent trip East, practically hung out at the Copacabana listening to Desi's rhumba hand. He liked to see her, and just so she'd know he was glad she was there, he'd serenaded her with her beloved "Cumbachero." He's had offers to take his band abroad—to London and Paris and Monte Carlo—and Lucille's thrilled for him, but when she thinks no one's listening, she says to him in a small, silly, wife-to-husband voice. "But you won't go without *me*, will you? Not without *me*."

You don't need proof of the fact that each thinks the other is pretty divine when you see them together. And then there's the simple fact that Lucille has embraced Desi's religion, and they'll be married again in a church in Cuba pretty soon.

Their tastes are very much the same, except that Desi is mad for Latin music and Lucille's first love is classical stuff. They both love Spanish food and double features and fishing. They like horseback riding and skeet shooting and long, long drives with the top down. Lucille sits quietly when Desi is at the wheel, but he's a frightful back-seat driver. It's just as if Lucy had her two eyes shut tight. "Here comes a curve," he announces. "Ea-sy now, red light ahead." It kills Lucille, who is a very good and careful driver.

Lucille and Desi each have their own fans, of course, but their favorites are the kids who love them both. Of these, just about their pet is Sally Kaplan. The Arnaz's are her hobby, and she has wonderful scrapbooks of all their pictures. She's a sweet, gentle kid whose criticisms are adult and helpful, whose praise is genuine and ungoosey.

"If all the fans were like Sally," Lucille says to Desi, "life would be beautiful."

Desi says, "Life is kinda beautiful anyway." And Lucy thinks maybe he's right.

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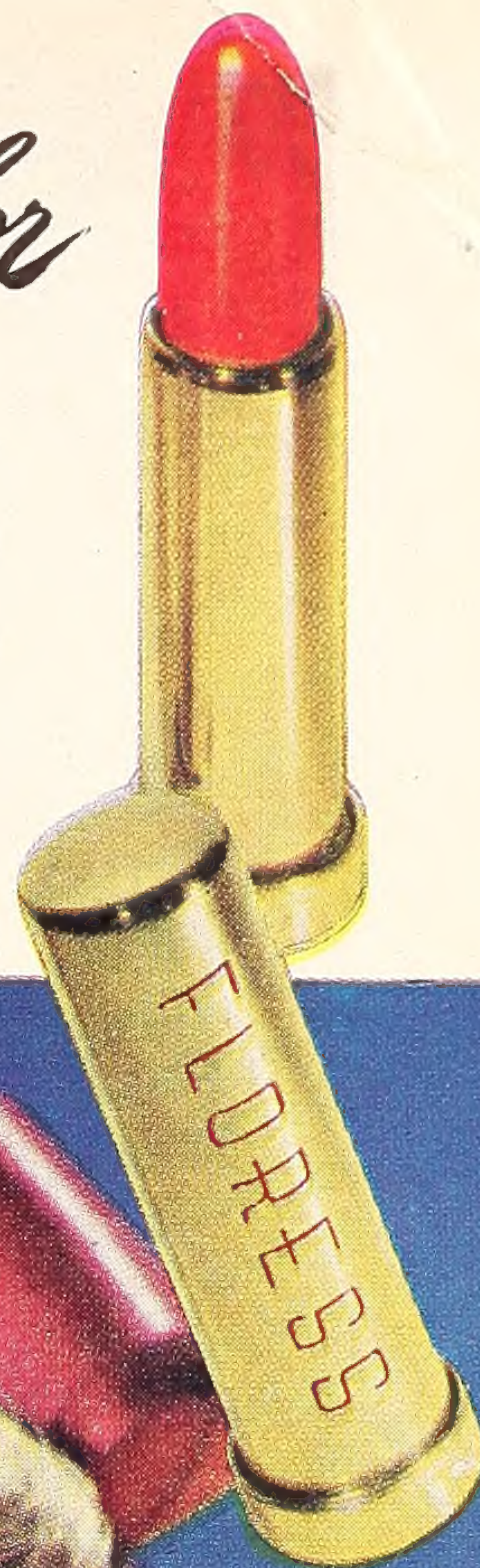
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